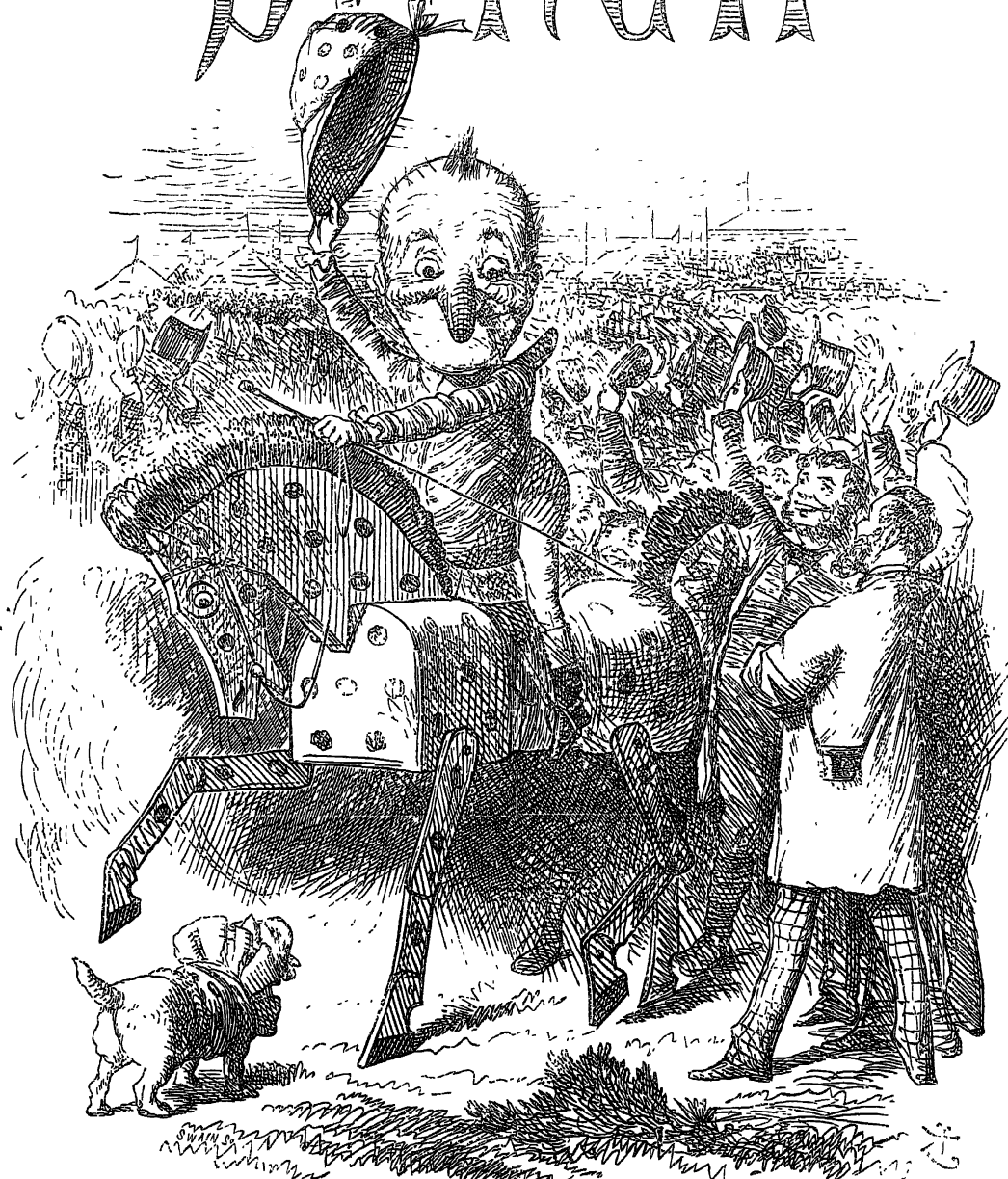


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PUNCH



VOL LVIII

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P R E F A C E . . .

"I SHALL not write a Preface," said MR. PUNCH, without raising his noble head from the green turf on which he was lying, *ventre à terre*.

"O! please do!" said the World.

"World," said MR. PUNCH, "you have many merits, and I have never, in all these years that I have been keeping you in order, taken a dark view of your character. I like you very much, when you behave yourself."

"You have taught me to do that," said the World, humbly. "How few great complaints have you to make of me now, compared to the number you used to have."

"That may be," said MR. PUNCH, sternly, "and yet there are plenty of faults in you which I intend to correct. Don't add vanity to them, you globular peacock. Now, go away. With the thermometer at 80 in the shade ('which is a great age,' as my friend THOMAS HOOD wrote) I am not disposed to work."

"Yet you reprimand me for want of self-denial and for negligence of duty," urged the World.

"You! who are you? If I may make a law, I may break a law, I suppose. Go away, I say. 'Spare my slumbers, gently tread the Cave,' (as my friend MR. POPE wrote). Your requirements frequently become bothersome."

"But you have always done a Preface, MR. PUNCH."

"The thermometer was not always at 80 in the shade, World."

"You won't find it so hot, if you apply yourself to thought."

"Shall I not?—

'Who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking of the frosty Caucasus?'

(as my friend MR. SHAKESPEARE wrote)."

"Your pen is a pen of fire, no doubt; but——"

"Very properly said. Now, go away."

"It will be an adversity for the Millions," said the World.

"They must learn to bear Adversity. She is a 'daughter of Jove; relentless power; A tamer of the human breast; Whose iron scourge and torturing hour The bad affright, afflict the best' (as my friend THOMAS GRAY wrote). Have you vanished, World? Go and eclipse somebody."

"You are eclipsing yourself," said the World, smartly.

"Well, it does not hurt. '*Non lædit*' (as my friend LADY ARRIA said). Do not make me cross, or you may repent it."

"The World never repents anything."

"Who taught you that precious bit of Lavaterism? It is perfectly false; but I am not in the mood to show you why. Depart. 'How happy is the blameless PUNCH's lot, The world forgetting, by'—What are you making that unseemly noise for?"

"That you may not finish the quotation. When the World forgets You, may it roll away, a blackened ball, into everlasting space, and, destitute of gravitation, buzz like a Chimera *in vacuo*, devouring second intentions."

"You are a Muddler, as ever, but you make me smile. Eternal smiles your emptiness betray—excites, I mean. Is there anything left in that silver tankard?"

"Plenty. Ice islands bob in a sea of amber, and gently stir it to the emitting of an aroma that refreshes all the senses ere the lips are cooled by the beady draught."

"World, you ass, your intimacy with the clouds turns your brain. Clear it with the draught you speak of. 'Cup yourself till you go round,' again to cite Eternal W."

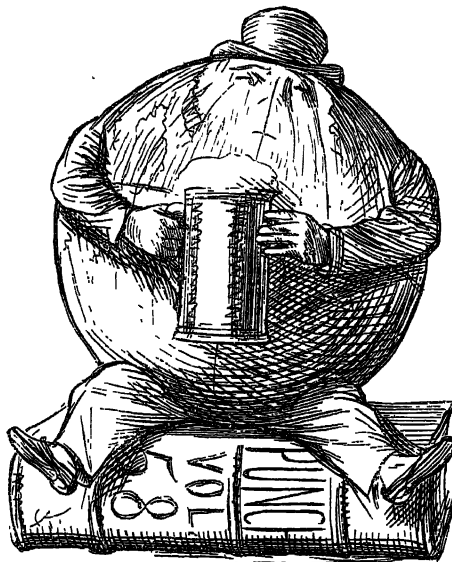
"I drink to you, respectfully," said the World; "and I should do so rejoicingly, if I could couple the Preface with my toast."

"How dare you talk of toast this weather? Volcanoes take you; hold your aggravating tongue. In fact, if you could learn generally a little more love of 'the Silences' (as my friend THOMAS CARLYLE says), it would be better for some who have the misfortune to co-exist with you. It was not for nothing that the Scandinavian theologians saw a Reign of Silence as the end of you, when battering Odin and bawling Thor should have been extinguished by the excellent Wolf Fenris and the respectable Serpent his friend, to whom my best homages. Why such perpetual babble? I will set a good example."

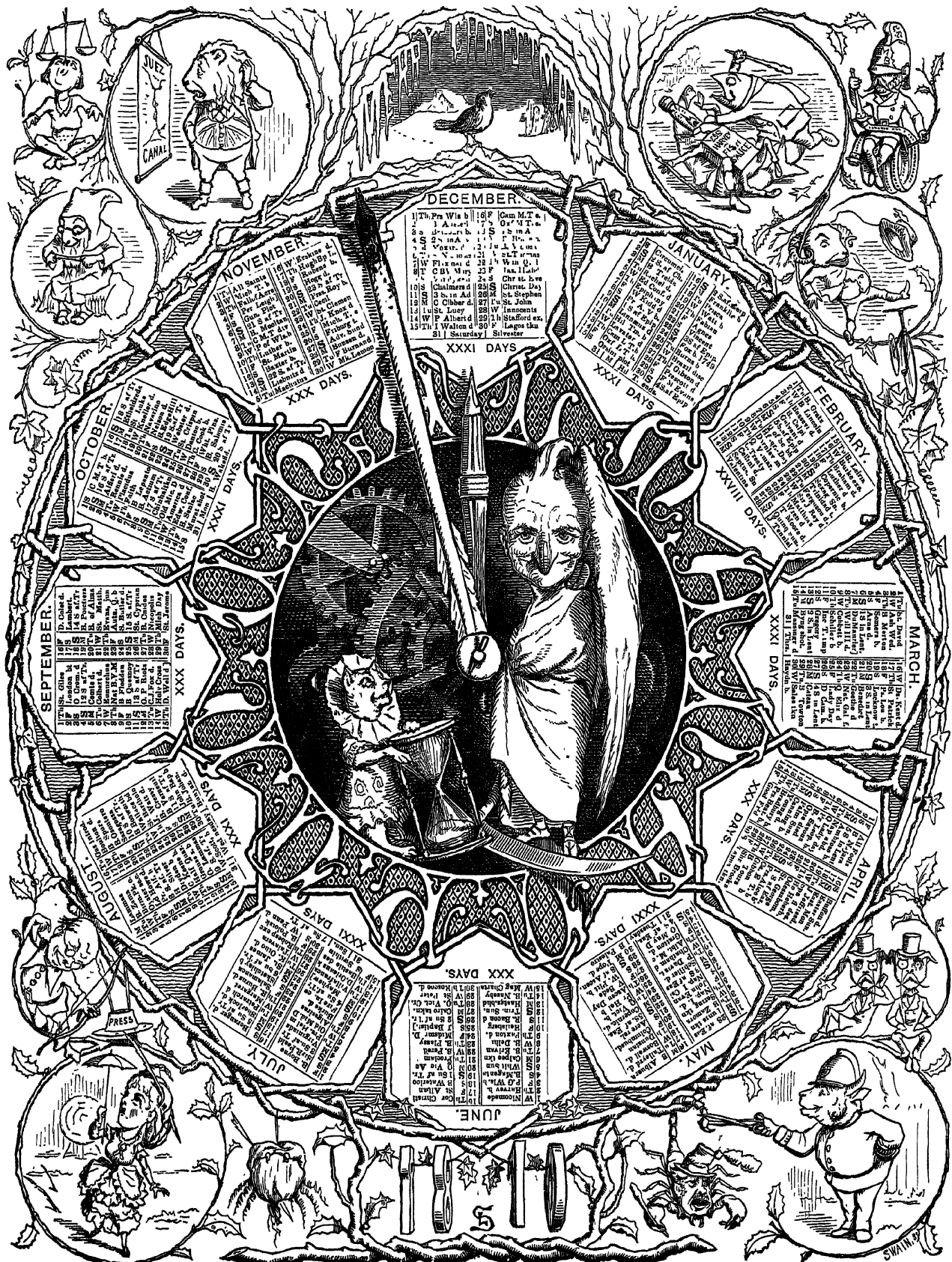
"Sophistical excuse for your laziness," said the World, provoked out of patience. "It is for a Teacher to speak, and to speak continually, while the Taught listen. You are a Great Teacher, and you are lying under that tree like a great log."

"Deducting the comparison, which is inappropriate, for my friend MR. CHARLES KEENE has made me look like anything but a log," said MR. PUNCH (with as much dignity as his attitude would allow), "you are right; and, therefore, in again suggesting to you to take something to drink, I authorise the publication of this interview as the instructive Preface to my

Fifty-Eighth Volume.



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1870.



CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR.



CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, SOCIETY AS IT MAY BE.

NEW CHAMBER OF HORRORS AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S. (*The Right Man in the Right Place*).—"DON'T BE AFRAID, YOU LITTLE GOOSE! IT'S ONLY WAX-WORK! WHY, I RECOLLECT WHEN PEOPLE LIKE THAT WERE ALLOWED TO GO LOOSE ABOUT THE STREETS!"

ALWAYS THE SEASON.—There is one out-door amusement in our variable climate which may be pursued all the year round, wet or dry—House-hunting.

If a man says to you, "By the way, how do you Spell your name?" he usually means, "What the juice is it?"

METEOROLOGICAL.—How to find the Direction of the Wind. Ask the Postman.

The wretch who can stand in a pair of slippers worked for him by his wife, and scold her, is a brute who deserves to have the gout in both feet

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.—A Young Lady is articled to a Solicitor, and set to Engross a Deed. She fills both sides of the parchment with writing, and then crosses it.

WHY is Salmon like a Sermon?—Because you are always glad when it's quite done, and you may cut away.

WEATHER PROPHECIES FOR 1870.

January will be fine and bright, in fact quite a second summer, unless there should be a succession of storms of either wind, rain, or snow, or all three accompanied by intense cold. But this will make no positive alteration in the month itself.

February will be lovely. If it is not, write to our Office; any complaint shall meet with instant attention.

March, April, May—Prognostications for these three months gave us most favourable expectations. Our readers will carefully notice for themselves in a pocket-book (say the most convenient form, *Punch's Pocket-Book*) the changes of temperature, and we shall have great pleasure in comparing the notes so made with our own above-mentioned prognostications.

The same plan to be pursued with the other months.

SCHOLASTIC.—We know a naughty little boy who, having heard it said that "history repeats itself" pleaded this as an excuse for his declining to attempt the repetition of a page or two of PINNOCK.

CAUTION FOR COLLEGIANS.—Oxford and Cambridge cultivate athletic sports. May the flower of the Universities not get plucked!

The wretch who refuses to take his wife to the theatre, deserves to be made to sit out a play.

While winding up your watch at night, think of the good acts you have done that day. You will not overwind.



"AULD EDINBRO'!"

Saxon Traveller. "THIS IS TOO BAD, WAITER! I TOLD YOU WE WANTED TO GO BY THE 9-30 TRAIN, AND HERE'S BREAKFAST NOT READY!"
Celtic Waiter. "A WHEEL, SIR, FAC' IS, THE COOK TAK' A GLESS!"

THE ANTIPATHIES OF THE GREAT.

JEREMY BENTHAM invariably fainted at the sight of a Veterinary Surgeon in evening costume. COBBETT could not sit in the room with a French Milliner, nor LADY JANE GREY with a Distributor of Stamps. ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON asked every stranger to whom he was introduced whether he had any relations in the Excise; if the answer was in the affirmative, the Prelate gazed at his chaplain, and instantly went out fishing: the cause of this singular antipathy has never been satisfactorily explained. KIRKE WHITE would go a mile out of his road to avoid meeting a waggon of hay. SHERIDAN turned pale at the sight of a corkscrew.

HORTICULTURAL.—An old song makes mention of a garden of delights, under the name of "Cupid's Garden." In Cupid's Garden, choose single flowers; and beware of widows' weeds.

It is idiotic to tell a real dream. But it is convenient to invent one if you want to annoy anybody, as nobody has a right to be offended at a dream, and nobody can prove that you didn't have it.

RAILWAYS are Aristocrats. They teach every man to know his own Station, and to stop there.

IMPROVED FROM THE LAUREATE.—"Better half a cab in England than a by-cycle in Cathay."

A WARNING TO WAGS.—Respect my intellect, and don't tell me that the River Plate flows with gravy.



THE VENUS OF MILO; OR, GIRLS OF TWO DIFFERENT PERIODS.

Chorus. "LOOK AT HER BIG FOOT! OH, WHAT A WAIST!—AND WHAT A RIDICULOUS LITTLE HEAD!—AND NO CHIGNON! SHE'S NO LADY! OH, WHAT A FRIGHT!"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—Poor SMITH was complaining of the bad sport he had had, owing, as he said, to the wildness of his pointers "Pointers!" exclaimed a friend, "then, if I were you, I should call them disap-pointers!"

NO CONTRADICTION.—Can a tall man have a short memory? Yes, just as a short man can have a long sleep.

A PHILOSOPHER TO HIS FRIENDS.—To have brandy-and-water, you mix two things together. Very good. But never do that in argument.

"THE GAMESTER."—What an absorbing passion is gambling! A man told us the other day that he had been tossing in his bed all night.

POPULAR ERROR.—The idea that the Ostrich eats iron may have arisen from the fact, that a bird of that kind was once seen to devour a piece of castaway bacon, which, being rusty, was described by a waggish naturalist as pig-iron.

AN IDOL OF THE MARKET.—A butcher, asked what oxygen is, replied "Beef."

"POSITIVISM."

MAMMA is positive she left her keys on the drawing-room table only ten minutes ago. (*They are in her pocket*.)

PAPA is positive there was at least half a bottle of sherry in the decanter at luncheon. (*Two glasses and a half.*)

GEORGINA is positive EARNEST was talking to that odious KATE HOVERINGHAM, at Mrs. THURGARTON's party, for full three-quarters of an hour. (*Ten minutes.*)

ELEANOR is positive she has not a single dress fit to wear at Mrs. BUDDY TANKERVILLE's lawn party. (*Four, at least.*)

AND ELIZABETH (nursery-maid) is positive she did not stop talking to her "Cousin" more than ten minutes when she was out with Master ARTHUR in the Park. (*Three-quarters of an hour.*)

LOVE IN THE PAINT-BOX.

A REMARKABLE discovery has been made in colours. Lake plants and triangles they are found to be susceptible of the tender passion. Our authority for this assertion is the following unblushing statement—"Blue is the coldest and most retiring of all colours: its complementary, orange, the warmest and most advancing." Oh, prudish blue, oh, forward orange!

NO COSTS.—If you want to enjoy the luxury of law for nothing, all you have to do is to prosecute an inquiry.

AGGRAVATING.—To be told, when you are wet through, that it is a beautiful rain and good for the country.



PROGRESS OF SCIENCE, 1869.

Hairdresser. "SHALL I—BLOW DOWN YOUR NECK BY MACHINERY, SIR?!"
[Startled customer submits, and prefers it to the usual mode of ventilation.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Posticus.—No English ABBOTT has ever been mentioned as an author of poems; there was a PRIOR. Same idea, perhaps.

Derivatur.—The word prognostic was originally applied to the leader of the Sect of the Gnostics, who used to take his followers out with him for a pic-nic, himself providing the luncheon and carrying the prog-basket. Written in full the word was, of course, Prog-Gnostic.

Bicycle.—Electric Bicycles will appear in 1870. We predict this—don't forget.

Goodwood.—Yes, you are right. THAT IS THE HORSE WHICH WILL WIN THE DERBY OF 1870.

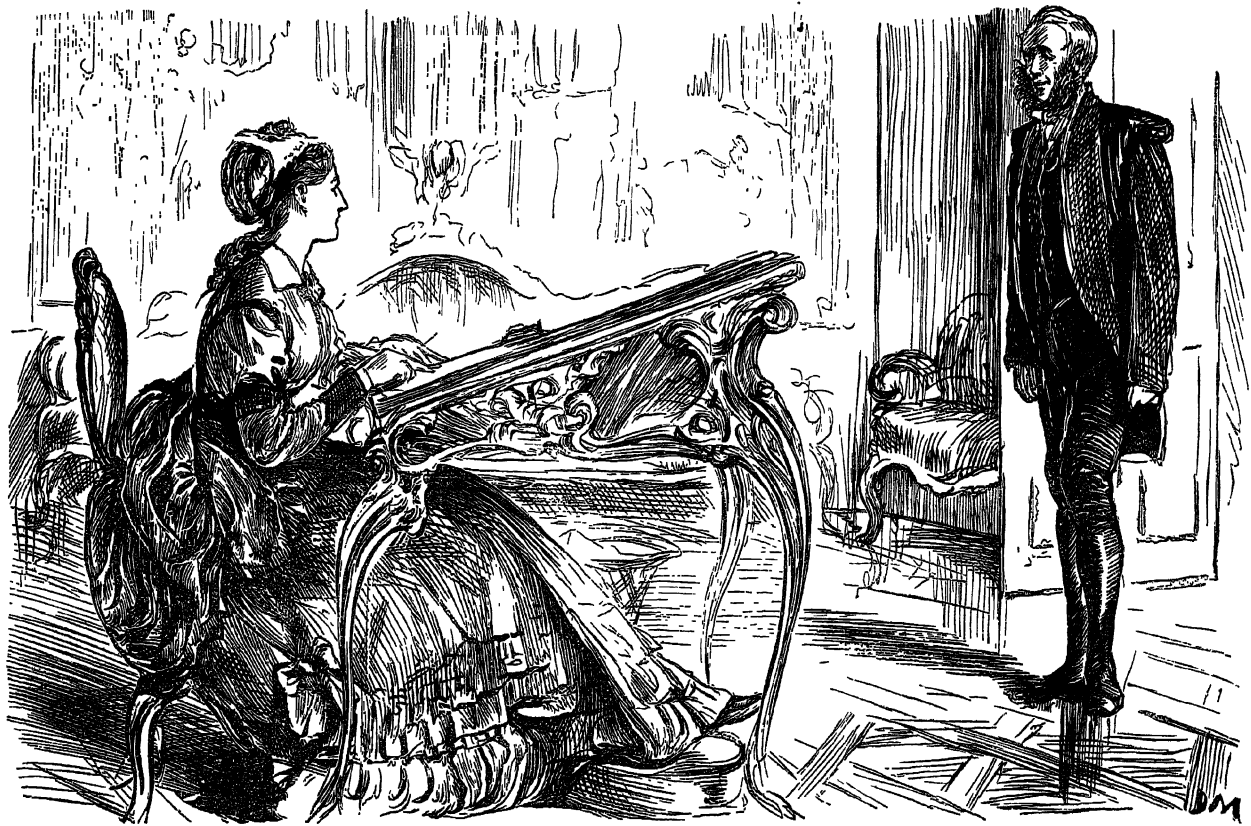
SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

THE Botanical Gardens in the Regent's Park have recently received most valuable additions in a pair of boot-trees and a fine ram-shrub. The grand climacteric is now in full perfection, and the overland Root spreads rapidly. The railway "plant" continues to be a great attraction. Branches of the aristocracy are frequently found in the Gardens in the summer months, with many sprigs and youthful scions of nobility.

PRO BONO.—There is one first-rate joint that comes to table which is the cockney's prime aversion—the H. bone.

We have read "Bray a fool in a mortar." Is this what is meant by "Pound foolish?"

GIVE every man his due, and his Mountain Dew if he claims it.



CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, SOCIETY AS IT MAY BE.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—"DID YOU RING, DUCHESS?"

"YES, THOMAS HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS AN ENGLISH DICTIONARY?"

"WELL, NO—I FIND I DON'T

REQUIRE ONE. BUT—A—WHAT PARTICULAR WORD MAY YOUR GRACE HAPPEN TO WANT?"

NATURE AND ART.

DISPENSING with each artificial charm,
Still to delight mankind may Beauty hope;
Yet who could hear without profound alarm
That boastful Beauty had dispensed with soap?

NURSERY GROUNDS.—The Parks.

VERY VULGAR SELL.

"You ought not to come to our dance in boots with nails
in 'em."
"I haven't."
"Then you've had your toes cut off."

THE "TAP" ROOT.—Barley.

DARBY TO JOAN.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
If thou, my love, should'st tilt bilious be:
Not only will 't approve thee wise,
But it will leave more wine for me.

THE BATHERS' PARADISE.—The Mendip Hills.

RHYMES OF THE ZODIAC.

FIRST the Sun enters ARIES. Well
he may,
Because that Ram was never fed
on hay.

NOW Sol's in TAURUS. Up go
shares and stocks.
Brave Bulls! JOHN BULL shall
ne'er become JOHN OX.

O GEMINI! Twins, you have
Phobus got.
Ye Dioscuri—don't you find it
hot?

Where art thou now, Apollo?
List his answer.

"Ha ha! I'm clutched, here, by
the Sky-crab, CANCER."

LEO, thy sign, in British speech
the Lion,
At this time entertaineth Hy-
perion.

CYNTHIUS with VIRGO for a while
doth tarry;
Flirts with the girl he doesn't
mean to marry.

"TWO HEADS ARE BETTER
THAN ONE."—This is absurd, and
practically inconvenient. Reduce
this proverb to utility. By ap-
proximation, thus: What is the
next thing to a head? A hat. If
then we cannot have heads, let's
have the next thing to it, and
we obtain the result—"Two
Hats are better than one."

SAYING FOR THE GEOGRAPHICAL
SOCIETY.—There is an island
whose name is a negative—
Ushant.

THE BACHELOR'S TOAST.—Large
fortunes and small waists!

A BUILDING SOCIETY.—A Bee-
hive.



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!

"Mother" (at South Kensington). "EXECUTED IN—TUT-T-T-T! LAUK A MUSSY, 'LIZA! WHAT DID THEM
FOREIGNERS WANT TO 'ANG THAT POOR INNOCENT-LOOKIN' YOUNG CREETUR' FOR!!?"

RHYMES OF THE ZODIAC.

SCORPIO him now receives who
Python slew.
He killed a snake—won't kill a
scorpion too.

IN LIBRA while the rays of Pythius
gleam,
He causes neither scale to kick
the beam.

GOAT CAPRICORNUS holds the
source of light;
Let Taffy twang his harp on
Snowdon's height.

LO! Delius doth with SAGIT-
TARIUS dwell:
Remember Robin Hood, and
William Tell.

AQUARIUS offers Titan's steeds
the can;
Tom Tug was quite another
Waterman.

'TWEEN PISCES, lastly, Day's light
chariot rolls:
The Sun will never fry his Pair of
Soles.

JUVENILE INTELLIGENCE.—Ath-
letic sports are all the rage now
in our nursery, and MASTER
TOMMY, aged six, is about to start
a newspaper in order to report
them. We believe he means to
christen it "The Skipping Gazette."

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.—A
young visitor from the Havannah
naturally expected a fine cigar
when he was told of the Tower
"REGALIA."

A SUITABLE APPOINTMENT.—If
the right man were always in the
right place, the Chaplain-General
to the Army would be the "Dean
of Battle."



"FINE ART," 1869.

Rural Connoisseur. "HE'S A PINTIN' TWO PICTURE'S AT ONCE, D' YER SEE? 'BLEST IF I DON'T LIKE THAT THERE LITTLE 'UN AS HE'S GOT HIS THUMB THROUGH, THE BEST!'"

HINTS TO TOURISTS.

WHEN you are late for dinner at a *table d'hôte*, be sure you make your entry with all the noise you can, in order to disturb more punctual people. Growl and grumble savagely if your soup be getting cold, or if, when helped to chicken, you only find the drumstick. The fault, of course, will have been in a chief degree your own, and the dinner perhaps better than you get at your own table. But you should never lose a chance of making a complaint, that your neighbours may imagine you are some one of importance.

If you have been educated in a public school, and know nothing of languages, except a few Greek paradigms and Latin nonsense verses, never bore yourself by trying to pick up French or German. Talk English on the Continent with a slightly foreign accent, which, you know, is certain to make it more intelligible. When people cannot understand you, raise your voice as though you fancied they were deaf, and vent some Saxon expletive upon them for their ignorance.

THE Telegraph, which is to be universal, is difficult of explanation to some ladies. Perhaps this way is the best. "You know that if you rub a piece of sealing-wax hard, it will take up little bits of paper." "Yes." "Well, extend the principle, and you will see how letters are conveyed by electricity."

"THERE are times," said the pensive ALFONSO, "at which I am quite incapable of writing poetry." "Ah," said the cynical BILL, "those, then, are the times at which you write verse."

FACT FOR FOREIGNERS.—Stonehenge is not in Flintshire. Hech! no, nor yet in Peebles.

AN ASININE SAW.—"In for a penny, in for a pound"—as the donkey said when he went astray.

JONES reads and yawns. So best. 'Tis not polite. But we should do the same if JONES should—write.

WHILE man talks of revising the Marriage Service, practical woman has done it, *en bloc*. You are married by your banker's book.



PROOF POSITIVE.

Old Lady. "DO THEY SELL GOOD 'SPEERITS' AT THIS 'OUSE, MISTER?"
Spectable-looking Man. (But—). "MOS' D'SCHID'LY, LOOK 'T (HIC) ME, MAD'M—FOR SERV'N P'NSE A'PENNY!"

THE ANTIPATHIES OF THE GREAT.

FREDERICK THE GREAT had three particular dislikes—pease-pudding, a blue pocket-handkerchief with yellow spots, and bell-ropes. SIR ISAAC NEWTON never crossed the threshold of a house in which white mice were kept. BURKE secreted himself in the adjoining mews if parsnips appeared on the dinner-table, having a rooted aversion to this esculent. QUEEN ANNE became hysterical at the slightest allusion to a toasting-fork. CARDINAL WOLSEY shivered all over whenever he passed a brush-maker's shop. The scent of Russia leather threw MARY, Queen of Scots, into a tertan ague. If a naval officer placed a German flute on the side-board, GRIMALDI immediately left town for Brighton; and to this day thousands of persons go into a passion at the sound of a street-organ.

TO EDITORS AND COMMENTATORS.

It is generally supposed that there is no mention of tobacco in SHAKESPEARE. But can any one doubt to what he is referring when he says (in one of his sonnets)—

"And keep invention in a noted weed?"

Surely he must mean improvements in the manufacture of cigars.

SAYINGS AND PROVERBS.

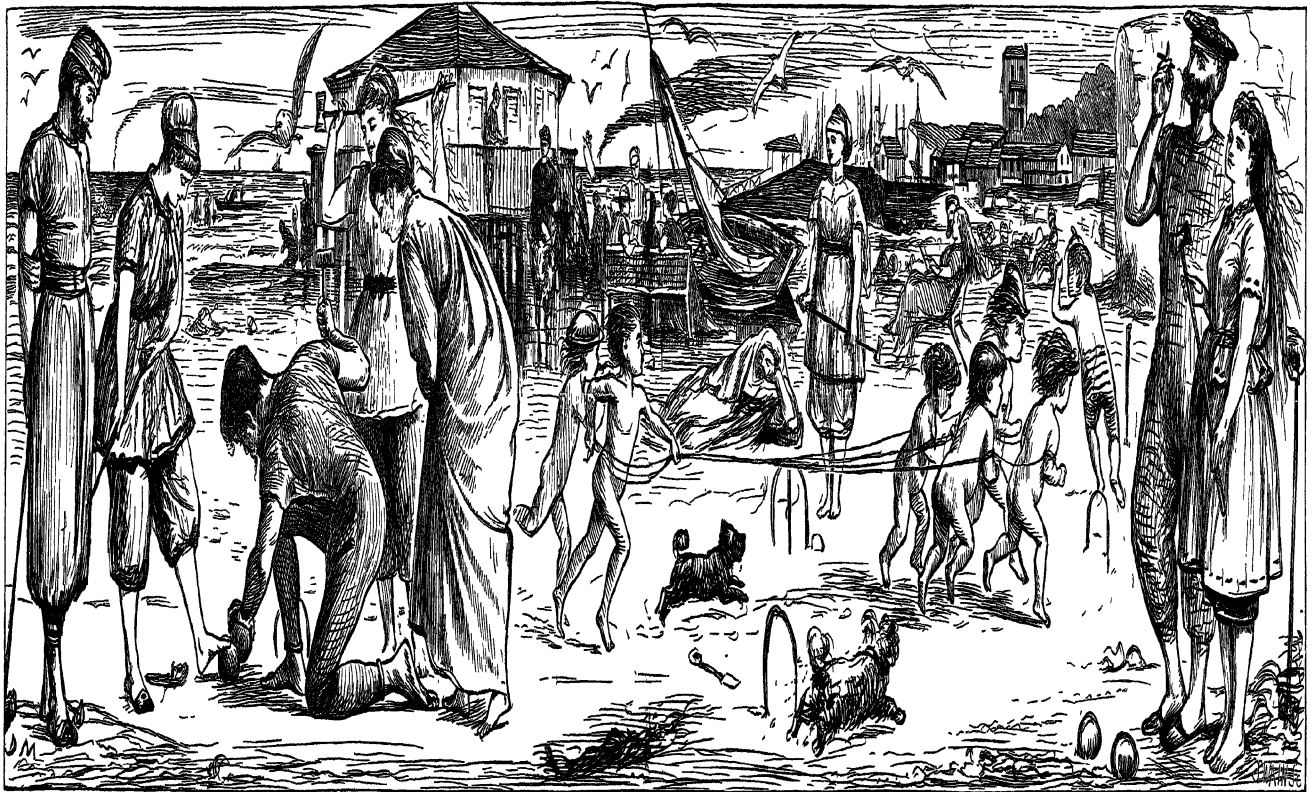
"Not for Josephus!" as that worthy historian observed playfully, when some funny Jews attempted to cram him with stories for his own work.

"I'll have your Hat!" as the ambitious Monk said *sotto voce* to the Cardinal.

ROBINSON says that he cannot express in words the pity he feels for the man who does not drink his best wine, but keeps it for his friends. ROBINSON forgives a woman for being such a slave to her drawing-room that she is afraid to use it, but a man should not be in awe of his cellar.

COMPANION SIGN TO THE "WELSH HARP."—The "Scotch Fiddle."

"SOUND DUES."—Fees to Opera box-keepers.



"O COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS."



MRS. JINGLETON, LEARNING THAT YOUNG M'SKIRLEY

(FROM THEIR FAMILY HER BROTHERS HAD POLISHED WHEN SHE WAS IN THE HIGHLANDS) WAS IN TOWN, AND HAVING HEARD OF MUCH OF HIS PLAYING, ASKED HIM TO GIVE OF HER LITTLE PARKING FOR CHARITABLE MUSIC, AND BEING HER WILL, "GALLER" BEING THE STRONG—HA! HA! SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIS INTENTION WAS!

A FEW APHORISMS.

Be content with your lot, especially at a public auction.
 Avoid disputes; never be a quarrel, except at Cambridge.
 The darkest hour (as a rule) is just before the gas is lighted.
 You cannot do without money; you may do without a mother-in-law.
 Keep your temper, and your carriage.
 Manners are always civil, for civility costs nothing.
 Never lose opportunity, or an umbrella.
 Be satisfied with things as they are, till you are sure with the crumbs.
 If you are in a public office, be practical—it is all events in history.
 Tailors, ladies, booties; butchers, bakers, bankers; Civil Service men; all may fail you, but your bookmaker will help you when last.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

He. A little bit
 In a tropical spot,
 She. For Sunday picnic, but
 not to me;
 He. No coral, figs, figs,
 She. A home's Brighton,
 Dad. With a burning view
 of the day's sun.
 He. And O, how
 A home's flowers!
 She. Changed, every week,
 by the artist's van;
 He. For, for my car,
 She. But near to houses,
 Dad. Where we'll be happy
 as long as we can.

NOTE ON THE HOUSE OF NO-
 TRENDERS.—The Lord Mayor's
 Show may be termed a gurg-
 gurgous spectacle. The more
 gurgous the Lord Mayor's
 Banquet.



CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, SOCIETY AS IT MAY BE.

INGENUOUS DIDO'SH PIONEER ARTS, &c., &c.—Barnard. "THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE GILGAMESH IN DIVERSE ACCOUNTS. BUT, OH! THE JAPANESE, IS IT NOT A
 little too Pimento!"



CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, SOCIETY AS IT MAY BE.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT—Coster. "ANY SPARROW— I BEG PARDON—ASPARAGUS, COOK?"

HISTORICAL.—The Non-Jurors were persons who, on account of age and some other disability, were excused from serving on juries.

OVERLANDISH.—By what route the Mother of a Family should go to India cannot for a moment be a matter of doubt—*Ma Sails*, of course!

A WORD OF CHEER.—Would you keep out of trouble? Then persevere in active industry. Put your shoulder to the wheel, and you will never have to set your feet on it.

HINTS TO TOURISTS.

If you are put with a friend in a double-bedded room, bear in mind that inside walls are only lath and plaster, and that every word you say will be heard in the next room. Therefore carry on your conversation at the tip-top of your voice, and make as much noise as you can in packing, and in splashing, and in stumping round your room.

Always give to beggars who waylay you on the road, and if you know their language, accompany your gift with a little stacy speech to the effect that all we English have more money than we know how to spend, and it is our duty when we travel to succour the distressed. This will mightily encourage the impostors in their trade, and engender a great nuisance for tourists who are poorer or less foolish than yourself.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

My First is my second,
My Second's my first;
My Third's my best reckon'd,
My Fourth is my worst
My Whole is a Something, but what I
can't tell,
Because if I did, why then you'd know
as well.
** Answer next year.

MUSING FOR THE MONTH.—In August remember the Grotto when you are out of Town, and be thankful that you have no gutter-children getting in your way. He that ate the first Oyster was hungry; the saw says, bold But to beard the lion in his den is one thing; the oyster in his shell, another.

"I LIKE to read epigrams against us women," said Mrs. CLEVER. "When a culprit clanks his chains you know that they are on him."

STRAY PARENTS.—Lost children are to be found in most large cities, but in Paris there are also lost fathers (English) for whom a place seems to be specially provided, called the *Salle des Pas perdus*.



AT THE "ZOO."

Languid Swell. "CURASSOW IS IT?—BAAT JOVE!—THEN I S'POSE THE OTHER'S THE—AW—*Maraschino!*"

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

To Destroy Black Beetles.—Turn a pack of fox-hounds into the kitchen.

To Cure Smoky Chimneys.—Discontinue fires.

To get Rid of Ghosts.—Use disinfecting fluid copiously.

To Expel Dry-Rot.—Soak the places affected with the finest dry sherry.

To get the Servants up early in the Morning.—Send them to bed early at night.

To Revive the Fire.—Tie up the front-door knocker in a white kid glove.

To prevent the Beer going too Fast.—Possess the key to the mystery.

To avoid Draughts.—Don't take any.

To destroy Moths.—Collect butterflies.

How to keep Plate clean.—Wrapped up in silver paper.

How to dispose of Old Newspapers.—Put them into the brown study.

A CAROL BY A CYNIC.

O REST you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
But mind you have your purses full,
Your Christmas bills to pay.
And mind you do not feast too much
On jovial Christmas cheer:
Or else of gout you'll get a touch,
To gladden the New Year.

AN OUT IN AUGUST.

THE harvest's housed; the farmers dance; the millers shout "Hooray!" The bakers an excursion take, and go to Alum Bay.

HUSBANDS are always thinking about money. Wives never ask for it at all. They are quite content with a cheque, dear humble things.

THE LILY OF THE "VALET."—The flower in your "man's" coat.

ALLUDING to obnoxious Mrs. CLEVER said, "A girl, now, seems all head?" "Yes, till you talk to her," replied Mr. CLEVER.



OUR HOLIDAYS.

Youngest Daughter. (Didn't they have fun in Switzerland this year!) "Oh! FLORY, EMILY, 'MA! HERE'S ONE OF THOSE DEAR ARTISTS SKETCHING ON THE 'PLACE.' LET'S GO AND LOOK OVER HIM, AND SEE WHAT HE'S DOING!"—

THE FLIGHTED ONE.

You ask me if I love you,
And I cannot answer, "Yes!"
Tho' there's none I hold above you,
And my heart's in sore distress.
There are words one cannot utter,
And a "yes" is one of those?
Yet it is not that I stutter,
Or speak slightly through the nose.
I can vow that I adore you,
With my truest, fondest breath;
But the lip you've heard before, you
Will allow, can say but "Yeth!"

BROWN came home with a black eye. To his wife's inquiries he replied, that, having asked himself a question, he received such a snappy answer that he had been obliged to resent it. His wife did not believe him, and got a new dress that week.

WHAT NEXT?—The ingenuity of our great agricultural implement makers is extraordinary. One of them has lately invented a machine for sowing wild oats, which is expected to have an immense sale.

MEDIAEVAL PAINTING ON VELLUM.—JULIA, aged 50, rouged.

A BARREL has more brains than a booby who dyes his beard. The fool does, the fish doesn't.

ZOOLOGICAL.—A story that lays hold of you. A prehensile tail.

THE MOST DETESTABLE OF THE MORNING CALLS.—"Hot Water, Sir!"

NO OFFENCE.—As a rule crime is to be discouraged, but a comic writer should do his utmost to provoke man's laughter.

WHEN a vulgar husband drops his H's, a good wife drops her eyes.

THE ANGLE OF INCIDENCE.—When you're fishing, and tumble into the water.

NIGHT AND DAY.—Our bill-sticker is so devoted to his profession that he always sleeps in a four-poster.

A BAND OF HOPE.—A Submarine Cable.



BUT IT WAS ONLY LITTLE TYMPNEY MAKING UP HIS ACCOUNTS, AND CALCULATING IF HE'D ENOUGH MONEY TO TAKE HIM BACK TO BEDFORD ROW!

AN IDYLL.

In the month of January,
First I met my darling MARY.
In the month of Febru-erry,
Then I met her down in Derry.
Once again in month of March,
Met her at the Marble Arch.
Met her in the month of April,
Gone to Bangor to escape Rhyl.
Met her once again in May,
Sitting calmly at the play.
Met her yet once more in June,
Where the Park-band plays a tune.
Then I met her in July,
Richmond Hill, and no one by.
Met her yet once more in August,
When it blew a nasty raw gust.
Did I meet her in September?
Did I?—well, I don't remember.
Then I met her in October,
Spoke to her in sadness sober.
"No" comes natural in November,
Quenched was Cupid's flick'ring ember.
Never met again. December
Of a Club I'm now a member.

NOTICE TO THE TRUSTEES.—In the Department of Natural History at the British Museum there is a serious deficiency. There are nests of all sorts and sizes, birds' nests, wasps' nests, &c.; but not a single specimen of a mare's nest. This is a great disappointment to country visitors.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—If you teach children Natural History in the Zoological Gardens, teach it to them correctly. For example: you should impress on their youthful minds that the bears climbing up for buns in the pit are Polar Bears.

AN EARLY LUXURY.—The Celts were much farther advanced in civilisation than is commonly supposed. They invented Celtzer water.

HOW TO KNOW THEM.—As a rule Bankers' Clerks may be distinguished by their wearing trousers with checks.

"THE NEW BATH GUIDE."—A Pamphlet on the Turkish system.

A TURKISH POSITION.—Standing upon Trifles.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1870.



CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, SOCIETY AS IT MAY BE.

HIGH ART BELOW STAIRS—Cook. "Sh—Sh—!" Moderato, SUSAN! Affettuoso, JIM! Ben marcato il basso, MR. RAFFLES! Bravi tutti! Da capo!"



THE LATE GALES, 1869.

STEMPER AND VERNISH ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST. THEY WORKED ALL THROUGH THE STORMY WEATHER. HERE'S STEMPER TRYING TO FIND A SMALL WATER-COLOUR DRAWING AND A SABLE BRUSH, OUT OF ABOUT HALF AN ACRE OF SEA-SUDS!

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1870.



THE FIRST OF OCTOBER. A "WARM CORNER" FOR JONES.

Jones. "I SAY, BROWN! HANG IT, YER KNOW! YOU NEARLY SHOT MY HEAD OFF THAT TIME!"
Brown (who has bagged Jones's bird into the bargain). "WHY DIDN'T YOU DUCK, YOU FOOL?"



"WARE HOUNDS!"

LATEST INVENTION OF OUR NOBLE MASTER FOR THE PROTECTION OF HIS PACK AGAINST "THE FIELD."



CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, SOCIETY AS IT MAY BE.

REPRESSION OF HABITUAL CRIME.—*B. A. 1 (to Benevolent Old Gent.).* "WHAT'S HE 'BEEN AND DONE?" WHY, HE'S BEEN AND DROPPED AN H! THAT'S WHAT HE'S 'BEEN AND DONE!' ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?"



"THE NORMAL DIAPASON!"

First Citizen (Returning from Dinner-Party). "HULLO, GROUNDREBY, 'S THAT YOU? GOOD GRACIOUS! ARE YOU MAD!?"
Second Citizen (hushily). "ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW! 'FACT IS, I'VE GOT TO SING 'Qui Sdegno' AT OUR CONCERT, AND YOU KNOW WITH THE PRESENT HIGH PITCH, MY LOW D IS TOTALLY INEFFECTIVE UNLESS I'VE A SLIGHT COLD!"



MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

AT THE RAILWAY STATION, ANTWERP, en route for Aix.—Rather a crowd at the ticket place, and I come in at the tail. My ear not having become accustomed to rapidly-spoken French (by-the-way, I wonder how a Frenchman ever masters the names of our stations as called out by the porters!) I am unable to grasp the exact sum demanded of me for my ticket.

Happy Thought.—Put down a Napoleon, and see what change comes out of it.

Clerk doesn't take it, but says something more rapidly in French.

Happy Thought.—Say *bien*, and put down another Napoleon.

I am not able to count the change, owing to being pushed away by an excited person behind, and led off, at once, by an intelligent porter to get my luggage weighed, for which I have to pay almost as much as for myself.

I suddenly come upon DYNWELL in a smoking carriage. We are the only two—the Captain and myself—out of our original party, going to Aix. He informs me that CHILVERN received some money this morning from London. End of CHILVERN.

I make a point of asking the guard at every station, whether we change here. Nothing like being certain. DYNWELL wants to know how long we wait at Liège. I advise him (knowing his peculiar French) to ask the Guard. The result is that the Captain addresses him thus: "Hi, Old Cockalorum, do we stop the waggon here, eh?" Cockalorum returns some answer, and DYNWELL asks me what he said. I interpret it as, "We hardly stop here five minutes." The result is, in point of fact, that we don't go on again for nearly half an hour. After ten minutes DYNWELL decides upon going to the buffet. He immediately asks for bitter beer loudly, and gets it at once. I can't make up my mind whether it's more Continental to take coffee and a cigarette, or *vin ordinaire* and some roast chicken. I have decided upon the former, and am trying to attract a *garçon*, when DYNWELL says, "time's up: the bulgine's on again." *Bulgine* with him means "Engine," but I somehow fancy that he imagines it to be French. I remark that everyone (with the exception of such Cockalorums as the Guard, who rather stands on the dignity of his uniform, I imagine) understands the Captain's English, while they don't seem to get on very well with my French. DYNWELL notices this too.

Happy Thought.—To explain it to him thus, that these are Belgians,

and don't speak like *les vrais Parisiens*. (When in Paris I can look forward to saying that Belgium and Germany have spoilt my accent—satisfactory.)

We cross the frontier, and suddenly hear nothing but German. Very strange this at first. DYNWELL thinks it would be a rum sort of a start if one went from Kent to Sussex (from Tunbridge Wells to Brighton, for instance) and didn't understand the language at Three Bridges Station. DYNWELL, I note, has more in him than meets the eye.

Aix at last. When you get there it is called Aachen. DYNWELL explains this happily; he says a Frenchman expects to find *Londres*, and it turns out to be *London*.

Examination of Baggage.—Questions in German: answer in dumb show, like a pantomime. We have too much luggage for one trap, so Captain goes on alone. He calls his coachman a Cockalorum, and the man touches his hat. I feel somehow desolate: wish I hadn't come. Everything looks dreary. I think of FRIDOLINE, and the baby with the rash, and my mother-in-law at Brighton. Wish I'd gone with them. But as I *have* come all this way to find out whether I've got latent rheumatic gout anywhere about me or not, I am determined to go through the ordeal, whatever it may be. I am put into a fly—such a machine! Three miles an hour, and an unwashed coachman in a glazed hat. Destination, *L'Hôtel du Grand Monarque*. Sounds well. *First Observation in Note-Book.*—*Strasse* means street. *Mem.* Will learn German while here. We descend the broad *Theater-Strasse*.

Happy Thought.—Then there's a *Theater* here.

We pass a large hotel—we pass a colonnade. More hotels—plenty of people about: nearly all, apparently, English.

Second Observation.—That at the first glance Aix has a highly respectable appearance, but not gay.

The Hotel at last: courtyard as usual—very fine place. Like a courtyard. I descend: a bell rings—sort of alarm of visitors. More bells. Two porters, an under-waiter, a head-waiter (evidently, though more like a Low-Church Curate in an open waistcoat), and in the distance on the stairs two chambermaids come out to receive me. Foresee donations to all these when I leave.

Happy Thought.—Commence in French (French carries you everywhere) *Je désire une chambre au seconde, et—*

Immediate Reply of the Low-Church Curate.—"Yes, Sir, if you'll step up this way, I will show you." Very annoying. If you want to speak another language than your own, merely for practice, they won't let you.

The Head-Waiter insists upon my taking rooms on the first instead of the second floor, as the season is just ending, and it will be all the same. He leaves me, and enter the Chambermaid. She smiles, and addresses me in her own native tongue—German. She is asking me, I imagine, from her thumping the bed and then putting a question, whether I am going to bed now. Good gracious, it's only five o'clock.

Happy Thought.—*Nein.*

This I fancy sounds rough, so I soften it off with *Merçi*. She is now putting another question, this time with a jug in her hand. Evidently, will I have some water. I distinguish the word *wasser*.

Happy Thought.—*Yah*—adding with a smile, "*s'il vous plaît*." Another question from her. *Wasser* again, but this time she mentions *Hice-wasser*. Iced-Water? *Nein*, on no account, *merçi*, thank you. But I should like some—some—(I want to say warm water for my hands). Why isn't there one universal language, say, English?

Happiest Thought—To say Warm Wasser. She is intelligent, p'raps she's heard Englishmen try this before, for she replies laughing good-naturedly (as if I had said something not quite proper, but which she would look over as only attributable to my ignorance of the language) "*Warm-vasser*."

Happy Thought.—"Oui, I mean yes, *Fah, Warm-vasser*." She leaves me.

Note.—It's a great thing to have the command of a language. Within half an hour of my arrival I have mastered three words. *Strasse* is street, *Wasser* is water, *Warm* is warm; and I establish one rule, that "w" is pronounced like "v."

I recollect, when travelling a long time ago, that *Yahso* means a good deal. Try it presently, and watch the result.

After unpacking, go out and examine the town. Although I've never been here in my life, I seem to have seen it all before, somewhere. Excellent shops: large restaurant. No out-of-door seats and tables. Those who are not English are in uniform, at least so it seems at first. Men in uniform are wheeling barrows, men in uniform are driving carts, men in uniform are saluting superior uniforms with epaulettes. To the English eye the town appears to be garrisoned by our postmen. Becoming accustomed to them, you gradually pick out the officers. Everybody is smoking, except the ladies, of course. The toilettes here are not remarkable.

In the Theater-Strasse an enormous building is guarded by a very small sentry. Think the building is a bank, or a post-office. He (the small sentry) carries a big gun in a slouching way, and occasionally stops to look at nothing in particular, with one hand in his pocket. Servant-maids walk about like the Parisian grisettes in clean-looking caps, generally carrying a basket, and an umbrella. Umbrellas are popular. I meet a large sprinkling of the clerical element in chimney-pot hats with narrow brims. The Don Basilio type is not here. Sisters of Charity (also with baskets and umbrellas) in plenty, all looking particularly cheerful and happy. In the window of a book-seller's shop I see a Manual of Conversation in Four Languages.

Happy Thought.—Buy it.

With this purchase I return to the Grand Monarque. The Head-Waiter, who is politeness itself, begs me to inscribe my name in a book. I suppose DYNWELL has been telling him about my writing *Typical Developments*, and bringing out a work with PORGOOD AND GROOLLY. I say I will give him my autograph with pleasure.

It is in the List of Visitors.

I write it down. Head-Waiter smiles, "Ah," he says, "I know it well." I am flattered. "Indeed?" I return, thinking of DYNWELL. It's rather nice of DYNWELL if he has done this; I really did not imagine he had such an appreciation of literature. "Yes," the Head-Waiter continues, with his peculiar accent, "I remember him well in London, in 'Olborn. Name well known. I am glad to see you here, Sir."

I don't live in Holborn, and I never had any association with the place. Is it possible that my intention of publishing has got about, and that even this waiter—No, it can't be. He goes on to explain. I find that he has mistaken the spelling, and has confounded me (confound him!) with a Large Cheap Tailor's Establishment. Annoying, but lucky I discover it in time.

A Dove in Duck's Plumage.

THE Continental papers call the hoax asserting that France had proposed a general disarmament of the European Powers, the "disarmament canard." Should not *canard* be *colombe*?

THE BEST NOTE PAPER.—Bank of England.

CHRISTMAS KEEPING AND CHRISTMAS BREAKING.

"The whole of Tuesday was occupied at the different Police Courts in investigating the usual 'drunk and disorderly' charges arising out of Christmas and Boxing-Day festivities."—*Newspaper paragraph, kept stereotyped.*

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,"

So by all means let us be jolly,
Over turkey and beef and plum-pudding,
Mince-pies, mistletoe, and holly,
Poor relations and family dinners,
And schoolboys' holiday folly.

Let's indulge our children with Pantomimes—

Till common sense destroy them—
Christmas sweetmeats and Christmas sentiment,—
In the hope that neither may cloy them:
Christmas bills, and Christmas boxes,
Let's endure, if we can't enjoy them.

But oh, *Pater* and *Mater Familias*—

Above all, *P.* and *M.* of "the masses,"—
Whom to flatter sky-high Southwark candidates vie,—
Not "working," but "lower" classes!
Say, why at this season your boasted reason
Into swinish un-reason passes?

In the name of Modern Enlightenment,

Franchise, and Education,
Oh, broad-spread base of the pyramid,
Oh, brawn and thews of the nation,
Why, on Tuesday after Boxing-Day,
This flood of intoxication?

Can it be that the Slough of Despond

Not narrowed, but broader and broader lies,
Where the angel that lives with the brute in us,
On the wrong side the brute's border lies,
That last Tuesday's English Police Courts
Were gorged with "Drunk and disorderlies"?

Shall *Punch* smooth down the working-men
With the soft-soap of hustings' hypocrisy?
Shall he hail them as the ideal

Of Pure and Progressive Democracy?
The best model and example
For a "Bloated Aristocracy"?

No—he positively can't do it,

In the face of the facts about him:
With their Christmas carols still ringing
In Police charge-sheets to flout him;
If he did, they'd be the first,
They know they would, to scout him.

We ought all to be ashamed of ourselves,

High and low, and gentle and simple:
While the face of our civilisation
Is foul with grog-blossom and pimple,
And our Christmas cheer is a curse and a leer,
Instead of a prayer and a dimple.

OUR GROWING METROPOLIS.

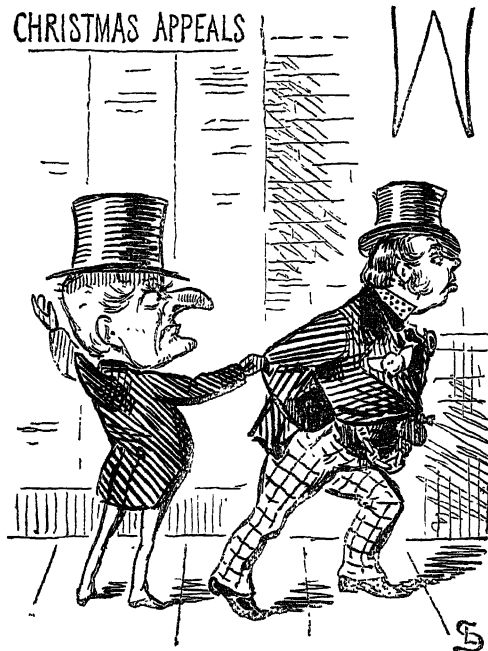
MEN who live in London are often heard complaining of the labour that they have to bear when paying country visits. What is called "County Society" is in very many cases so scattered and remote, that one must drive a dozen miles or so to meet a dozen people, and the chance is, after all, that one has a dismal dinner. But in London even something of the same kind is experienced, and we easily may prophesy, by looking at this estimate, how much in half a century the nuisance will increase:—

"It is assumed that in thirty-nine years hence nearly fifty square miles of now open country about the Metropolis will be covered with houses for the accommodation of the then population."

Besides the trouble and annoyance of visiting one's friends when they choose to live in suburbs about fifty miles away from one, there is the added nuisance foreshadowed by this estimate that in a few years hence no Londoner can dream of taking country exercise, or of getting air to breathe which will be anything like fresh. At present there are walks within a reasonable distance, through fields and lanes which are not blackened yet by smoke. But in a score or so of years one will have to travel a score or so of miles before one will be able to look at a green hedge. Houses, houses everywhere will be then the rule, and not a spot to walk on except the noisy streets.

SEASONABLE WEATHER.

CHRISTMAS APPEALS



ITH "Seasonable" weather
Old Father Christmas starts.
If the frost that hardens roadways,
But help to soften hearts :

If the chill, that gives a relish
To rich folk's warmth and cheer,
Reminds of those who've neither
Clothes nor coals, beef nor beer :

If the wind to wealth that whistles,
"Enjoy furs, food, and flame,"
Whistle, by way of burden,
"And help Want to do the same :"

If the frosty glow that tingles
From finger-top to nose,
Light the heart's central fire
That in kindly action glows :

Then the bitterer the frost-bite,
And the hoarier the rime,
The more seasonable weather
For the blessed Christmas time.

For the more it asks fulfilment
Of the law embodied then,
In the Saviour's "Peace on earth,
And goodwill towards men."

THE RAILWAY BLOCKHEAD SYSTEM.

UNDER the appropriate heading of "Railway Intelligence," we see it announced that—
"The Midland Railway will in future be worked on the block system."

The block system ensures well nigh perfect safety from collisions, and is therefore vastly preferable to the stupid blockhead system which upon most railways has hitherto prevailed. The blockhead system has consisted in cutting down expenses to the very lowest point, and trusting to good fortune for escaping from bad accidents. The signals most in vogue upon the blockhead system have been signal inefficiency and signal want of common sense. Guards and drivers have been overworked, and pointsmen tired to death, and then accidents have happened and heavy damages have been paid. False economy has been the rule upon the blockhead system, and good dividends the exception, if the accounts have not been cooked.

Montaigne and Ultra-Montane.

MONTAIGNE'S *Essays* have often had the honour of translation, and now Ultra-Montane's essays are about to receive the same honour, by the translation of ARCHBISHOP MANNING—to the Cardinalate.

CRAMMING AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL.

MR. PUNCH,

THE Christmas Holidays may be described, not untruly, as a season of cramming. The season of cramming it cannot so truly be called, because there are other seasons of cramming. The school-days each "half" are seasons of cramming equally with the Christmas Holidays. Only, whereas the latter constitute a season of cramming for the stomach, the former are seasons in which the mind is wont to be crammed.

The effects of cramming the stomach, Sir, are bad enough; but the stomach, *Mr. Punch*, can, in a measure, take care of itself. It can put in force an Alien Act, provided by Nature for the expulsion of matters which affect it in the relation of hostile foreign bodies. But the mind is unable to deal with undigested and indigestible facts as the stomach deals with greasy plum-pudding, mince-pies, twelfth-cake, and the rest of all the unwholesome varieties of Christmas fare. It may fail, indeed, to retain them, but it does not, in rejecting them, expel their effects. For you cram the mind through the brain, and in so doing overwork the brain. Pardon me, Sir. Not you. They—the crammers.

Moreover, the youthful stomach, if not too young, will stand much more cramming, in proportion, than the brain which it recruits with nourishment. A full-grown school-boy will eat more with impunity, for the present at least, than your friend, MR. ALDERMAN, who is overgrown. But the boy's brain is in a less finished state than his stomach; is not yet developed: is tender, irritable, unequal to hard work. Accordingly, *Mr. Punch*, you have seen it stated, on good authority, that "one, at least, of the candidates at the last examination at Woolwich has been prostrated by a brain fever," and that another has died since the examination commenced, his death having been probably "accelerated, if not indirectly caused, by the severe mental strain which he had undergone in cramming up for the numerous subjects it has been thought necessary for candidates to get up." For a sprained ankle or strained muscles there are opodeldoc and amica, Sir; but what liniment or lotion can you or any other Physician prescribe for a mental strain? Blue-pill and black revive, and so forth, may remedy the effects of a surfeit; but "what rhubarb, senna, or what" similar "drug" (as a reader of SHAKESPEARE would say to a nice audience) will cure brain fever brought on by repletion of the mind?

By the way, SHAKESPEARE was never crammed. MILTON was never crammed. BACON, NEWTON, DAVY, FARADAY, were never crammed. You were never crammed, Sir. What great poet or philosopher have we that has been crammed? Are we likely to have one when everybody shall have been crammed? And is it not credible that some of the greatest men the world has ever known, would have been plucked if they had had to pass a competitive examination? Then, *Mr. Punch*, the world would have known still less of its greatest men than the little which, as you know, it knows now.

Tell Education-Councillors and Committee-men, Sir, that it may be worth their while to consider whether genius or mediocrity would be likely to gain the greater number of marks by answering the kind of questions proposed by ordinary examiners? Also whether high powers of thought are not absolutely unfavourable to that exertion of the merely acquisitive memory imposed by the cramming system. But I must not cram your attention with philosophy which you need not to be taught; and whereof, especially in the presence of the pantomimes, a little goes a great way with many people who mostly do not think like you, *Mr. Punch*, and perhaps think even less than your humble correspondent,

EARLSWOOD.

P.S. Many Happy New Years.

MORE NEW THEATRES!

OLD fogies often talk of the decline of the drama, and say that nobody cares nowadays to spend an evening at the theatre. But somebody must entertain a different opinion, or we should not find put forward such intelligence as this:—

"NEW THEATRES.—In addition to the theatre now building in the Strand, we hear the Coliseum will be opened as an opera, and be connected with the Metropolitan Railway. A theatre and winter-garden will shortly be constructed on the site of Savile House, and we believe that a new theatre is in progress of erection in Sloane Square, to meet the wants dramatic of the playgoers in Belgravia."

There are over thirty theatres open now in London, and over forty music-halls where performers, of some sort, come nightly on the stage. Yet Belgravia "wants" a theatre, at least so we are informed, and Leicester Square another, at least so we may infer that the designer doubtless thinks. Well, the more the merrier—at any rate we will hope so. But as for this place or the other "wanting" a new play-house, convenient to itself, we fear such multiplication may prove to be vexation, not merely to the managers but the playgoers as well. Centralise your actors, and you get your plays well acted, and your theatres will pay: but if you scatter them about in Brixton and Belgravia, in Kensington and Kennington, in Hampstead and in Houndsditch, your stars will be dispersed, and haply cease to shine, and your taste for things theatrical will daily grow debased.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

THE Secretary-General of the Ecumenical Council is MONSIEUR FESSLER. The name is German, derived from "fesseln," and means "one who puts on fetters."

AQUATICS.—Neither the Thames, nor the Cam, nor the Isis, is the proper river for a "scratch" crew—but the Itchen.



A DREAM OF GOLD PLUM-PUDDING.

PREDICTIONS FOR 1870.

THERE will be the usual number of seasons, five—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and the London; and probably an extra one at the Opera.

Peace will be generally maintained, but there will be engagements in all quarters of the world.

The QUEEN'S Speech will contain some queer Queen's English.

The Irish Land Question will either be settled or fall to the ground.

DR. TEMPLE will turn out the best Bishop they've ever had in the West.

Any theatre having a successful piece, will do well in the long run.

The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH will have a new set of studs and a new set of ministers.

Oysters will be sixpence a piece, and the natives in New Zealand troublesome.

MACAULAY'S New Zealander, MOLIERE'S Frenchman who had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, SYDNEY SMITH'S bishop who has yet to be roasted alive in a railway carriage, MRS. GRUNDY, MRS. PARTINGTON, with her mop, the British Lion and Constitution, and other old friends, will be all about again and get into the papers.

The camp at Wimbledon will be bigger than ever, the cattle at the Cattle Show fatter than ever, the streets of London dirtier than ever, the Christmas pantomimes more gorgeous than ever, the feminine fashions more wonderful than ever, the Boat Race, the Derby, and the Royal Academy, more crowded than ever, the girls prettier than ever—and *Mr. Punch* wittier than ever.

The Vatican and Fleet Street.

SEVERAL Correspondents have written to ask what "The Congregation of the Index," is which they have lately seen mentioned in the papers. There are two, one abroad at Rome, the other at home; the latter consisting of the collection of persons who have the honour to be found in the Index to each of *Mr. Punch's* Volumes.

THE ENDS OF JUSTICE.—A Cat-o'-Nine-Tails.

THE CORRECTED EDITION OF THE HON. HAMILTON FISH'S DESPATCHES.

FISH's statement but fishy
Uncle SAM must confess,
If read after leaving
The Clarendon Press.

In claims, dates, facts and figures
Set right, without quarter,
Let him own that H. F.
Is a Fish out of Water!

SUPERFLUOUS COMMISSIONS.

WE read that the Fathers of the Council have been called upon to elect four Commissioners to deal with questions of—

- 1st. Dogma.
- 2nd. Discipline.
- 3rd. The Regular Orders.
- 4th. Oriental Rites.

What can the Council want with Commissioners to deal with these questions, seeing that as to—

1st. Dogma, there can be no question, inasmuch as there is but one dogma to be insisted upon which includes all others—Infallibility.

2nd. As to Discipline. There can be no question about this, seeing that the discipline required need but be the strictest possible to ensure that no members of the Council claims or exercises a will of his own.

3rd. The Regular Orders. There can be no question about this—so long as the only regular orders for the members of the Council are, to open their ears and shut their eyes, and take what the Pope shall send them.

4th. Oriental Rites.—There can be no question about *this*, inasmuch as in presence of the Pope, there are, for all other members of the Council, or the Church, no Oriental rights, or Occidental rights either.



A FISH OUT O' WATER.

(SEE MR. SECRETARY HAMILTON FISH'S DESPATCH, AND LORD CLARENDON'S "OBSERVATIONS" ON THE ALABAMA QUESTION.)

A CLERGYMAN WHO KEEPS A CONSCIENCE.

A good example has been set to Ritualists and other Dissenters holding the position of clergymen in the Church of England, by the late Public Orator at Cambridge, MR. W. CLARK. In a letter addressed to the BISHOP OF ELY, MR. CLARK announces his wish to relinquish the position which those other clergymen persist in keeping. Assigning his reason for taking that step he says:—

"Slowly and reluctantly I have been driven to conclusions incompatible with the declarations which I made at my ordination."

He then proceeds to specify these conclusions. They may briefly be said to be what are commonly called Broad Church views, and, if incompatible with certain articles and formularies, are not contradictory to any point of Protestant Churchmanship. It would be quite possible for MR. CLARK to hold office as a Churchman without being, like the apes of Romanism, a traitor in the camp; but his conscience will not let him occupy the place of a teacher subscribing to propositions in a non-natural sense, that is to say, lying. Neither do MR. CLARK's opinions oblige him to secede from the Church, he only proposes to retire from its ministry; and accordingly he tells the Bishop:—

"Under these circumstances I beg to signify to you my desire to relinquish the position of a clergyman, and resume that of a layman. Whatever law, written or unwritten, may prevent me from doing this, I protest against it as iniquitous and immoral, because it conflicts with the natural rights and bounden duty of every man, all his life long, to search for and proclaim the truth."

"Once a parson always a parson" is a rule which would be very much more honoured in the repeal than in the maintenance. Surely MR. GLADSTONE, full as his hands may be of Irish affairs, could contrive to manage that little matter of its repeal in the coming session, by passing a suitable measure under the title, say, of a Clerical Relief Act. A law is wanted to empower any clergyman who pleases to turn layman, in so far as the ability to exercise any secular calling, that he may wish to adopt, is concerned. For a conscientious Rationalist such an enactment would be a great convenience; as regards a conscientious Ritualist or Puseyite, if there is one, it would be a most desirable arrangement. It would enable him to turn at once both layman and Papist; thus constituting a bridge of gold for a flying enemy.

PROPOSED WIDENING OF THE OLD JURY.

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

OUR Saxon ancestors by a sharp struggle succeeded in getting twelve men into a box, and there it stands in its juridical simplicity at the summit of Constitution Hill. It was, however, certain severe and litigious ladies of modern times who put a patent lock on the panel, and kept the council of twelve in durance for as many consecutive days. Beauty scorns to look at Time with his ugly scythe and sand-glass. The long detention was signalled by a great clashing of convent-belles.

Sir, I am a simple lover of Justice. As such I ask why should the inevitable twelve be always, so to speak, pressed men? Now that lovely woman has entered on the rough path of pathology, why not prolong her walk to the Temple of Themis? Why should merchants and bankers, who form a special jury, alone be summoned to survey desolated hearts, and furnish estimates for general repairs? When tender promises are alleged to have been broken, who so competent to assess the damage done, as those who keep watch and ward over our vases, and whose memories are as familiar with withered hopes as their little scissors with blighted blossoms?

In answer to these arguments it may be urged that such very special juries as I recommend, could not possibly remain silent for an hour—pooh-pooh, nonsense!—let them try. If they fail—they fail.

A more serious objection is, that their vigilant eyes might be dazzled by the waving of a white forensic hand, and evidence be less regarded than the aggressive whiskers of a silk gown or the insidious moustache of a stuff one.

To prevent undue influence of this kind, my old friend FOGLETON (a most clubable man) suggests an extensive screen, against which I fear there would be a loud cry by the fair advocates of non-intervention. It would be better, I think, to leave a question of this delicate nature to the honourable feeling of the Bar, which, after all, is not so black as generally painted. Leaders and juniors should proudly resolve to rely entirely on their wigs, and discard every other curl, natural or acquired.

I would also strongly advise in actions for non-performance of marriage, that any member of a very special jury accepting an offer from a successful defendant within three months after verdict given, should be punished for contempt of court.

Blackstone's Buildings.

JUSTINIAN.

P.S. This letter (which is without prejudice) you may publish if you think proper, as hints for the Law Officers of the Crown.

THE THREE R'S.

To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons when in Parliament assembled.

The Humble Petition of the Three R's

Showeth—

That your Petitioners have for many years carried on business as manufacturers of knowledge-boxes.

That your Petitioners are informed and believe that it is proposed to open a new road and level the approaches to their factory; also to remove certain fences which have hitherto obstructed the main thoroughfare, and that competent surveyors have examined the ground and agreed upon a report, after long and due deliberation.

That such proposed new road will, as your Petitioners are informed and believe, divert the traffic from the narrow lanes leading to the Parochial Union and the County House of Correction, and sensibly diminish the highway rates in connection therewith.

That your Petitioners have heard with sorrow and surprise that their respectable and old-established Firm has been charged with contemplating the manufacture of Lucifer Matches, and the employment of clever little imps in dipping and sorting combustible splints.

That your Petitioners have no intention or desire to fill their knowledge-boxes with any dangerous compounds, and the accusation of wishing to set either the Tower or the Thames on fire they indignantly rebut.

Your Petitioners therefore humbly submit, that active steps should be taken to provide for the public accommodation as above proposed; and further, that the knowledge-boxes of the Three R's should be officially recognised, and by virtue of their innocence and utility, be honoured with the Government stamp.

And your Petitioners will ever pray.

WALKER'S ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

ACCORDING to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA is showing great interest in the antiquities and public buildings of Rome. After seeing the Vatican she went to the Lateran, where she was received at the door by the Chapter and conducted over the Cathedral. There was an express exhibition of the relics of St. Peter and St. Paul, and Her Majesty inspected the Scala Santa."

There is a kind of exercises called devotional, as everybody knows. By devotional exercises most people understand readings, meditations, orisons, and suchlike acts essentially and chiefly of a mental character. There are, however, devotional exercises other than these. Certain Dervishes dance by way of devotion. Indian Fakirs, and penitents or vice-penitents swing themselves on hooks, and practise other arduous and painful gymnastics. Fakirs of a different persuasion sometimes climb the Scala Santa at Rome on their knees. The EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA only "inspected" it. Perhaps its inspection satisfied her Majesty. Let us hope that, in inspecting the Scala Santa, she was not, as Alpine Clubmen say when surveying the mountain they propose to ascend, "looking at her work."

In climbing the Scala Santa anyone might sing "*Excelsior!*" and perhaps be considered as singing pretty fairly in the "accustomed ecclesiastical Latin"—if not exactly in the Virgilian or Horatian. May the EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA have more sense than to put herself in the way to sing "*Excelsior!*" up the *Scala Santa*? Then, should her Majesty shortly visit this country for a change, no vulgar Briton will have any excuse for asking her "How's your poor knees?"

The *Pall Mall's* correspondent adds:—

"THE EMPRESS has also visited the Coliseum, St. Pietro a Vincolo, the monuments of the Appian Way, and St. Mary Maggiore, where she saw the manger of Bethlehem."

As really and truly, no doubt, we are of course meant to understand, as she saw the bones, nail-parings, rags and tatters, chains, or what other assortment of objects soever may be comprised in the "express exhibition of the relics of St. Peter and St. Paul."

From the Royal Laboratory.

CERTAIN persons, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON for example, may or may not have had a Christmas Box—on that point we possess no trustworthy information—but they certainly have had what cannot be the most agreeable accompaniment of the festive season—a Christmas BOXER.

BURDEN OF AN ITALIAN SONG.

THINGS seem very much at sixes and sevens in Italy. "*Italia farà da se?*" If Italia does not contrive soon to get a respectable Government, it will be *Italia farà la la!* or in plain English, Italy fiddle-dee!



WHY NOT?

EH! WHY NOT GO IN FOR A LITTLE MORE FALSE HAIR, AND DO THE THING COMPLETELY?

"WASN'T THAT A DAINTY DISH TO SET BEFORE A KING?"

THE French EMPEROR having expressed a desire to test some of the Australian meat, which furnishes the penny-dinners in Norton Folgate, Mr. TALLERMAN, Manager of the Australian Meat Agency, at once submitted samples to the Tuileries. The EMPEROR, on the principle of *flat experimentum in corpore vili*, caused some of the meat to be cooked for the soldiers on guard. Finding that they survived it, and even, like *Oliver Twist*, asked for more, he ordered the same dish to be set before the principal officers of the Imperial Household. The officers, unlike the privates, shuddered, but eat, and, to their own amazement, relished; and then the EMPEROR tried it himself, pronounced it good, and expressed his gracious intention of causing a more extended trial to be made—we presume on the EMPRESS and the *entourage*.

The verdict of the French private soldier can hardly be regarded as conclusive. He is capable of converting by his so potent art, not only cats, but "rats and mice, and such small deer," to the purposes of the *Gamelle*. But the Officers of the Household are used to very different fare, and where they ventured, even *gourmets* need not fear to follow. Above all, the EMPEROR has eaten and approved. No wonder that Mr. TALLERMAN the Manager has been a Taller man ever since by several inches, and that the Australian Meat Agency is looking up, from the humility of artisan penny dinners in Norton Folgate to the sublimity of Imperial banquets at the Tuileries. But, after all, it is the many "littles" that will make the "mickle;" and in this case penny-wisdom, if the dinners only spread wide enough, will be anything but pound-foolishness.

MEDICAL POLICE.

SEVERAL cases have lately occurred wherein the police have removed to the Station-house persons whom they ought to have conveyed to the Hospital. They have picked up people lying unconscious in the street, and mistaken for drunk and incapable those who were really apoplectic and insensible. At this season of extraordinary conviviality mistakes of that kind are likely to be made in augmented number, since the enjoyments which cause a state of intoxication are also very often the causes which occasion a state of coma. What a pity it is that medical knowledge is not generally blended with a constable's authority! It might, and very likely would be, if a step were taken by the Government which

would involve only a trifling addition to the expense of the police force. Anybody who considers how many more men enter the medical profession than the number it is capable of supporting, will see that there must be many of its members who would be glad to undertake any employment by which they could earn the living ordinarily got by a moderately skilled workman. It may reasonably be expected that a small addition to the policeman's pay would induce many of those unemployed medical gentlemen to become candidates for the office of guardian and preserver of the public. In that case it is obvious that there would ensue a considerable diminution of those deplorable mistakes which arise solely from policemen's unacquaintance with diagnosis.

THE JOLLY DOCTORS.

(Song of the Bill Season. *Ex Cathedra* at a Professional Dinner.)

LET us drink to early marriage,
May it be the general rule.
He who wedlock dares disparage,
Write that fellow down a fool.
Drink we Love, for it conduces
Matrimony to extend.
Here's to all, discharging uses
In relation to that end.

Here's a health to linendrapers,
Silks and satins who purvey.
Prosper fashion-books and papers,
With designs of smart array.
Here's to milliners inventive,
Fabricating Beauty's arms,
Ministers of aids incentive
Which embellish native charms.

Here's to jewellers, who garnish
Damsels fair with witching things,
Gems, and gold that doth not tarnish,
They make, bless them, wedding-rings.
Here's to all who lovely features,
Form, and grace, by art enhance,
Hairdressers, perfumers, teachers
Of deportment and the dance.

Here's to novelist and poet;
Cupid's flame their writings fan.
Here's to playwrights; they too, blow it
Up, like bellows, all they can.
Here's to soft inspired musicians
In whose works fond passion glows,
Forming one of those conditions
Which to nuptials predispose.

Here's to young men sentimental,
Who have pluck to take a wife,
Braving small cares, incidental,
Slightly, to domestic life:
Delicate organisation,
Asking, oft, remedial aid,
Teething, measles, vaccination,
With expenses to be paid.

Drink the wooers, and the willing
To be won by them that woo.
Drink we cooing, drink we billing;
And may Christmas bills ensue.
Many a fellow, single, never
Has to pay a doctor's bill;
Early marriage, then, for ever:
And success to Practice still.

Seasonable Benevolence.

FOR the sake of our poor neighbours, who, while the frost lasted, were sorely pinched by cold, we were very glad, when we walked out last Wednesday, to find the frost was giving.

WEATHER.

METEOROLOGISTS have observed that a "close" summer is invariably followed by an open winter.

FASHIONABLE ECONOMY.



CHRISTMAS bills are coming in, and fathers of large families who are screwing up their courage to meet them, may find some consolation in the following intelligence:—

"Of fashions there is little to say: in fact, there have been but very few changes since last winter. As a rule, the dresses made then serve very well for the present season."

Happy the man whose wife and daughters take this hint to heart, and are sensibly content to wear their last year's dresses! Such an act of heroism—or let us say of sheroism—must likewise be an act of very seasonable benevolence. Poor Papa is daily trembling now at every double knock, for with every

"little accounts," with which post there pours in a large shower of his tradesfolk send their compliments; while every single knock goes through him like a knife, while he is fearfully awaiting the visit of the tax-gatherer. Therefore, O ye wives and daughters, do have pity on Papa, and please him by appearing in the dresses of last winter. Pay no heed to what you fancy will be said by MRS. GRUNDY, or any other snob. To live out of debt is better than to live dressed in the fashion, and so long as your old clothes are said to "serve very well," don't be in a hurry to discharge such good old servants.

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

POBSON and WILBERFORCE devoted considerably more than a fortnight to amassing materials for a biography of those inseparable companions, HUMPHREY and SMOLLETT; but in the great fire which raged in London, in the back shop of MESSRS. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, on Constitution Hill, the MS. which was closely written on a series of envelopes turned inside out, amounting to as many as four, was unfortunately entirely destroyed before assistance could be procured from the nearest drinking fountain. It was intended to illustrate the lives of these joint authors with (pewter) plates by the Beef-steak Club; and the whole work would have been issued in triennial parts from the Oxford Press, under the superintendence of the learned BISHOP BULL.

FOOTE wrote *The Traveller* in a stage-coach, and afterwards, as a sequel, *The Rambler* in post haste, to defray the expenses of his wooden leg. GAY was the author of *The Grave*, and DAY, when he retired from the firm of DAY AND MARTIN, occupied himself with the composition of his *Night Thoughts*. The erudite WHITBY planned his *Trip to Scarborough* on the Yorkshire coast, and subsequently induced the EARL OF BURLINGTON to set it to music, to commemorate the inauguration of the Arcade by the original Christy Minstrels. JOHN HUNTER, during a dead calm, completed at least six-sevenths of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* in his cutter, with the valuable help of "slashing BENTLEY." The author of *Junius* was SAVAGE.

BEN JONSON meant to have dedicated his *Dictionary* to the EARL OF CHESTERFIELD—the courtly nobleman who invented a soup, an overcoat, and politeness—but Fox's *Book of Martyrs to the Gout*, compiled from personal reminiscences, having got the start of CURRAN on the Currency, HENRY FLOOD (familiarily known, on account of his oratory, as a flood of eloquence), and LORD HERVEY, who wrote the *Meditations amongst the Tomes in the British Museum*, the sale of which did not in the least affect the circulation of the blood, insisted on DRUMMOND (of Hawthornden), who had just then opened the bank at Charing Cross, dissuading his friend Jonson from waiting any longer in the Earl's back kitchen in South Audley Street.

A Little Story.

FANNY was pretty, and had a clear sweet voice. FRED proposed to her, and she said "Yes." Revealing his happiness to his friend FRANK, FRED told of the joyous ring there was in FANNY's voice when she accepted him. "A wedding-ring, I suppose, old fellow," was FRANK's neat reply.

FRIGHTFUL CLERICAL SCANDAL!

AN Incumbent, who hails from the "Post Office, Uxbridge," in advertising for a Curate in the *Guardian*, takes the opportunity of administering a merited castigation to a proverbially overpaid and under-worked body of men. He describes himself as "somewhat tired of clergymen whose letters convey the impression (doubtless often erroneous) that their main object is a 'post' combining a minimum of labour with a maximum of comfort," and adds that he "would be thankful to hear of an ASSISTANT-PRIEST, desiring to give himself in body, soul and spirit, &c."—to quote further would be profane.

Is it possible? "Only a Curate," and yet expecting a "maximum of comfort!" Can it be that the "inferior clergy" are beginning, like their ecclesiastical superiors to hear "a Voice" (with a capital V) calling them to exchange £50 a-year for £70, as well as £5000 for £7000? What is the use of Twelve Days' Missions, Convocation, and Ecumenical Councils, if such anarchy as this is to prevail? And yet see how tenderly our reverend advertiser twits his *dilettante* brethren. He is only "somewhat" tired of them—not very—long-suffering martyr!

The impression produced by their letters that they are seeking a "maximum of comfort," is "doubtless often erroneous." When such saponaceous reservations qualify the else severe towelling, can we not fancy that crowds of eager competitors will rush to ally themselves with so thoroughly sympathetic a superior "Priest?" Let us wish all the joy he can possibly anticipate to the fortunate candidate who shall succeed to the "post" so properly and politely offered at the "Post" Office, Uxbridge.

PAROCHIAL GLEE.

(MUSIC.—*Little Pigs lie in the best of Straw.*)

Sick paupers lie on the nicest straw.
Hrumnk! whui! Straw, that ever you saw.
Sick paupers can't be destroyed by law.
Hrumnk! Lillibullero;
C'nork! Lillibullero;
Hrumnk! whui! c'nork! sing nandledidan:
Great BUMBLE's our own model man.

Sick paupers eat the richest plates.
Hrumnk! whui! Plates, allowed by the rates.
Sick paupers' keep's an expense we hates.
Hrumnk! &c.

Sick paupers breathe the sweetest air.
Hrumnk! whui! Air, that nature can bear.
Sick paupers die for all our care.
Hrumnk! &c.

Sick paupers never can be too strong.
Hrumnk! whui! Strong, that can't be no wrong.
Here ends our parochial song.
Hrumnk! &c.

AMENDS TO AMERICA.

THE long and short of the sea-serpentine despatch of MR. FISH touching the *Alabama* claims is simply this, that the Americans complain, not that we were not neutral in their civil war, but that we were. It is now clear how we may satisfy them. We should, no doubt, do it by making them a national apology for our neglect to espouse the side of the North with active sympathy by taking measures to prevent our merchantmen from breaking the blockade of the Southern ports, by sending out cruisers to capture the Southern privateers, and by seizing and handing over to the Federal Government all the Confederate vessels that came to our harbours. In addition to owning up all this, it would only be necessary to offer to pay any amount of damages at which the United States Government might assess the losses inflicted upon American Commerce by the *Alabama*, or any other Confederate man-of-war that we failed to take or destroy. Early in the approaching Session, if the Government should not, some independent Member of the Legislature perhaps will, move a Resolution to the effect above stated, in the House of Commons.

An Organ of Anti-Enlightenment.

A CERTAIN newspaper published at Rome is named the *Camera Apostolica*. This title shows it to be an official organ; but a more appropriate denomination would perhaps be, *Camera Obscura*.

THE ONLY EXCUSE FOR INEBRIETY.—Better tight than lax.

RECOLLECTIONS FROM ABROAD. (A STUDENT'S DUEL AT HEIDELBONN.)



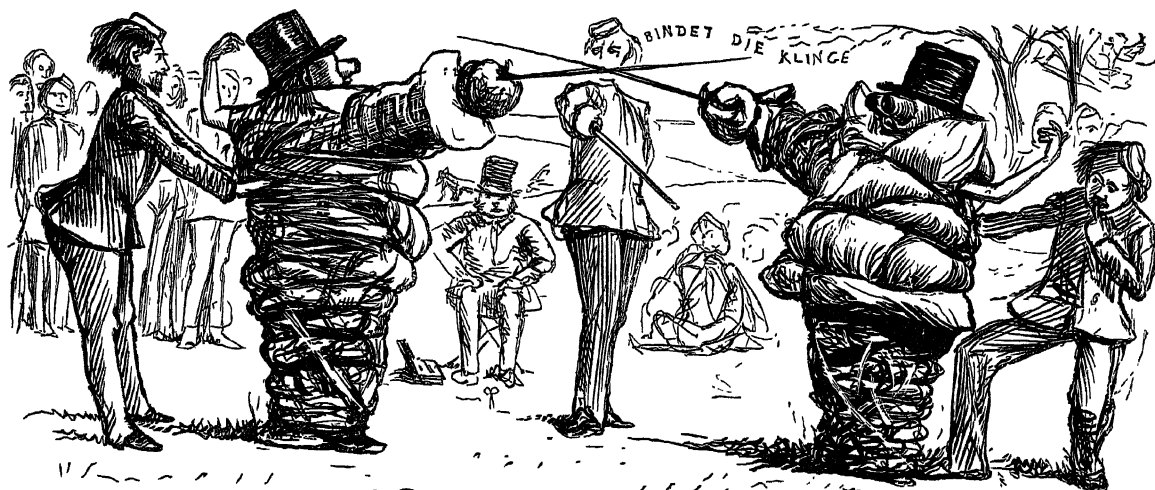
THE INSULT—"SHEEP'S HEAD!"—"PIG-DOG!"
—"PUFF-PUFF."



ARMING FOR THE FIGHT.



READY FOR ACTION.



THE ENCOUNTER.



THE SURGEON'S PRACTISED EYE DISCOVERS THE GASH.



THE WOUNDED HERO NEXT DAY.



A SLIGHT MISTAKE,

CONSEQUENT ON THE FASHIONABLE RAGE FOR TARTANS.

Tipsy Recruit. "HULLO, CUMRAD! WHA' RESG'H'MENT DO YOU B'LONG TO?"

THE VALUE OF "PROPUTTY."

THE celebrated LORD CHESTERFIELD, clever as he may have been in some respects, was obtuse in others. He had not the sense to appreciate the pith of our good old proverbs, and instructed his son, whose stupidity needed no enhancement, that they were vulgar. He would have turned his finicking nose up at the wise and venerable saying, that one man may steal a horse whilst another must not look over a hedge. This, indeed, is now seldom quoted, having fallen into disuse since horse-stealing was made no longer a hanging matter. Horse-stealing is still, however, punishable with a degree of comparative severity quite sufficient to render that adage about it intelligible.

At the Middlesex Sessions, the other day, THOMAS EVANS, aged 38, pleaded guilty to stealing a horse, value £5. He was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. On the previous day another thief, who had pleaded not guilty, ELIZABETH BARRY, aged 39, was adjudged, at the Berkshire Epiphany Quarter Sessions, to fifteen calendar months' imprisonment with hard labour. The difference between these two thieves was essentially this. THOMAS EVANS had stolen a horse; ELIZABETH BARRY had stolen a child. To be sure, the man was proved to be an habitual criminal; but then, on the other hand, the woman was a nurse in the service of the gentleman whose child she stole. Thus she was guilty of robbing her employer, and she robbed him of an object which he valued indefinitely more than he could have prized any horse: moreover she had, according to evidence, ill-used the child, and all this with malice prepense. And she was liable to seven years' penal servitude too. But the child could not be assessed at the specific value of £5, and the horse could. To that difference between the two cases corresponded the difference between the sentences of fifteen months' imprisonment with hard labour, and seven years' penal servitude. So the dear old proverb which implies the relative atrocity of horse-stealing is no anachronism. For your horse is that thing to the sound of whose name he canters, as TENNYSON'S *Northern Farmer* says, "Proputty, Proputty, Proputty," marketable "proputty," and your child isn't. Judges and Justices think more of "proputty" than even what it is thought of by the *Northern Farmer*.

A BETTER READING.—A Contented Mind is a Continual Bore.

BOB LOWE'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Who's that knocking at the door?

'Tis I, says ROBERT LOWE,
With the bill of what you owe,
For house and for assessed tax,
And income-tax, that best tax—
'Tis so charmingly elastic,
So pliant and so plastic,
And falls upon so many;
'Tis a million to the penny—
Then inspection I invite
That your licences are right—
For keeping, if you can,
Dogs and arms, and trap and man,
So no wonder I am knocking at the door.

There used be two knockings at the door:

In April and September,
As you probably remember,
The collector used to sack,
For Lord knows how far back—
For traps that you had dropped
Arms on plate that you had popped,
Dogs that had cut and run,
And flunkeys that had gone,
For which to your disgust,
Charge they did, and pay you must—
And if you didn't kick
The man out pretty quick,
You felt you'd like to do it,
If at law you'd not to rue it.
In the aggravating day—
Now happily past away—
When they knocked twice at the door!

Now, when I knock at the door,

'Tis on licence, where, confest,
Stand dogs, arms, traps, and the rest;
For your income-tax and eke
Your house-tax I've to seek,
And from the New Year's day
Rates and taxes beg you'll pay,
In accents bland and winning,
For the year that is beginning.
And you must feel, if one axes
For assessed and income taxes,
'Tis impossible to do so
In a way that *should* suit you so,
While it certainly suits me,
And Her Majesty's Treasury—
And that's how I knock at the door.

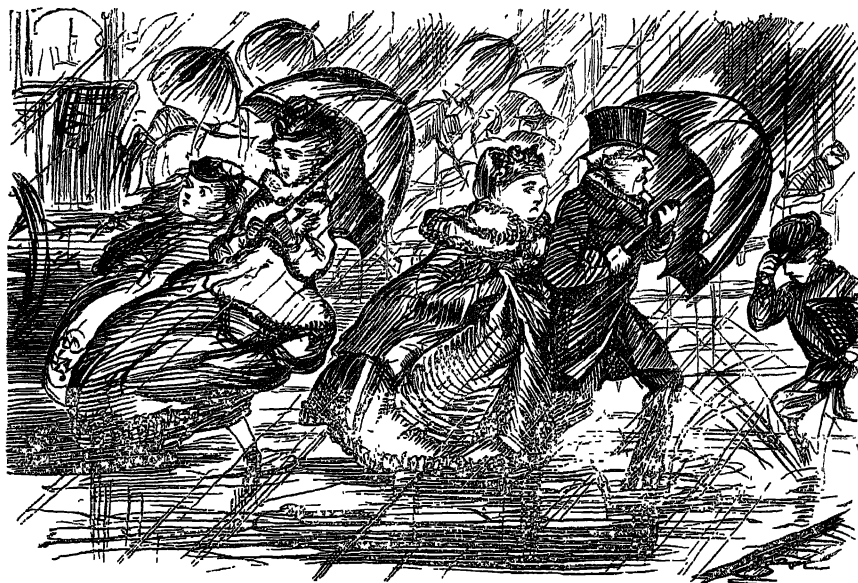
True, this year there's rather more

To pay than may be pleasant
In bad times like the present:
For this year I must combine
Taxes for 1, 8, 6, 9—
With the licences you've bought
For 1, 8, 7, 0.
Which certainly appears
Like paying for two years
And is what it doth appear—
But it's only for this year:
And you will not be so done
In 1, 8, 7, 1.
For then we shall be straight—
The year's back with the year's weight—
And you will not have to pay
Two years' taxes in one day—
When next year I come knocking at the door.

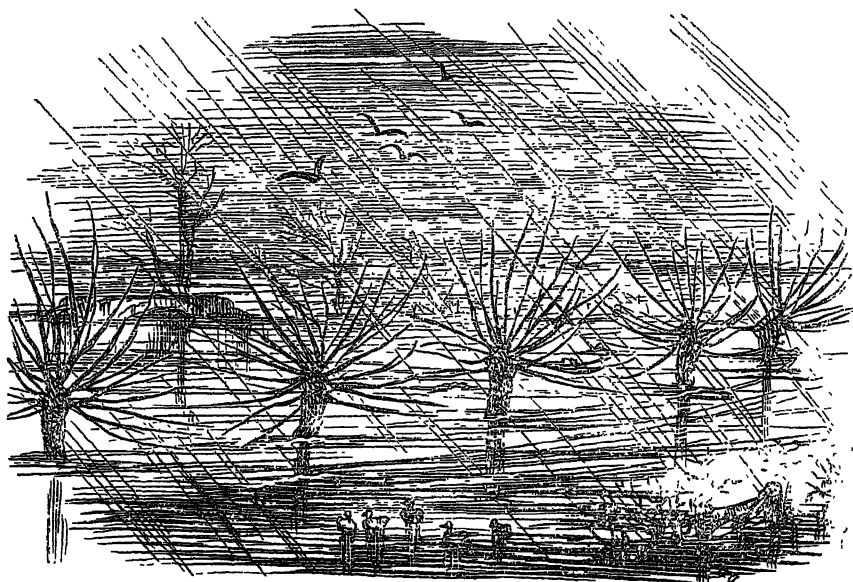
Death "Sans Phrase."

TROPMANN, the Pantin murderer, has been thought, even by a French jury, too bad to admit of "extenuating circumstances" in their verdict. This settles his place in the annals of murder. Even his advocate could find no better defence for him, than that he was too bad to behead—and ought to be shut up, as we shut up tigers, in a cage out of harm's way to others. He is not too much of a man, but too little of a man—being evidently a brute—and a dangerous brute too—one to be "stamped out" of life, as mad dogs are,

THE WEATHER, JANUARY, 1870,



IN TOWN,



AND IN COUNTRY.

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

THE loves of eminent men have often been romantic and remarkable. DR. BUSBY's early passion for the lady who afterwards became MRS. TRIMMER, and by whom he was refused three times—in a travelling menagerie, at MADAME TUSSAUD's, and in BIRCH's shop on Cornhill—was never mastered. He always remained in bed on the anniversary of her wedding-day, eating nothing but stewed prunes and charcoal biscuits, and reading all the letters he had received from the lady, which he kept at his banker's during the rest of the year in an old pocket-book given him by GRAINGER, who wrote *The Sugar Cane*.

PALEY was constantly in love, and as often, with an excess of fastidiousness, discovering some imperfection which deterred him from proposing marriage. One lady sneezed three times in three minutes; another looked too stout on horseback; a third horrified him by partaking twice of liver and bacon; a fourth could not tell what Caviare was; and a fifth, who really thought she had hooked the Archdeacon, lost him by his coming in unexpectedly from one of his fishing excursions, and finding her sucking a large-sized orange.

Unmolested by the mounted patrol, WALLER carved *Saccharissa's* name, by moonlight, on the Maypole in the centre of Paddington Green (with the clasp-knife which she had given him when they parted for ever in the brewhouse at Penshurst) the night before he emigrated to Sydney, where he took a sheep-walk, and wrote some of the most beautiful of his pastoral poems, prior to his marriage with the wealthy widow of a retired sugar-baker, who had been

knighted by the King for raising a troop of horse in the heat of summer.

OLIVER CROMWELL's first love was a little milliner's apprentice at Huntingdon. He certainly would have married this young girl, and become her Protector for life, had not his friends sent him away to Saffron Walden to be with a vintner there, in whose establishment he imbibed those republican opinions which afterwards led him to make short work of the Long Parliament, and to bury the Mace and the Great Seal, by torch-light, in the Tower Ditch, the celebrated GUIDO FAWKES holding the lantern (with matches warranted to light only on the box), and SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL handling the spade.

It is a natural and pardonable curiosity that seeks to know what have been the favourite viands of those we reverence and admire. LORD CHESTERFIELD supped every Saturday night, on tripe and onions, with CAPTAIN CORAM and GAINSBOROUGH, at the "Blue Boy" in Leather Lane, then a fashionable part of Town, and inhabited by the learned KIDD, the Ambassador from Morocco, &c.

GEORGE THE THIRD preferred Windsor Beans to any other vegetable; QUEEN ELIZABETH doated on Spanish onions; MARTIN LUTHER and JOHN KNOX were alike in their fondness for the Pope's Eye; BACON invariably, winter and summer, spring and autumn, had fried sausages for breakfast, and pork-chops for supper; DANIEL LAMBERT was continually getting stout (Dublin); to the discoverer of the circulation of the blood we are also indebted for HARVEY's Sauce; ROGER ASCHAM, who has left us the *beau idéal* of a book in his *Torophilus*, took a bowl of arrowroot every night before going to bed, flavoured with rum and molasses; SIR WALTER RALEIGH was passionately fond of early potatoes; DR. MEAD drank nothing but metheglin; "Beau" NASH swore by spruce beer; and Old PARR's life was prolonged by elder wine.

DR. JOHNSON's favourite dish was a sucking-pig stuck with blanched almonds, and stuffed with macaroons, and *Chocolat Ménagère*, and served with a rich sauce consisting of currant jelly, chutney, anchovy paste, vanilla, the yolk of an egg, some horse-radish grated fine, mushroom-catchup, and several other ingredients. MRS. THRALE took care always to have this dish at table when JOHNSON dined at the Brewery in Liquorpond Street, along with MISS PORTER and HALES of Eton.

ALEXANDRIA TO SMITHFIELD.

COMMENTING on the account given by the *Times* of the exportation of bones, taken from mummy pits, from Egypt to England, to be manufactured here into manure, the *Echo* says—

"The rich fields of turnips and mangolds that will spring from the desiccated skeletons of CHEOPS's subjects will in turn become prime beef and mutton, and Newgate Market will represent the final stage of this curious transmigration of bodies."

What a journey for our imagination to take, from Egyptian CHEOPS to London Chops!

From Our Paris Correspondent.

WE hope the new French Ministry will be permanent; but with LÉGER and BUFFET in it, no surprise can be felt if it is regarded as only provisional.

HYMN TO SAINT TROFIMUS.

BY EPICURUS ARTHRITICUS.

"The 29th of December is the Feast-day of an Archbishop of Arles, called St. Trofimus, whose bones repose in the church of St. Philip Neri, and have the peculiar virtue of curing people of gout, lumbago, and the rheum, or, as the Italian sacred diary has it, of *podagra* and *chiaragra*. Think of that, ye gouty old gentlemen of England, who sit at home in anything but ease."—*Standard's Correspondent from Rome*.

SAINT TROFIMUS, Saint Trofimus, assist me, I implore,
Your saintly and respected name I never heard before:
Excuse me that I write to you, although we've never met,
You're far too kind a gentleman to stand on etiquette.

My dear Saint Trofimus, don't mind my swearing, but my groans,
And make no bones of lending me the virtue of your bones.
I own I am a Protestant, my light is small and dim,
But who can help protesting when *podagra* claws his limb?

And you've been off, Saint Trofimus, quite long enough to know
How paltry the dissensions that embroil us here below—
Still, as you're claimed by Catholics, as Catholic I sue,
Confiteor—I'll confess: if that's the proper thing to do.

Yes, *culpa mea*! I have loved, and fear may love again,
Hock, Sherry, Chablis, Burgundy, Moselle, Yquem, Champagne,
Lafitte, Old Port, Noyeau, Chartreuse, Madeira, Punch in ice;
And, golly! good Saint Trofimus, ain't Maraschino nice?

Yes, *mea magna culpa*! "when the Turtle's voice is heard"
I always take three plates, not always stopping at the third:
When other soups are going, and I'm puzzled to take which,
Riches oblige, I make a choice of that as looks most rich.

And when they bait for me with fish, a capture I must be—
(I'm sure your friend St. Antony will say a word for me)
Dressed fish, Saint Trofimus, that sendeth transcendental steam,
With luscious soft concomitants, and sauce—a poet's dream.

Truffles, Saint Trofimus, I take in every given form,
Enriching other viands, or in paste alone, and warm:
They keep me humble, dear Saint T., upon my word they do,
They preach a lesson that a man's himself a fungus too.

I eat of each *entrée*, dear Saint, in part because I like,
(Clean is the breast I make on which in penitence I strike),
But one little good intention to my credit place, I pray,
A hostess does not like to see her dishes sent away.

And on through stately dinners (and I go to all I can)
To eat and drink of everything is my poor simple plan,
And pastries and confections, all the things that ladies take,
I take 'em, too, and fancy 'tis for those dear ladies' sake.

Reluctantly, good Saint, I let or dish or wine go by,
We should prove all things—can I tell what's best until I try?
But then at night, to counteract aught that might disagree,
I swig two jolly brandy-grogs—sometimes, I fancy, three.

I take but little exercise, it really seems so hard
From honest gains a cabman should unkindly be debarred.
I don't much care for riding on the horses that they job,
And my weight would be oppressive to a steady-minded cob.

And I have gout! Saint Trofimus, which makes me wince and roar,
And wonder what I've done to earn a punishment so sore,
And then the doctor comes, not kind, but grinning like a Ghoul,
"I told you how 'twould be," says he, "why are you such a Fool?"

He ties me up in flannels, says I'm not to drink or eat,
He gives me beastly drugs, and Vichy water for a treat;
And when I cry for opiates, the fiend without remorse
Says, "No; the gout's a remedy, and it must take its course."

I am so stiff, I am so cross, no living tongue can tell,
If my foot touches aught that's hard, incontinent I yell,
My wrists have caught it too, dear Saint, which tempts me oft to swear;
I cannot fold a journal, write a note, or comb my hair.

One's utter helplessness is, perhaps, the worst thing in the gout:
These very lines I dictate to my nephew (who's a lout)
And instead of writing rapidly when once my word he's got,
The stupid donkey looks at me, and fatuously says, "What?"

The world's a blank, all folks are fools, and everything goes wrong,
The very hours have got the gout, and now are twice as long.
O cure me, dear Saint Trofimus, and send me back again
To Hock, Moselle, and Burgundy, Yquem, Lafitte, Champagne.

AN AWKWARD NAME.

WHAT a very nice letter was that one quoted by the *Pall Mall Gazette* from the *New York Independent*, the composition of the junior King of Siam—for Siam, like the Brentford of other days, has two kings—addressed to an American lady, formerly a missionary among the Siamese, who had known him when a child! A note which he had received from her, he said, "called up many refreshing memories of childhood." Here is phraseology that might be supposed to have been acquired at a diocesan training school. "Numerous changes have taken place, and you would barely recognise Bangkok could you be transported here." This might have been written by any of our contemporaries' own correspondents. So might all this:—

"Treaties were made with nearly all the great Powers of the West. Europeans and Americans resorted hither for trade. An extensive commerce has been the result. This city has greatly improved in its appearance, its buildings, roads, and canals. Beautiful square-rigged vessels and steamers are now owned by the Siamese Government and Siamese merchants. The industry, produce, and wealth of the country have correspondingly advanced. . . . Peace and prosperity exist throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom, and long may it continue, will doubtless be yours, as it is my earnest wish."

His Siamese Majesty sends his old acquaintance a set of coins of his realm and a gold and silver cigar-box, whence we need not infer that she smokes, but may surmise that the Siamese ladies do. He affectionately requests her to accept this present "as a keepsake from your once baby friend." His epistle concludes with a salutation quite becoming the pen of a Christian gentleman:—

"My honoured mother and other ladies of the Palace wish to be remembered to you. Accept my best wishes for yourself, your husband, and your son, and believe me, "Yours truly _____"

And then follows His Majesty's signature. It is a remarkable one:—

"K. P. R. PAWAR SATHAN MONGOL,
Second King of Siam, &c., &c., &c."

Everybody must be struck with the incongruity of the KING OF SIAM's fifth name, with his style of writing. The intervening aitch makes no difference in a word which looks like a mere abbreviation of SATHANAS. Who gave him that name? No godfathers nor godmothers, one would think: yet his letter, written in the terms above-copied, to a missionary, seems to indicate that he had both, and that probably, in his infancy. Had he been converted at riper years, he surely would have repudiated a name which sounds so strange for a Christian one. If he was actually christened thereby, there is perhaps no help for it, unless MR. JAMES BUG was canonically warranted in renaming himself NORFOLK HOWARD, discarding not only BUG for HOWARD, but JAMES for NORFOLK. But then, in like manner the KING OF SIAM could alter SATHAN to MICHAEL.

BISHOPS IN BONDS.

WHAT has become of the "DAVENPORT Brothers?" When last we heard of them they either were, or were in the way to be in gaol, according to United States' law, for conjuring without a licence. The following passage in a letter from the *Times* Special Correspondent, may be taken to show that those DAVENPORTS are in some degree matched by certain performers at Rome. It refers to the Council:—

"Within that body the POPE acts by a machinery and by procedures slowly elaborated and perfected beyond a chance of miscarriage. On the other hand, the opposition, be it one or only a name, cannot act for a hundred various objections. It enters the Council not as we Anglicans were mockingly invited to enter, with ropes hanging round our necks, but with the ropes tightly twisted and knotted round their limbs, and closing their very lips."

There is, however, a material difference between the spiritual opposition in the Pope's Council and the Spiritualist pretenders. The latter did usually contrive to wriggle out of the ropes they were tied with, whereas there seems to be no extricating themselves for BISHOP DUPANLOUP and his companions.

Subject for a Cartoon in the Hotel de Ville.

A THEME for Parisian *pictor*—
By Parisian approval endorsed—
OLLIVIER the Paladin, Victor
O'er HAUSMANN, unhoused and un-horsed!

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

BARON HAUSMANN, we are told, refuses to accept any compensation for his loss of office. He cannot help receiving *one* compensation—the universal satisfaction of Paris at his deposition.

UGLY LANGUAGE.—Plain English.



Papa. "ALAS! I CANNOT TELL HOW DEEPLY IT PAINS ME TO FIND THIS *Blasé* AIR OF INDIFFERENCE—THIS ICY, HEARTLESS DISDAIN, IN ONE SO YOUNG—SO FAIR! NOR ARE YOU THE ONLY PERSON IN WHOM I HAVE PERCEIVED THESE SYMPTOMS! THEY ARE RAPIDLY BECOMING THE FASHION OF THE DAY!"

[Papa is not mad, but has been left a few moments in charge of his baby, and is learning his part in a piece for a private performance.]

BISHOPS TO MAKE! BISHOPS TO MEND!

"By the death of the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER another mitre is placed at the disposal of MR. GLADSTONE."—*Ecclesiastical Intelligence.*

"I have always felt from the beginning that those who differed from me, and who thought it their duty to express that difference, doing all that in them lay to oppose both my Election and my Consecration, were actuated by nothing but a sense of duty, and a desire to fulfil God's will, as far as their conscience showed it to them."—*Bishop Temple's Speech at Exeter.*

HERE'S GLADSTONE has got a new Bishop to make—
The task may well cause e'en his courage to blench:
If Cabinet-making some trouble must take,
What's Cabinet-making to making a Bench?

For Cabinet-work, free from priestly control,
You've but to determine the right stuff, and get it;
And when you've the peg that will best fit the hole,
Stick the one in the other, and keep where you've set it.

On Cabinet-work party judgments we know—
The sarcasm and sneers, and high-toned indignation—
But a Broad Bishop's choice calls to arms High and Low,
And clerical wrath takes the form of damnation.

These shepherds of souls will fight over a straw,
On what *we* call *hairs* see an eternity hanging:
For the Church defy Charity, Logic, and Law,
Turn their pulpits to prize-rings, their sermons to slanging.

The sounds of spent fight around TEMPLE still blend,
The air is still murky with smoke of the battle:
Still the sulphurous whiffs of Priests' powder ascend,
Still their protests explode, their anathemas rattle.

Still TROWER parades in his sackcloth and ashes,
Still DENISON calls Convocation to arms;

DR. WORDSWORTH his teeth o'er the Fathers still gnashes,
PUSEY pules, and the *Record* sounds shrilly alarms.

'Gainst such fury of High Church and frenzy of Low,
Such passion of Priests, and Priests' press party-fired,
What use is the witness a life's work can show,
The love and respect which that life has inspired?

As against Priestly shriek, and Episcopal groan,
That his courage condemn, and his manhood bewail,
What import lay affection, and reverence shown
In the farewells that follow, the welcomes that hail?

To the clam'rous confusion of orthodox herds,
The terror that rouses their bleats, baas, and lows,
What's the calm Christian spirit that speaks in these words
Of respect for opponents, forgiveness for foes?

At Large.

APPROPRIATE names (and considerate acts) should always be recorded. The Keeper of Whitecross Street Prison, from which a large number of debtors were liberated on the first of this month under the New Act, is—MR. CONSTABLE; and it is pleasant to note what is said of him, that he "acted in a humane manner [by giving a large number of those in his custody leave to go directly the Act came into operation] instead of prolonging the imprisonment of the persons until applications were made to a Judge at Chambers on Monday."

A GRAMMARIAN'S THOUGHT.

WHAT a contrast there sometimes is between the adjective and its adverb! Reflect, for example, on the wide difference that exists between the man who is constant in love, and the man who is constantly in love!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JANUARY 16, 1870.



MAGNA CHARTA FOR FRANCE.

(A SECOND EDITION OF A GOOD OLD STORY.)

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

DINE with DYNWELL at the large Restaurant's.

In my Room.—Ring bell. Tall German waiter answers. He has a way of understanding you before you speak—anticipatory style, provoking.

He enters with "You ring?" I reply that I did. He returns, "I thought so. You want some tea, some eggs, some coffee—what?"

No. I *was* going to have ordered tea, but I won't now, just to show him that this is not the sort of thing to try with *me*. That I'm not one of his ordinary travelling Englishmen. I order, consequently, some sherry and seltzer. "Sherry and seltzer," he repeats, "anything else? No? No meat, no bread, no butter, nutting? No?"

This sort of thing makes one very angry: it's a liberty. I answer sternly, "No, nothing else."

Happy Thought.—"Yes, a biscuit." I order this, because he hasn't suggested biscuits. He replies, "Sherry, seltzer, biscuits, nutting else? No? I bring you dem," and disappears. I say "disappears," because he is round the corner of the door and out on the landing before I know he has gone. A pantomimic German.

Open my desk and commence reviewing my papers. Waiter back again. "Sherry, seltzer, biscuits, all you want? No?" I say, almost savagely (for it is just as if I was being worried into ordering something else, or hadn't ordered enough), "Open the bottle."

He echoes me again. "Open? yes." He performs this quickly and jerkily. "Zo. Put him in?"

Happy Thought.—To nod instead of replying, by way of checking him.

"Anything else?" he immediately asks. "No? nutting else? no." He has vanished, before I recollect. But I *do* want to ask him something. "Here, *Garçon!*"

Happy Thought.—*Kellner, not Garçon.* "Kellner!"

He is back again from the bottom of two flights of stairs, in less than five seconds. "You call, yes? You want something? No?"

"Yes; I want to know if there is anything going on here to-night?" He shrugs his shoulders, and smiles vaguely.

"Is there?" I repeat.

"Yes, going on? Yes," he answers. His "Yes" is very prolonged; a thoughtful affirmative.

"What is it?"

"Yes. Going on for day?" Then, after a moment's consideration, he decides upon telling the truth, which takes this form, "I not know what you say."

Happy Thought.—To put it thus, slowly, "Is there a Concert, any Music, or is the Theatre open?"

"Oh!" a light breaks in upon him, "A Concert? No, no Concert. De Tayarter is for tree days open. Not dis night. De Band in de Elisa-garten in mornin play."

Happy Thought.—Very nice. Stroll there about eleven to-morrow. Rank and fashion.

Ask the exact time of performance.

"Seven hour," he answers.

"Plays for seven hours!" I exclaim.

"No!" he laughs, and shakes his head as correcting his own mistake. "Seven o'clock" (this very distinctly); "de Band play all mornins from seven to eight."

What!!! Get up at six-thirty A.M. to go to a Concert at seven.

"Do many people go to this Concert at seven?" I can't help inquiring.

"All people here," he replies. I am staggered. What time is the Theater then, I wonder. P'raps at 4 A.M.

Suppers at ten in the morning, and fierce dissipation at mid-day. That'll do. No, I don't want anything more.

Decision at present.—Not to go to the Concert in the Elisa-garten at seven to-morrow morning. Examine conversation-book in four languages, in order to address the Chambermaid to-morrow morning on the subject of wasser, boots, clothes, and bath.

The Chambermaid, I find, (to begin with) is a *Zimmermädchen*. This is satisfactory.

Happy Thought.—To arrange (before I go to sleep to-night) a conversation with the *Zimmermädchen*. I think *Guten morgen* is good morning. Can't find it. *Guten morgen, Zimmermädchen*, will do very nicely to begin with.

Happy Thought.—Must also master the coinage. They took francs to-day in payment for my conversation-book. One thing at a time. *Zimmermädchen* at first. How travelling does enlarge our views. I little thought two weeks ago that I should be calling any one a *Zimmermädchen*, and understanding what I meant by it. Also, mustn't forget what I came for; *i.e.*, to call on the Doctor, to whom I have an introduction, and ask him if I have got rheumatic gout latent anywhere. If so where, and what's to be done for it.

It is very cold at night.

Happy Thought.—To ask the *Zimmermädchen* in the morning for a

counterpane and more blankets. Look out "counterpane" and "blankets," before I go to sleep, in dictionary, so as to remember them in the morning.

Can't find "counterpane." *Das Betttuch* is blanket.

Happy Thought.—Look out "coverlet" instead of "counterpane." Got it—*Oberdecke*. "*Zimmermädchen*," I will say, "*Ich wünsche eine Oberdecke und zwei Betttücher*."

Sleep on it—I mean sleep on the phrase.

Wake in the morning: rehearse the speech to myself two or three times. Add to it. *Bringen Sie mir*. ["Bring me," nothing more simple: and it's wonderful how sleeping in a foreign town brings the language out of you in the morning, like the sulphur waters do to the gout.]—*Bringen Sie mir heiss Wasser*. "*Heiss*" is "hot," and yesterday I thought by the sound it meant just the contrary.

Am I ready to converse with *Zimmermädchen*? Yes. Ring the bell. Rehearse again to myself quietly. Let me see, I've forgotten what "blankets" was. Shan't have time to look it out before she comes, and it looks so absurd to read to her from a book.

Enter the *Zimmermädchen*. She wishes me, in her own native tongue (I'll astonish her presently), "Good morning." I feel a little nervous—why should I be nervous? It's nonsense to be nervous. By the way I want a bath, and I've forgotten to look it out. She has brought some *heiss Wasser*, so the words I knew best I have not got to say.

Happy Thought.—Begin the conversation by alluding to the *heiss Wasser*. Try to assume a careless easy tone, as if talking German had been the amusement of my leisure hours for years. Odd, I feel that I don't pronounce the words nearly so well as at my rehearsals.

"*Sie haben heiss Wasser*," I say it boldly. She is as much astonished as Balaam was, I should imagine. It must come upon her like a voice from the bed itself.

She laughs and replies, "*heiss Wasser, ja*." Success: now for number two.

"Oh, *Zimmermädchen*, I want"—failure. She stares—perhaps it strikes her that I'm a great linguist, and know so many languages that I'm mixing them up—perhaps it doesn't—"I mean *Ich wünsche eine Oberdecke*."

"*Nix varm genouf?*" she asks; at least, so it sounds, and I understand it perfectly. Very like English, "Not warm enough?"

"*Nein*," I return in, this time, admirably grammatical German.

Now all I want her to say is, "Yes, I'll bring your oberdecke," and while she's gone I'll look out "tepid bath" in the dictionary. But she commences a series of questions, or remarks, or both, founded evidently upon the mistaken impression, which my starting so fluently in her own native tongue had given her, that I talk and understand German.

Happy Thought.—Stick to "*Yah, eine Oberdecke*."

She laughs (what at? I don't know) and goes away. Now then. *Bad* is bath; tepid is . . . tepid is . . . not down—what a dictionary! It will be worth while studying German here for the sake of my fellow-countrymen who want dictionaries. Tepid is not in the conversation-book. *Kalt* is cold, but I don't want a cold bath. "*If you please*" isn't in the conversation-book. Yet they seem a polite people. Perhaps it wasn't a polite person who compiled this book.

Happy Thought.—*Ein Bad mit kalt und heiss Wasser*. *Kalt und heiss* together must be tepid.

Re-enter *Zimmermädchen*, with such a coverlet! A bed in itself—a sort of balloon stuffed with feathers, which she plumps down on the bed. I can't explain that it is not at all the sort of thing I mean, because I don't know the German for the phrase, and I can't keep her waiting in the room while I find out the words in the dictionary. She says something about "*Das ist gut, so*," And I reply (not to hurt her feelings) "*Yah, das ist goot*." (*Yah* should be spelt, I find, "*Ja*"—odd.)

"*Varm?*" says she.

"Very varm," I reply weakly, giving up my German and running into bad English.

Then comes the "*Ein bad*" request. She *does* understand me, and brings it.

Rise and go to breakfast with DYNWELL.

Impressions of German language at first.—Not unlike broad Scotch if talked by a nigger. "*Yah, yah*," just like the Christy Minstrels, is always coming in.

Not an Unreasonable Wish.

YOU often hear people speak of a cold "going through the house." POOR SCAMBLEBY, whose wife and family are all now laid up, and under the doctor's care, says he wishes their cold had gone through the house without stopping.

AGRICULTURAL QUESTION.

Is a landlord who allows his farms to be over-stocked with rabbits entitled to be called a great bunnyfactor?

PESTERED BY POST.



PUNCH.—I wish there were some easy means of getting anybody mesmerised so as to acquire the temporary power of clairvoyance.

I am out of town, as usual at this season of the year. As usual I have my letters forwarded to me, because I want to keep myself posted up. As usual the post brings me no end of circulars.

My name happens to stand on a professional list accessible to all men. The consequence of this is that my letter-box is the daily receptacle of circulars and prospectuses sent me by all manner of cheap wine-merchants, coal-merchants, puffing tradesmen of all descriptions, joint-stock companies (limited), foreign lottery offices, charitable institutions, and appeals, chiefly clerical, to the benevolent.

Now, Sir, I have not enough money wherewithal to buy things which I want; of course, therefore, I have too little for buying things which I don't want, too little to risk, and none at all to give away.

When I am at home, however, the receipt of all these

communications is merely an annoyance of a certain nature. There was a time when it would have been an annoyance of another kind. With the postman's rap of other days, one expected good news. Now one fears bad. Then, one would have been disappointed with a circular when one expected a Valentine. Now one never expects anything better than an invitation, worth accepting, to dine. The double rap no longer indeed raises expectations. But it creates alarm. "Somebody dead," it suggests to me, "or something to pay." Circulars

give me a needless shock. But I have the satisfaction of flinging them into the fire, and considering that the sender has thrown away a stamp.

But, Sir, that is just what I am made to do myself, through my servant, when she posts me circulars not knowing what they contain. Now, could she be rendered clairvoyante, she would then be enabled to distinguish between letters of some consequence, and letters of none. It is true she would also become acquainted with their contents. But clairvoyantes, when mesmerised, are said to forget everything that they have experienced in their lucid state.

If advertisers of all kinds, and clergymen who apply for subscriptions, would only be so considerate as to write on the back of their envelopes "Circular," or "Appeal," they would enable my servant to know what to do, and what not to do; they would assist her to light her fire, and would save considerable expense to

Yours, truly,

PILGARLICK.

P.S. "Ilka little maks a muckle," as DR. CUMMING's countrymen say. I am not sure about the Scotch of that proverb, quoted from memory. But I am sure of the sense.

A GOOD APPRENTICESHIP.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, referring to the Liberal party in the House of Lords, says:—

"We hear that the EARL OF CORK and the DUKE OF ST. ALBAN'S are to be the new Whips."

Whether the Duke's experience as Hereditary Grand Falconer (by the way, it is a vulgar error to suppose that his second title is LORD HAWKE) will be of service to him in his new office, it is impossible as yet to say; but there cannot be a doubt that in the EARL OF CORK, the Master of the Buckhounds, the Lords ought to have a first-rate Whip.

GAME FOR THE CHANNEL.—*Be Sick.*

BEEFEATERS ABROAD.

PHILOSOPHIC PUNCH,

HERE we are again, the idiotic clowns say—at that saddening time of year, which cynics have sarcastically called the festive season. Ugh! how mentally I shudder at the roast beef and boiled turkey, the mince-pies and plum-puddings, on which I am condemned to dine for the next few weeks! Why cannot people take a leaf out of French cookery books, and vary the monotony of Christmas fare—and fowl—whereby the festive season to my mind is made hideous? I declare I think next Christmas, if I survive the present, I shall desert my wife and children, and go over to Paris to escape the beef and turkeys. Even there, however, I perhaps may find them rampant, for my newspaper informs me that—

"Taken all in all, France may be no worse in point of cookery than England or Germany, but it is hardly better. Amongst British travellers there are still a few enthusiasts who go into raptures over the fare provided at the monster hotels and the more famous restaurants. But Frenchmen themselves are of a different opinion, and it is a significant fact that the restaurants most popular with French barristers, journalists, artists, officers, and well-to-do bachelors in general are precisely those where the dinner is of an English kind; that is, where a *cortège* of solemn-looking joints is wheeled in at six o'clock and made to do duty as the staple article of the evening's dinner."

If Frenchmen take to dining daily off the joint, perhaps they next may copy us in limiting their Christmas fare to roast beef and boiled turkey. Pantomimes may also be transplanted to their stage, and when the clown makes the remark of "*Ici nous sommes encore!*" he may be greeted with a burst of hearty quasi-British merriment. The sight of Frenchmen gravely—or gravy-ly, if you prefer it so—dining off the joint is one that may indeed provide food for reflection. It is generally conceded that the dinner makes the man, and if Frenchmen leave off dining upon light and airy kickshaws, and eat solid solemn-looking and substantial food, we shall soon cease to regard them as our lively neighbours. They will become as sensible, sedate, and snobbish as ourselves: and who knows but that Frenchmen, after dining à l'Anglaise off the joint, may not by their joint endeavours infuse some British blood into

the body of their State, and feebly imitate the strength of the British Constitution.

With all the compliments of the season, and much good may they do you! believe me, yours respectfully,

JEREMIAH GROWLER.

The Hermitage, Friday.

THE GREAT ANGLO-GALLIC AMALGAMATION COMPANY.

THE following bit of news, we fear, is too good to be true:—

"A brilliant idea has been put forward by a Frenchman, who proposes to unite England and France by filling up the British Channel with rubbish."

A brilliant idea, truly! But how can it be realised? And what is to become of France, supposing that this bright idea be really carried out? France is every day becoming more and more like England. Frenchmen eat roast beef, keep bulldogs, and drink beer, and even aspire, some of them, to drive a four-in-hand. There are London fogs in Paris as thick as any that we Londoners can boast about at home.

Our French friends have their Clubs, where they actually play whist (although they cannot quite pronounce it), and where they bet upon their Derby as well as on our own. They even venture—some of them—to risk their lives and limbs in the deadly game of "crickets-match," or in the dangerous "regates des rowing-bots." In short, France is well nigh England, even though the British Channel still separates the countries, and, if this is to be filled up, there will really be no telling who are English and who French. Port wine and Magna Charta will be paramount in Paris, and the Tuileries will receive the name of "Liberty Hall."

Who will start the Great Anglo-Gallic Amalgamation Company? If merely "rubbish" be required for filling up the Channel, both French and English Parliaments might furnish a supply.

THE ARISTOCRAT'S PARADISE.—Quality Court.



Aunt Virginia. "GOOD GRACIOUS, GIRLS, I DECLARE I'M QUITE AFRAID TO GET OUT! LOOK AT THE CABMAN! HE'S GOT MISTLETOE IN HIS HAT!"

ROME'S UPS AND DOWNS.

(As Sung before a Select Committee of the Ecumenical Council.)

WHEN Europe was dark, O then and O then,
When Europe was dark, O then!
The Church was at ease,
Men obeyed its decrees,
And the world it went very well then, and O then!
The world it went very well then.

When learning revived, O then and O then!
When learning revived, O then!
Men opened the Book,
And therein did look,
And the world it went very ill then, and O then!
The world it went very ill then.

When people believed, O then and O then!
When people believed, O then!
The Earth to be flat,
Heaven's vault above that,
The world it went very well then, and O then!
The world it went very well then.

But when GALILEO, O then and O then!
But when GALILEO, O then!
Did prove the Earth spun
Around the fixed Sun
The world it went very ill then, and O then!
The world it went very ill then.

When Rome made him recant, O then and O then!
When Rome made him recant, O then!
The Church had the might
To make wrong owned for right,
And the world it went very well then, and O then!
The world it went very well then.

When LUTHER arose, O then and O then!
When LUTHER arose, O then!
Our dominion he split,
And lopped off a great bit,
And the world it went very ill then, and O then!
The world it went very ill then.

When Bishops were burnt, O then and O then!
When Bishops were burnt, O then!
Alive heretics fried
Who our dogmas denied,
The world it went very well then, and O then!
The world it went very well then!

When stripped of our masterdom, then, and O then!
When stripped of our masterdom, then,
We were forced by the State
To be subordinate;
The world it went very ill then, and O then!
The world it went very ill then.

Since we can't gag philosophers, then, and O then!
Since we can't gag philosophers, then,
In this day of reverse,
Modern science let's curse;
And you'll see how the world will go then, and O then!
You'll see how the world will go then.

Vive Leap-Frog!

So the amiable young DUKE OF GENOA is not to be afflicted with the Crown of Spain. *Punch* congratulates him. Much better to be a Frog at Harrow in England than a toad under a Harrow in Spain.

TOBACCO-STOPPERS.—Men who Stay to Smoke.

A PRIVATE BOX.—A Sentry Box.



"EUREKA!"

Mos'ieu' (rapturously, on tasting a Haggis for the first time). "A HA! ENFIN UN ARTISTE!"

THE AFFAIR-PETER.

"A SACRED Mission," according to M. DE ROCHEFORT, in the French Chamber, was the business on which M. VICTOR NOIR, *alias* SALOMON, visited PRINCE PETER BONAPARTE, the result being homicide, if not murder.

Let us overhaul this story, and put it into English, not French. We are a law-abiding sort, and don't know much about Sacred Missions.

Corsican journal, *La Revanche*, assails EMPEROR NAPOLEON and his family with brutal scurrility.

Cousin PETER NAPOLEON (son of LUCIEN) makes furious reprisals in Corsican journal, *L'Avenir*.

Paris journal, *Marsellaise* (DE ROCHEFORT's), in ruffianly manner attacks PRINCE PETER.

PRINCE PETER writes to DE ROCHEFORT, inviting him to kill or be killed.

DE ROCHEFORT has been ordered by his constituents not to fight.

PASCHAL-GREUSSET, somehow connected with Corsican *La Revanche*, and DE ROCHEFORT's underling, sends two men to PRINCE PETER, inviting him to kill or be killed. The two are M. VICTOR NOIR SALOMON, and M. ULRIC FONVIELLE, ex-editor of a Dieppe paper. This is the Sacred Mission. The two call on PRINCE PETER—PASCHAL-GREUSSET and a companion waiting outside.

FONVIELLE, one of the Sacred Missionaries, has a sword-cane and a loaded revolver.

PRINCE PETER has a loaded revolver in his pocket.

There is a stormy interview. PRINCE PETER will fight DE ROCHEFORT, but not his "workmen." Has something pleasant to say about "carrion-mongers."

Somebody strikes somebody. Only two men are alive who know the truth, and each says that the other lies.

The Prince fires his pistol, and kills VICTOR NOIR.

FONVIELLE tries to fire at the Prince, but does not seem to know how. The Prince fires at him, perhaps twice, and FONVIELLE goes away.

THE FALL OF HAUSMANN.

(Sung to the Tower Hamlets.)

No Edile am I, and I'm glad I am none;
What HAUSMANN has got, see, by having been one.
No longer the Prefect is he of the Seine.
His post had I held, they'd have let me remain.

He would be an Edile; he knew about Art,
A thing I don't care for a fig, for my part;
About Architecture and Sculpture he knew,
Perhaps, I suppose, about Gardening too.

In Paris improvements he made, so immense
They cost the Parisians enormous expense,
Whereby he got into such general disgrace,
That he could no longer be kept in his place.

An Edile I'm not, and I never will be;
No public improvements expect, then, from me;
Your statues, and pictures, and palaces fine,
And all suchlike matters are out of my line.

And, if I exert any gardening powers,
I'll turf you the beds where I've grubbed up the flowers:
I'll lop and I'll prune whatsoever asks pay,
That's all I can do in the gardener's way.

I'll in for the lowest of Estimates go
In the Budget about to be framed by BOB LOWE;
Then "AYRTON for ever!" will ratepayers cry.
An Edile was HAUSMANN, and so am not I.

Hard Times.

RETRENCHMENT is the order of the day. Many families at the West End are practising the most rigid economy. One lady has decided on putting down her canary birds; and a gentleman well known in the circles of fashion will reduce his weekly allowance of a penny to the crossing-sweeper in the Square to a halfpenny.

R. N.

If you are present at the wedding breakfast of a Naval friend, take the opportunity of congratulating him, in the course of your neat speech, on the Sailor's Knot being tied.

PRINCE PETER goes to the Conciergerie, and surrenders himself, in anticipation of the course of the EMPEROR and the new Minister of Justice, who, independently, order his arrest. He asks for a common jury, but, as a member of the EMPEROR's family, has to be tried by the High Court of Justice.

DE ROCHEFORT rages in the Chamber, talks of the Borgias, of Sacred Missions, and impugns the character of the High Court. He is sternly rebuked by M. OLLIVIER. His journal for previous sedition is seized, and he is to be prosecuted.

His journal, the day after the killing of NOIR, is devoted solely to brutal abuse of the NAPOLEONS.

M. NOIR is buried, a great mob attending. DE ROCHEFORT alternately rages and faints, and finally, trying to head a procession, is informed by an officer that, if he persists, he will be the first man cut down. He goes home.

Mob, but not a large one, in Paris. Tradesmen come out with sticks, and threaten rioters. They go home, having stabbed a policeman.

Such is the story of the Sacred Mission, up to *Mr. Punch's* present date of writing. It suggests Apes and Dead Sea Apples, insolence, blood-thirstiness, and general brutality. But let us wait the sequel of the Affair-Peter.

An Article not Headed.

"PARIS, Jan. 7.—Yesterday COUNT DARU, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, received the heads of the Foreign Legations."

WE are very grieved to hear it, and sincerely sympathise with the bereaved embassies. A sad beginning this of the new Minister's official career, and one not calculated to preserve friendly relations with Foreign countries. How can COUNT DARU declare, as is asserted, that France will "continue to abstain from interfering in the domestic affairs of other countries," when he thus materially interferes with the personal comfort of their recognised Representatives? Diplomats (occasionally even our own) have before now lost their heads, but then it was their own doing, and not the act of those to whom they were accredited.



A SERIOUS MATTER.

Fond Mother (finishing up a little bit of advice). "AND BE SURE, EDWIN, WHAT-
EVER YOU DO, NEVER ALLOW YOURSELF TO TRIFLE WITH ANY YOUNG LADY'S
AFFECTIONS."

IMPORTANT CABINET REVELATION.

As the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE declined to reveal the secrets of the Cabinet in regard to the Irish Land Bill, *Mr. Punch*, feeling that the nation must not be kept in suspense any longer, has obtained French leave to publish an outline of the measure about to be proposed. It is of a very general and comprehensive kind. The details may be revised, but the main points are as follows:—

1. The name of Ireland is to be abolished, and that island is to be called in future Sisterland.
2. The Brogue is to be forbidden, except in the case of very pretty young Irish girls, who are to obtain a licence from *Mr. Punch* to use it, on payment of certain fees.
3. The Blarney Stone is to be publicly smashed, to signify the end of the reign of humbug.
4. Oranges (except at dessert) and Ribbons, (except for ladies) are to be for ever excluded from Sisterland.
5. All Fenians are to be handed to our ally, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who, for a consideration, undertakes to instruct them in mining, for an indefinite period.
6. All other cultivators of the soil are to be removed, in great comfort, in Her Majesty's ships, to Australia, where farm buildings and land will be provided for them, and where they will remain for a period not exceeding (unless they wish it) Five Years. They will be taught high-farming during this time.
7. The whole of the Irish Landlords will be sent to Scotland, where the Dukes have undertaken to provide them with residences, and where they will learn economical habits, and their duties towards their dependents.
8. Sisterland being thus cleared, Scientific Companies, composed of skilful farmers, will survey the lands, and contracts will be taken for putting them into proper cultivation, with all the improvements. This process to last for Five Years.
9. The Priests will be sent to Rome, by arrangement with the Holy Chair.

AN EXTRA LAW LORD.

THE question of Life Peerages will probably be re-opened, if there is any truth in the report that a leading functionary in connection with the legal Executive will shortly be exalted to a seat in the House of Lords. The gentleman for whom this honour is supposed to be designed is one whose services have extended over a period of many years. Though still retaining all the mental energies which he ever possessed, he is said to have suffered some impairment of those physical abilities demanded by the peculiar nature of his office. Humanity requires the due adjustment of the noose, and Justice the adequate application of the lash: but the ends of both Justice and Humanity are foiled by the unsteadiness and debility of the Executioner. It is, therefore, desirable that a dignified and pensioned, yet not idle retirement, should be allotted to the bodily enfeebled but still mentally vigorous Finisher of the Law. Elevation to the Peerage seems an honour not unsuitable to one who has himself been instrumental in elevating many others out-of-doors; and there are reasons why that honour should not in this case be hereditary. It is therefore to be hoped that the Law Lords will interpose no obstacle to the promotion of that distinguished officer. Let them remember how often his hands have rendered the learned Judges that important service necessary to the ultimate fulfilment of their behests.

On consideration their Lordships will not fail to perceive that the institution of Life Peerages already exists in the Bench of Bishops, and therefore no real innovation will be effected in conferring a Peerage, for life only, on MR. CALCRAFT. But whether HER MAJESTY may be advised to create MR. CALCRAFT a Life Peer, or to invest him with a minor dignity, everybody must see that it is high time he was decently superannuated.

We had almost forgotten to state that the title by which Government proposes to call MR. CALCRAFT to the Upper House, is, if the whisper of rumour can be credited, that of BARON HEMPSTEAD.

Flashes of Bright Light.

THE report of the Birmingham meeting with BRIGHT's speech, containing nine thousand and six words was "wired" to London by 12:30 P.M. the same night. "Wonderful Telegraph feat," say the Journals. "Wonderful Telegraph hands!" says *Punch*.

10. The Parsons will be sent to China, by arrangement with the Brother of the Moon.

11. At the end of the Five Years, a number of the Australian sojourners, sufficient to cultivate the island on rational principles, will be selected in the fairest manner, by lot, brought home, and placed on the improved farms. They will pay a proper rent, to be collected by the Government.

12. When this settlement shall have taken place, a Competitive Examination of Landlords will be held; and to such as seem qualified to form a desirable Upper Class, residences in Sisterland will be allotted, with a Government allowance, subject to conditions of behaviour.

13. The cities will be cleansed, drained, and improved, and all beggars will be sent to the Red River.

14. No Journal will appear, except licensed by *Mr. Punch*.

15. An English Princess will be created Vice-Queen of Sisterland, will constantly reside in the island, and hold Courts in each of the four provinces.

16. *Mr. Punch* will be Dictator-General, with absolute power of life, death, and dinner-parties.

PICKLES!

At an education meeting the other day a MR. PICKLES, an engineer, illustrated his acquaintance with the subject by stating that "the students at Harrow, for instance, have to pay fees for cock-fighting and fisticuffs." PICKLES is quite right. There is also a bear kept by the head-master, to be baited on Sunday afternoons, the dogs must be *bond fide* the property of boys: the under-masters are bound to keep ducks, which are hunted on a pond every Wednesday: cocks are thrown at by the younger lads: and there is a greased Maypole erected once a week, to be climbed by the higher forms. It is delightful to think how the good cause of education must prosper, when those who take it in hand are so well informed as is MR. PICKLES.

ROME AND RAMSBOTHAM.

[MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, Junior, writing from Rome during the present "Economical Consul," as she calls it, gives us the following information.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE ascertained a great many things about the Roman Candlestick rights and cemeteries, which other Co-respondents of the daily papers are unable to get hold of.

My poor dear Mother, when alive, used to tell me how "the POPE lived in a Vacuum;" and she was quite right, for the Palace so-called is still here, and PIOUS THE NINTH (OR MASTER FRETTEY, as his *real* name is) decides in it.

Talking of rights and cemeteries, there are some very peculiar. For instance, once a year the good POPE says mass in the Cistern. I wonder he's so well, considering his age, and the dampness of such a place. The Cistern, it is true, is fitted up as a chapel, and painted and decorated; but I recollect well enough what our cistern was for a long time after it had been cleaned out, a nasty, mucky, damp, dirty place as you wouldn't let a cat sleep in, let alone a Human Being saying Mass.

An Imminent Dilatory of the Roman Church tells me that it is one of Pope's Priliveges, and likewise of some cannons too (though what cannons have to do with it, unless it's something to do with the Temple Power that they talk off, not the Spirituous, which is different altogether) as I was saying, it's the prilivege of the POPE and some others to say Mass in their Night-Caps. But Lor! what a prilivege! I wouldn't say anything to anybody in mine. I have been here from the first, which is from the eighth of December last.

Oh! The antipathies of the place! Wonderful!! all old, every bit of it. And talk of Underground Railways in London!! Ah, you should see the Roman Currycombs made by the earliest Christian Marthas, who used to meet between 2 and 3 A.M. to sing hymns for fear of prosecution.

MR. ROSSY is the Great Antipathy here. I think it's the same that invented that large telescope in Ireland somewhere.

My attention is always being drawn off by some friend to the monuments of ancient Rome. Why call them monuments, when they're not a bit like ours in the City? But that's the worst of imitations. Our Monument at home, by the way, was built by Roman Candlesticks, in remembrance of the Fire of London, wasn't it? Or am I confusing that with the Tower?

But, there, I'm wandering from my point.

They won't be able to call the Roman Bishops "a lot of old women" in future, because it's well known that a lot of old women can't keep secrets and these *do*. You can't get anything out of 'em.

Oh! it is a grand sight to see all the Carnivals in purple, the Bishops, the Petrarchs, and the gorgeous Larkymantrites of the East walking in procession. The only report about is, that some people don't think the Great Doctor will be put forward this time, and some people *do*. The Great Doctor is, of course, as you know, intended to declare that the POPE is Invaluable.

There are two great and celebrated Churches in Rome. One is the Sir Peter's, and the other, for distinction, is the Other'un, or to speak correctly, the Latter'un; but I am given to understand that this title is only used when you speak of Sir Peter's as the Former'un.

The new year was hushed in by the Cannons of SIR ANGELO, not the same as those I mentioned before, *they* were men, *these* are distillery. I recollect a MR. ANGELO, who used to teach my brothers fencing, and single sticks and other sticks; perhaps it's the same gentleman knighted and got Cannons. Lucky man to get "Cannons;" a lovely park it was some years ago in the neighbourhood of Edgware, and belonged to a nobleman, who has now departed this life and every other.

They don't know much about spelling here. Look at this, copied from a list of a Commission. You'll also observe some queer things about these "Commissionaires" of the Roman Candlestick persuasion:—

1. INNOCENT SANNIBALI, Bishop of Gubbio.

I thought *Gubbins* bad enough for a name, and I don't like my own; but "GUBBIO!" goodness! he must be an Innocent. The next is evidently a Scotch gymnastic, only I never saw "Toddy" spelt like that before; but, there! the hash the foreigners do make of our language!

2. JOHN ROSATI, Bishop of Todi.

3. JULIO ARRIGONI, Archbishop of Lucca.

I always said that I thought M^{LL}E. LUCCA was a very good person, and I am not sorry to see she has an Archbishop all to herself. I've heard of a Private Chilblain before this, but never of a Private Archbishop. To continue:—

4. PANTALON MONSERRAT OF NAVARRO, Bishop of Barcelona.

Looks like Pantomime time, doesn't it, and Barcelona is where the nuts come from.

5. CHARLES JEAN FILLION, Bishop of Mans.

Well, if M^{LL}E. LUCCA has an Archbishop to herself 'tis but fair that the other sex should at least get a Bishop. Only put it down with due regard to topography: "Men," not "Mans."

6. CHARLES MACCHI, Bishop of Reggio di Emilia.

Bishop of another young lady. Don't know her. Is MACCHI a mistake? Do you think they mean CHARLES MATHEWS, or, perhaps, CHARLES MACKAY, who wrote those charming ballets?

The Fathers of the Consul are just now occupied with the *Ladies' Indentures*,* issued by the POPE giving all the preserved cases of exorcisations and ablutions, and also they are engaged in disgusting the questions contained in the Syllabus.

We are now going to drive in the Torso and up the Pinch'em. More in due time.

From yours ever,

LAVINIA R. JUNIOR.

P.S. The weather-prophets say we're going to have a very bad time of it in Rome; but I don't trust much to their vaccinations. Give me *Old Moore* and *Zamuel* for safety. I hope it's not true that *Zamuel* is no more. I should miss his work in the new year.

* Perhaps our esteemed Correspondent alludes to the *Lata Sententie*.—Ed.

THE CABMAN OF THE FUTURE.

THANKS to the new Cab Act, we are to see, if we live long enough, some improvement in our cabs; and it is actually within the bounds of possibility that we may discover some improvement in their drivers. Who can tell what changes may be wrought both in their manners and demeanour, now that they are allowed by law to charge just what they please—if they do but hoist a flag to tell us what they *do* please: and now that they no longer groan beneath the tyranny of vexatious legislation?

May we not expect to find them civil, cleanly, courteous, and even conscientious? Instead of growling out "Wot's this!" when they are paid their proper fare, may they not be found to receive it with a bow and a few graceful words expressive of their respectful gratitude? or if they conceive themselves entitled to more than has been offered them, may they not remonstrate with such elegant persuasiveness that nobody will have the heart to turn a deaf ear to their pleading?

Cabs have hitherto been commonly mere vehicles of abuse. Let us hope the Cab Reform Bill, which was passed last Session may lead to a reforming of the language of the cabmen.

BALL PRACTICE.

"STUPID things, these country dances," observed the brilliant CAPTAIN ASTERISK to his partner during a *Sir Roger de Coverley*.

"I'm sorry to see that you can blow hot and cold at the same time," replied, archly, the fascinating MISS STARRS.

"How so?" inquired the gallant dragoon, smiling.

"Because," returned the witty heiress, pointing her sparkling epigram by a dart of her costly fan between the light-hearted soldier's fifth and sixth rib, "because I see that while you are abusing the dance you are also standing up for it."

The dashing militaire was at this moment summoned to join in "hands across."

** Under the head of Ball Practice I propose from time to time to suggest "good things to say" at dances, to Partners, &c., &c. Considering the ordinary difficulties of conversation under these circumstances, such a Handy Volume will be, I am sure, most welcome.

Yours brilliantly,

PATENT BOOTS.

Linguistic.

It is a mistake to suppose that Ireland has any national language, like Wales, for example; it is merely a *pai-ois* that some of the inhabitants speak.

FROM SCOTLAND YARD.

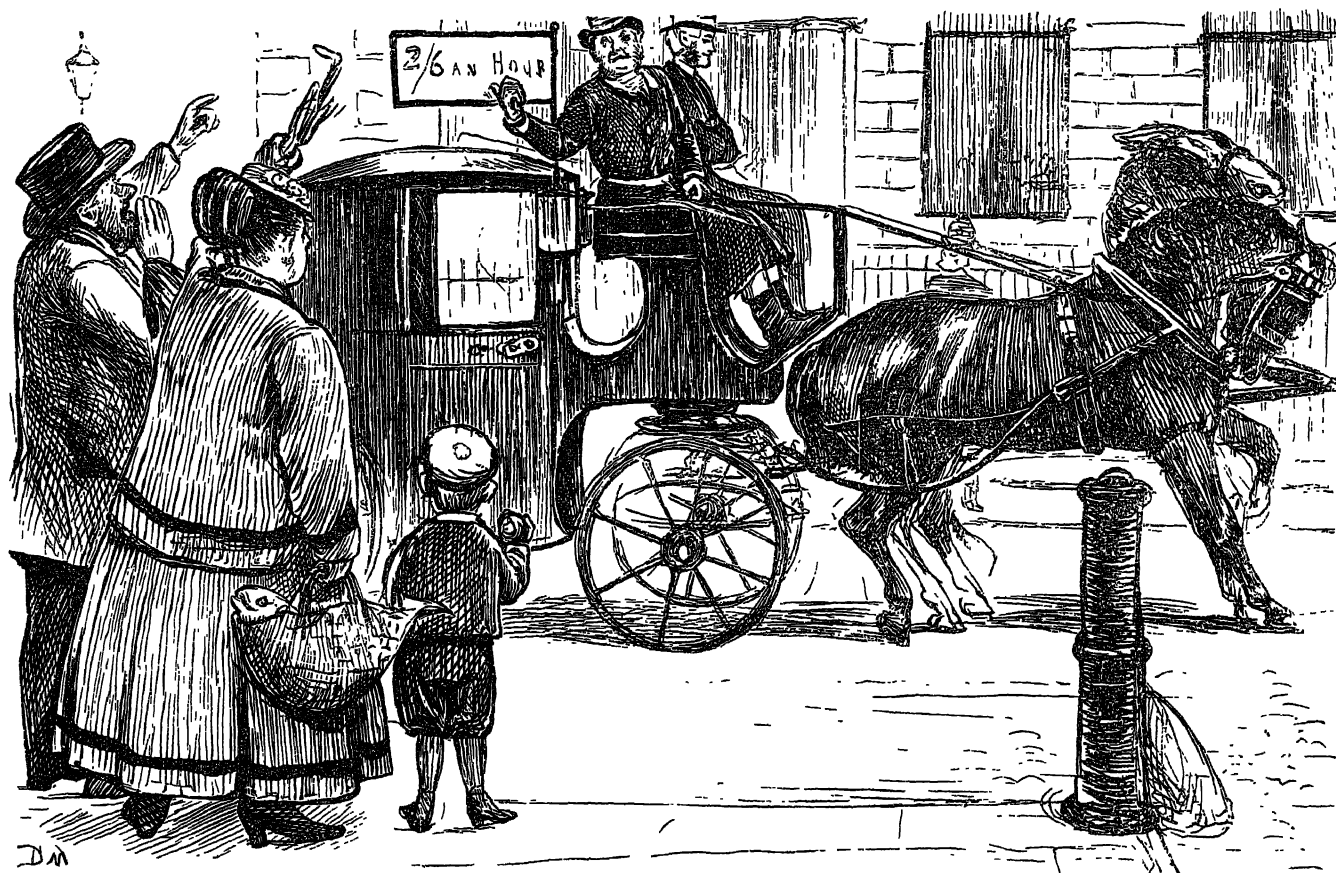
OUR Police Force, it has been observed, is deficient in height. The reason is plain. Tall policemen are discouraged, because they might look over things.

ETHNOLOGICAL.

THE negro possesses one advantage over the white man—he can more effectually conceal a black eye.

TURNING AN OLD SAW UPSIDE DOWN.

Parturit Mus, nascuntur Montes: ROCHEFORT producing a Revolution!



THE NEW HACKNEY-CARRIAGE ACT.

JOHN THOMAS AND THE COACHMAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR MISSUS' BEING AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON LECTURE.

BRIGHT STILL BRIGHTER.

BRAVO, JOHN BRIGHT, Bravo once and again!

You were always a trump in your way—
For all the hard knocks that from *Punch* you have ta'en,
Your Bobadil bounce and your Drawcansir strain,
That set down all for fools who were not in the vein
To see with *your* eyes what to you was quite plain,
And drove you to charge your opponents a-main,
Or a-muck, like a Quaker Malay!

What you lacked was awhile the cold douche to enjoy,
That on high-heated hopes Office throws:
To learn, that as gold, ere 'tis coined, needs alloy,
So they who'd spread truth with least fret and annoy
Must oft some amalgam of error employ:
That to bear with the folly we wish to destroy,
Is the way to graft wisdom on man or on boy,
To make hindrances helps, friends of foes.

And these lessons you're learning, I'm happy to see,
From your Birmingham speech, my dear JOHN;
You own there *are* shoals that when close on our lee,
Seem to tax skill and courage in higher degree,
Than when they rose out of the future's far sea:
That who differ in means yet on ends may agree,
And that compromise cowardice need not to be,
But oft points us the right course to con.

You've learnt caution and measure, and reticence too—
For which lessons you've Office to thank—
To warn folks against expectations undue;
That in politics four is oft *not* two and two;
That the road we prefer we can't always pursue;
That there's many a slip 'twixt to will and to do;
That indirect words must not needs be untrue,
And that all rogues and fools aren't of rank.

And, last lesson and best, you have learned and you teach

That, let Governments do what they can,
The hardest and largest Reform, is what each
Of the millions of England can *do*, and not *preach*:
For himself and his household, to guard every breach
Through which Satan the fortress of Man's-soul doth reach—
Be it ignorance, sottishness, foul act or speech,
That to level of brute lowers man.

By such means could'st *thou* our waste classes reclaim,
What a place in our annals were thine!

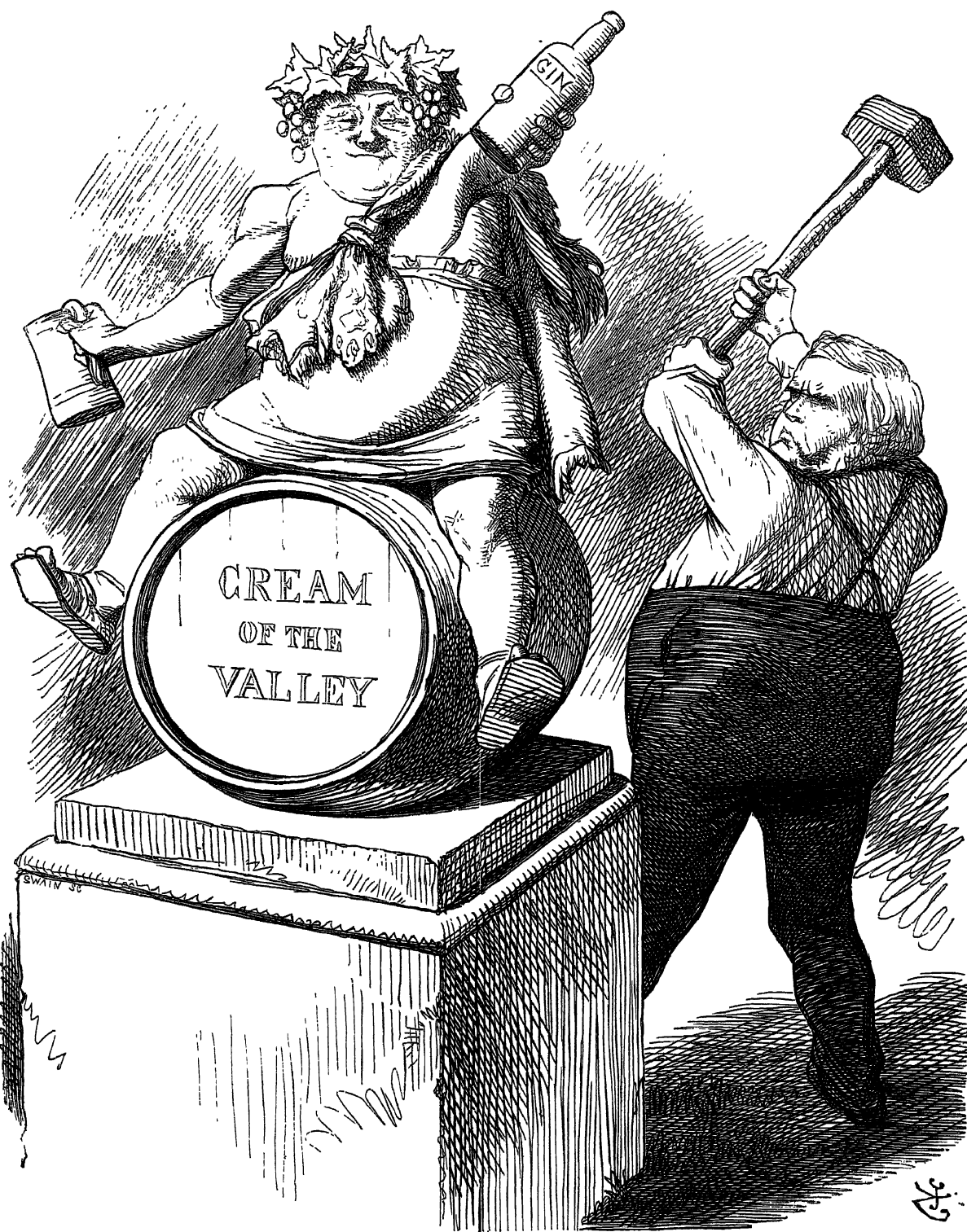
A name written high above every name
By history set in the blazon of fame;
For the partizan hubbub of blessing and blame,
The thanks of a nation, uplifted from shame,
The wild beasts of our cities made gentle and tame,
And the Cross, from our Shame, grown our Sign!

AN AWFUL HIDING.

IN the Council at Rome the other day, MONSIGNOR STROSSMEYER, Bishop of Bosnia, delivered a violent invective against the Jesuits, which FATHER BECZ, the Jesuit General, sat under and listened to, smiling. The *Pall Mall* tells us:—

"'What would you?' he afterwards said to a high personage. 'MONSIGNOR STROSSMEYER is in the right. Nobody deplores more than myself the excesses of the *Civiltà Cattolica*. I knew its intemperate language would draw hatred on our Order, which desires to live in peace with all the world; and I commanded its writers to refrain from giving such offence; but they were urged on by a superior will to mine, and instead of being able to impose silence on them, I was ordered to be silent myself.'"

The smile with which FATHER BECZ heard the Jesuits abused is quite intelligible. He did not feel the lash of BISHOP STROSSMEYER. But somebody else, perhaps, did. And surely it was very unultramontane, if not impious, of FATHER BECZ to smile. For in fact was not STROSSMEYER flogging the POPE over BECZ's shoulders?



JOHN BRIGHT'S NEW REFORM BILL.—"REFORM YOURSELVES!"

"It is a fact that no Government, that no administration, that no laws, that no amount of industry or of commerce, that no extent of freedom can give prosperity and solid comfort to the homes of the people unless there be in those homes economy, temperance, and the practice of virtue. (*Cheers.*) This which I am preaching is needful for all. But it is specially needful for those whose possessions are the least abundant and the least secure. If we could subtract from the ignorance, the poverty, the suffering, the sickness, and the

crime, which are now witnessed among us, the ignorance, the poverty, the suffering, the sickness and the crime which are caused by one single, but most prevalent, bad habit or vice—the drinking needlessly of that which destroys body and mind and home and family;—do we not all feel that this country would be so changed, and so changed for the better, that it would be almost impossible for us to know it again."—*Peroration of the Right Honourable John Bright's Speech at Birmingham, Tuesday, January 11.*

A GRACIOUS EVANS, AND A CHARMING DICK WHITTINGTON.



DELIGHTED *Punch* begs to express his great personal obligations to MR. EVANS, one of the Clowns in the Crystal Palace Pantomime. MR. EVANS has given Mr. *Punch* a kind and degree of pleasure which Mr. *Punch*, as an ancient Paterfamilias, rather *blasé* to Christmas junketings and jollifications generally, whether in the shape of turkeys or transformation scenes, pudding or pantomime, did not think it was in Christmas clowning to give him.

This Crystal Palace Clown is not only a very surprising leaper, and an excellent tumbler,—his tumbling having, as all good clowns' tumbling should have, humour, character, and mean-

ing in it,—but he understands that Clown is a great acting part, and he acts it, as Mr. *Punch* has not seen it acted since his dear old friend JOEY GRIMALDI was permanently engaged for the great Olympic pantomime, *vice* Momus discharged. He is one of two clowns in the pantomime; and the other,—ROWELLA,—is extremely good also, though in a less exceptional way. MR. EVANS makes out by far the most amusing scenes of the Harlequinade, without one of those silly flap or box tricks which are so deadly dull, entirely out of the proper Clown's occupations—of shop-lifting and love-making; and he transacts both with a humour, significance, and drollery combined, which, by themselves, would carry off a far worse Pantomime.

Mr. *Punch* must further offer a word of thanks to MISS CAROLINE PARKES, the young lady who plays *Dick Whittington*. She sings sweetly and correctly, acts with great spirit and intelligence, speaks her lines with point and distinctness, dances sailors' hornpipes, nigger breakdowns, or regular *pas d'opéra* with equal precision, grace, good taste, and nimbleness; and, now and then, does all these things, in the same *scena*, in a style that leaves one at a loss whether most to admire her many-sidedness of accomplishment, or her wonderful soundness of wind and perfection of training.

In short the managers of the Crystal Palace Pantomime have drawn two trumps—in their Clown, MR. EVANS, and their *Dick Whittington*, MISS CAROLINE PARKES; and Mr. *Punch* is delighted to pay his debt of honest acknowledgment for pleasure received at their respective dressing-room doors.

THE TRUE JOURNALIST.

M. ALBERT WOLFF, of the *Figaro*, writing of VICTOR NOIR, or SALMON, the victim in the wretched "free fight" at Auteuil, says:—

"He was twenty years old, this poor child just dead in so tragic a manner. Twenty years! . . . The unhappy child was built like a Hercules, and gentle as a lamb. . . . He had no time to prove whether he had talent, but his temperament was that of a true journalist. . . . He had all the instincts of his profession, but never took the trouble to learn anything: he loved the Republic, not so much from reasoning as from a generous sentiment. . . . Intractable when he had to defend those whom he loved, he was the kindest being in the world when his own person only was at stake. . . . Though just twenty, he had proved his courage in several duels."

M. WOLFF leaves us to find out which trait here especially indicates "the temperament of the true journalist": the build of the Hercules—the gentleness of the lamb—the never taking the trouble to learn anything—the love of the Republic, not so much from reasoning as sentiment—the intractability in defending others—the kindness when his own person was at stake—the several duels fought before he was twenty;—but, probably, we are meant to infer that all these characteristics combined make up "the true journalist." If so, happy the country, we should say, which had fewest of them. For the idea M. WOLFF's picture leaves on one is of a strong-bodied, loose-minded, unread, unreasoning, rash, quarrelsome character, reckless of his own life or that of others, with the quality of personal kindness, for its half-pennyworth of bread, to its intolerable quantity of combustibles. "The true journalist" should be the best possible instructor. What sort of instruction is a country to look for from journalists after M. WOLFF's ideal?

OPTIONAL TAXATION.

"A'm thunkin'," says MR. DUNCAN M'CRAE, "that the maist interestin' soobjic o' conseederation, an' reflection, sax days oot o' the seven, is feenance. It is the aye towpic aye uppermaist in ma mind. My ain feenance is what preincipally an' habitually occupies ma thochts; an' whan I hae dune thunkin' o' that, then A' thunk aboot the nation's. Noo, A' conseeder there's nae method o' raisin the wind iver devised by ony Chauncellor o' the Exchequer sae gude, an' sae ingenious, an' sae comparatively tolerable as the seestem o' imposin' licenses for this that an' the ither luxury. It's a plan ye can just tax yoursel' by, pay a duty on superfluities gin ye will, an' it suits your purpose, or gang without and save the money. Tax ma dog, tax ma creest, tax onything ye like that A' can dispense wi'; but dinna tax ma whusky—dinna tax my income. Dinna hender me frae layin up a succeseent prooveision for my auld age.

Noo, *Punchie*, there's naethin a mon can better want than a wife an' fawmily, specially a fawmily. They're nae neecessawries o' life, an' I hae kent verra few cases where they were comforts. Whether onybody will be burdened wi' 'em or not a' thegither depends upon himsel'. Weel, wi' a view towards makin' taxation voluntary, an' by way o' soobstitute for the dreadfu' income-tax, what wad ye say to the notion o' compellin' ivery Paterfamilias o' noo taxable income, or Materfamilias, if the Pater is eenaccessible, to tak oot a license for ilka ane o' their progeny? Hech, the over-population o' the kintra's just awfu', an' sic an impost wad accord preceesly wi' poleetical as weel as personal economy. A' niver could afford matrimony mysel', an' think it hard that ma's sma' profits, an' gains, an' deevideends, an' rents, an' interest on loan an' mortgage suld be taxed to cheapen the cost o' ither men's bairns. Forbye the Bearins Tax then, in his next Boodjet, let BOBBIE LOWE just clap on a Bairns Tax. An' noo dinna say a Scotchman canna mak' a joke.

A RE-APPEARANCE.

"MRS. KEELEY appeared at MR. CHARLES MATHEWS' benefit, in the small part of one of the Nieces in SHERIDAN'S *Critic*, and received a perfect ovation. She seemed to have lost none of her old power, and we could not help regretting the long absence from the stage of a real genius in comedy, whom, it is not too much to say, no actress, with one exception, now before the public can approach."—*General Opinion*.

I saw her for a moment,
I thought of days gone by,
When with *Twice Killed*
The House was filled,
And in the pit stood I.
I thought of *Betsy Baker*
With her bonnet and her pattens!
I ought to grow thin now-a-days,
If true, that laughter fattens.

We've farces, comedies, burlesques, and weary seek our beds,
The Legs of the profession we can see, but not its Heads.
It isn't that I'm old and like to praise a former age,
But we've scarcely got one genuine comic actress on the stage—
As I would not give offence, I will not speak my mind out freely,
But long 'twill be ere I shall see another MRS. KEELEY.

APPALLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

I SAY, you say, he says, we say, ye say, they say! Just look here! Somebody—no, we should think that we would *not* give him the benefit of an advertisement—announces that he has a new composition, whereof he makes table knives; something which is better than steel, for this reason, among others:—

"6th.—It is also intended to make obsolete, or unnecessary, the rule of etiquette which precludes the Knife from being placed to the mouth, thus putting the eater often to inconvenience, and depriving the appetite of choice aliment."

Do we live in a century following that which held CHESTERFIELD—a century that holds *Punch*? Is the world at an end, or not? We "only ask for information," as people say.

Give an Inch.

THE elevation of M. OLLIVIER to power at the head of a Liberal Ministry is significant. Such a man and such a ministry cannot allow the liberties of France and the powers of the EMPEROR to remain where they are. That France has got something by the *senatus consultum* the abandonment of the Personal system shows. We shall soon have "OLLIVIER asking for more." What will the Imperial Bumble say to the demand?



AFTER THE PANTOMIME.

Nurse. "THERE'S YOUR CAKE, MISS GEORGEY. NOW, MASTER BOBBY, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU GO TO BED?"

Master Bobby. "I'LL HAVE A DEVILLED TURKEY'S LEG, WELL PEPPERED, AND SOME BEER, IF YOU PLEASE."

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

THE Doctor comes while we are at breakfast, and takes me by surprise. There are eggs, tongue, grilled chicken-cum-mushrooms on the table; also, coffee, tea, and preserve. I am munching buttered toast, and generally speaking haven't been so thoroughly well or less like an invalid in the whole course of my life.

Waiter says, "This is the Herr," pointing to me, and introduces us.

DOCTOR CASPAR begs I won't derange myself (in excellent English), and will call again. I suppose he means call again when I've done the buttered toast, and am more like an invalid.

Mem.—It's odd that whenever a Doctor calls upon me, as a patient, suddenly, I generally happen to be looking remarkably well, and all the symptoms that made me send for him (when, of course, he couldn't come) have vanished. My idea of a doctor's visit is, that he should find one moaning, groaning, and looking wretchedly pale: also, "unable to touch a morsel," not, as CASPAR finds me, eating breakfast enough for two, and enjoying it.

Happy Thought.—Apologise for being in such good health. CAPTAIN DYNWELL and DR. CASPAR, I perceive, know one another. They talk about what has happened in DYNWELL'S absence. It appears that nothing has happened in his absence (which they expatiate upon to a considerable extent), whereupon he puts his glass in his eye, and asks after several "Cockalorums." [DR. CASPAR and the Captain both use glasses; the first invariably, the second occasionally.] The Cockalorums generally seem to be doing very well, judging from the Doctor's statistics, who is quite *au fait* at DYNWELL'S peculiar English.

"This Cove," says DYNWELL, when the conversation has come to a standstill, inclining his head sideways towards me, "has got the regular rumti-iddities, papsylals, and pandenoodles all in one. Reg'lar bad case—quite the invalid—give him something to rub in."

With which piece of medical advice he nods to both of us, and lounges out of the room, observing that we shall meet at the *table d'hôte*.

Alone with the Doctor, and the remains of the breakfast. Short conversation. Serious moment. Feel that Frivolity has gone out with DYNWELL. Doctor examines me through his eye-glass, which seems a sort of operation in itself. Decision soon arrived at; namely, that probably I've got rheumatic gout somewhere about me, and that if I don't know what's the matter with me now, I soon shall. "The waters," DR. CASPAR explains, "will bring it out, whatever it is."

OFF, ODGER!

MR. BRIGHT has been making some speeches at Birmingham. In one of them he discouraged the doctrine that Working Men—that is, artisans—ought to be elected to Parliament merely because they are Working Men. He thinks that this would be mere class representation. The object of electors should be to get the best man, let him be of what vocation he may.

MR. BRIGHT'S view is, of course, open to be controverted. But *Mr. Punch* holds it undesirable that it should be controverted in language like that used by MR. ODGER, who, as a Working Man, seeks to be elected for Southwark.

MR. ODGER said,—"He was afraid that MR. BRIGHT, having basked in the sunshine of Royalty, had caught the Queen's Evil, or been inoculated by the Junkeys surrounding the throne."

This speech, GEORGE ODGER, is simply vulgar, indecent, and insolent; and whether Southwark desires to be represented by a Working Man or not, it, containing thousands of self-respecting men, cannot desire to be represented by a person capable of delivering such language. Your continuing a Candidate is an insult to your fellow Working-Men and to the rest of the Constituency. Home, and learn decency.

An Allegory in Art.

SUPPOSE some talented Artist were to paint, for a contribution to the Royal Academy's next Show, a picture of JOHN BULL offering HIBERNIA, or COLUMBIA a baby. Title, "The Olive Branch."

The summing up appears to me to be, "If you've come all the way to Aachen without having something the matter, we'll soon knock up a disease for you, and you'll be as bad as anyone here in no time."

Doctor says I must begin the system to-morrow.

System.—Rise at 6'30. Take the waters at the Elisa Fountain. Take a short walk: take this *with* the Concert in the garden. Take another glass: take some more Concert. Return to hotel—light breakfast—*emphatically, light breakfast.* I again apologise for to-day's excess in breakfast, and lay it on DYNWELL.

System continued.—An hour and a half after breakfast take a bath: stop in, twenty-five minutes. Return to hotel. Keep warm till dinner-time at 1'30, when serve myself up at *table d'hôte*, hot.

Understand it all. Write it down. Determine to do it. Wonder what will be the result. Wonder what *will* be the matter with me when I've gone through a course of the system.

Happy Thought.—If I don't like it, shall go home.

CASPAR being gone, I am *not* a man again. Remember suddenly lots of things I ought to have asked him.

Make *Mems* to ask him when we meet again. May I take champagne? or sherry? or both. If not, which, or what? How about vegetable? How about tea and coffee? Will sugar hurt me? Will milk make any difference? Where am I to get the waters? Where is the Elisa Garden? Who gives the waters? Must one be a subscriber to get the waters? If so—How much? If much—Can't I get the waters somewhere else? What am I to do in the bath? What am I to say when I go there? In what language am I to ask for a bath? Will they know what I want?

Happy Thought.—Ask DYNWELL. When I ask him a few of these questions, adding that I am going through the course, he observes, interrogatively, "What, my light-hearted invalid, coming out as the perfect cure, eh?"

Must ask about learning German. Get a German professor. Quite common, I suppose, a German professor.

Happy Thought.—If they're swimming-baths, I could learn German while swimming about with a professor in the water. DYNWELL, to whom I mention this as an idea, remarks that, as for swimming, of course it depends how much water I want for that, as the bath is only about six feet by four. Still, it is a good idea.

Happy Thought.—The Doctor, who also dines at the *table d'hôte*, will stop me if he sees me eating or drinking anything wrong. Can take every-

thing till stopped. Several English there—all invalids: also invalids of various nations. DR. CASPAR points them out to me, so does DYNGWELL. DYNGWELL tells me that the Cockalorum opposite me was quite a cripple when he came, but now, he says, "he's no end of a hand at skittles." He nudges me (DYNGWELL is quite conversational here) to remark the "rum coon next me on my left." I do so. He is a cheerful-looking elderly gentleman in spectacles. Captain informs me that "he's a Prussian Attorney in very good practice, which would be better if he wasn't for four months in the year in a lunatic asylum. The waters," DYNGWELL adds, "are bringing it out of him," (bringing what out of him?—lunacy?) "but he's not all right yet; in fact he's liable to be taken worse at any moment."

Happy Thought.—Shall change my seat to-morrow.

Dining is different in Prussia to anywhere else, I believe. We start with soup and fish, as in England; after this I lose myself. Better appear as if I was accustomed to this style of living.

Happy Thought.—Take a little of everything. When I dine here again shall know more about it. Besides if I'm wrong, Doctor will stop me.

Result of this determination is, that having got clear of the soup and fish, I find myself taking beef and jam (I think), chicken and cutlets, salad and stewed pears, some sort of game very bitter, and pudding and cheese on the same plate. "The whole to conclude," as the play-bills say, "with the laughable farce of walnuts." Then coffee and cigars. The Doctor doesn't stop me.

I can't help remarking *sotto voce* to DYNGWELL, that it's a queer sort of dinner. "You mean," says he, "it's a queer sort of mixture you've made of it." He explains that though the waiters hand round these dishes quickly and together, yet it's only that every one may make a choice of what he likes. DYNGWELL says, "Never mind; waiters will put it into you; waters will take it out of you." The waters, according to DYNGWELL, will take everything out of you.

After dinner we all become conversational, inclining towards argument. The Skittler is introduced to me; the lunatic attorney retires (thank goodness); a tall Englishman (who hasn't dined there) saunters in and joins our end of the table. The theme of his conversation is that he can dine somewhere in the town on a rumpsteak, eggs, and beer for a shilling. Nobody denies it; and, apparently, nobody envies him. An American moves his coffee-cup up to us, and wants to know who's seen the paper to-day. No one has, and a lull takes place in the conversation.

Happy Thought.—We get the English papers here.

Note.—When the *Times* arrives is uncertain: but it does come very early in the morning. Much dishonesty is practised to get it at once. The porter is entreated, the waiters are sent all over the hotel with indignant messages from one person to another about "keeping it so long." DYNGWELL has craftily told the porter at the door, that, at whatever hour of the morning the *Times* arrives, he is to come and wake him up to read it. Consequently DYNGWELL is awoke, to have first look at it: which operation, I ascertain, he performs, *first*, by being angry at having been roused; *secondly*, by getting half awake, and saying, "Hey, what? the Cockalorum with the thingummy;" *thirdly*, by a delay of two or three minutes, to discover "where his infernal eyeglass has got to," which he finds somewhere over his shoulder, with one string entangled in his whiskers; *fourthly*, to "shake himself together;" *fifthly*, to select one attitude for reading in bed less uncomfortable than another; and, *lastly*, to unfold the *Times*, confounding it because it isn't cut, and asking, vaguely, "Why don't they cut it, hang 'em?" He just dashes through it. I observe, while craftily waiting in my dressing-gown to take it to my own room, (and, perhaps, *Happy Thought*, hide it, which I admit is wrong,—but if I don't, and once go out, there'll be no more chance of seeing it for to-day) to him,—"Surely you can't get much out of the *Times* that way?" He replies that he only wants to see if they say anything about *him* in it. It appears that they don't, on any morning; which causes the Captain to use a vast amount of strong language about the old Cockalorums at the Horse Guards, through whom, it seems, he has got some transactions about selling out, or purchasing in, or exchanging. I don't exactly understand what he is so irate about, but, from his explanation, I conceive that Commissions are not to be had for purchasing; or his isn't a good one for selling; or that no one will exchange with him; or that the fellow who said he would, wouldn't; or some other military difficulty.

Happy Thought.—Get DYNGWELL to explain the Army system to me. Include it under A, *Typ. Devel.*, B. I., Vol. I. Published by PORGOOD AND GROOLLY, with *Addenda to the Thirteenth Edition*. Dedicated to—to—whom? Must think of that. Something to think of while I'm at Aix.

Happy Thought.—Put *Times* in my room. Go and take my first waters at Elisa Fountain. Porter at door tells me I must take my own tumbler. Porter at door, wonderful linguist, in a sort of uniform. Speaks every language: shouldn't be astonished if a Chinaman were to arrive, and the Porter were to tackle him in his own native tongue at once. I take my tumbler, and, feeling a little odd with it, put it in my great-coat pocket.

FOUND AT RICHMOND.

I SIGHED not at the news that Wednesday bore,
That the Old Star and Garter was no more.
For I'd discounted all the woe I'd got.
I sighed whenever I discharged the shot.

PATERFAMILIAS.

SAME, ANOTHER WAY.

Its food was fair—occasionally nice,
But higher Art was due for such a price:
In the new house they'll give—I trust they will—
A subtler cookery, or a gentler bill.

MATERFAMILIAS.

AGAIN.

O, all was lovely, dinner, fruit, and wine,
And that dear darling view was just divine:
A golden glory set upon the sea *—
Heaven smiled on Earth, and HENRY smiled on me.

LILY.

ONCE MORE.

Bother the Star and Garter—glad it's down.
I never hear its name without a frown—
Got tight there, and proposed to BESSY CLAY,
And now she nags me thirty times a-day.

JEREMIAH SNEAK.

WHAT, ANOTHER?

When, a gay bachelor, down there I dined,
And at a friend's expense I ate and wined,
I thought it jolly. Husband, now, and sire,
An onion holds my tears for yonder fire.

BENEDICK.

YOU TOO, M'M.

In courtship days FRED wrote and chose the room,
Ma, him, and me drove in a C-spring brougham.
Later, that squalid railway—cab—bad view—
I feel quite glad the place is down. I do.

XANTIPPE.

HULLO!

Sir, I'd a feeling for that house. I Write.
I took a publisher, and made him tight,
And, Sir, he gave me on *that* novel's birth,
Twice what I'd asked, and thrice what it was worth.

SCRIBO.

POOR OLD THING.

I hated it. I'd nearly won my game,
He got quite spooney. "Would I change my name?"
His friend had watched—and took him out to smoke,
That sobered him. "Of course he meant a joke."

NOT VERY OLD MAID.

O! GO ON.

I loved the house. I dined there, when engaged,—
LOUISA flirted till I got enraged:
I hooked it—took her cousin, who's a duck,
And Loo's old dad has smashed. I say, what luck!

STOCK EXCHANGE.

FOR SHAME!

I went to see the Ruins. I'll explain.
Just for the sake of coming back again.
The way to there was plain as any pike—
I'd never known what the road home was like.

YOUNG THIRSTY.

YOU MAY SPEAK.

Dear, dear old house! I pop'd there to MISS GADD,
She frowned, and asked me whether I was mad.
She married SPINDLESHANKS, of Bangalore,
My LORD PENZANCE can tell you something more.

ESCAPED.

THE LAST, BY JOVE.

There I met EMMA, with her guardian GLYN,
She married me: he left us all his tin.
My uncle over-ate himself there. Read
His will. That house was dear to me, indeed.

A CONTENTED MAN.

* I mean the river, but that don't rhyme.—L.



MUSIC IN THE MIDLANDS.

Intelligent Youth of Country Town. "AH SAY, BILL, 'ULL THAT BE T' ELIJAH GOIN' OOP I' THAT BIG BOX ?!"

AN UPPER-CLASS AWAKENER.

OUR readers may remember a famous Irish epitaph, telling how a certain lady

"Was bland, affable, and deeply religious."

That "she painted in water colours, was the niece of LADY JONES,
And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

That was making Heaven a place for the Upper Ten, which may be considered doubtful theology. But the handbill we reproduce below, shows us one of the Upper Ten doing his best to make it so.

"TO THE UPPER THOUSAND IN ———"

Especially those who attend no Place of Worship.

BLANK BLANK, ESQ.,

A Gentleman Born and Bred—Son of a Clergyman—Grandson of a Bishop—and Kinsman of an Earl—'ordained' too, by 'the Apostle and High Priest of our profession,' will preach Christ for a Month in this Borough, beginning on the 9th instant, on Sunday and Thursday Evenings, in a Place of Worship, 'Consecrated' 'without hands,' by 'the Shepherd and Bishop of Souls.' You are respectfully invited to attend."

Those who publish this remarkable appeal probably consider that if one of the Upper Ten can get any considerable number of the Upper Ten on the right road, they will be sure to draw after them that numerous class of Englishmen, and Englishwomen, who, when the Upper Ten do anything, love nothing so well as to "go and do likewise."

It is a cunning calculation. If only the *Snobs* of England could be led from sin to salvation, what a harvest of souls there would be! This must be considered by those who may be disposed to doubt whether such a handbill is exactly in the spirit of that faith which we are told is no respecter of persons, and who may doubt whether the awakening qualities of a Gospel trump are likely to be enhanced by the aristocratic quality of its metal.

THE CITY "ARTICLE."—Money.

ANCHOVIES AND CAPERS.

Lundi.

DEAR PUNCH,
How History repeats itself!

Of course you know the ancient story of the Irishman who declared that somewhere in the Mediterranean he had seen anchovies growing on trees, the disbelief of his hearer, the duel, and the exclamation of the Hibernian when told that his ball, which hit the other's shin, had made him "cut capers." "O, bedad, my dear fellow, I beg you a million pardons, I meant capers."

Dining at a very good man's very good feast last Thursday, the first delicate whet, to enable us to enjoy his turtle, boiled pheasants and celery sauce, dressed crab, snipes, *foie gras*, and other simple necessities, was—an anchovy of exquisite flavour, curled round in a ring, with three emerald capers in the centre.

On second thoughts, I don't see how this repeats history, but as I chiefly write to call your polite attention to the delightful whet in question, the moral is the same.

Ever yours,

Midnight Club.

A PENSIVE PROTOPLASM.

Force of Habit.

A TAX-GATHERER was observed the other evening all alone in a corner, moody, meditative, and frowning. His work was over for the day, but from force of habit (coming from being always at the receipt of custom), he was *collecting himself*.

SO QUOTED.

THE boasted republicanism of America, and its contempt for the forms and ceremonies of poor, old, decrepit Monarchies, must be all pretence; for, positively, in New York, the very flour is "extra State."

SOMETHING FOR 1870.

A Man in Advance of his Time.—BOB LOWE'S Tax-gatherer.

ROME AND RAMSBOTHAM.



DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It is so cold here, that I can scarcely hold a pen. I should say the murky in the glass must have gone down some decrees below sneezing point.

The Economical Consul is still sitting; but sitting still, except before a fire, is simply perishing. As to what they're doing inside, no one can tell; and I have received so many reports, that I am in a regular state of confusion. However, what I will tell you, (as there is nothing about the Great Doctor being variegated just at present) is a lot of particulars about their References the Elastics, now in Rome,—their

habits, their customs, and their manners generally. This, I am sure, will be interesting to all ladies,—specially to those who belong to the Very High, or Riddle Party, in our English Church, who are fond of senses, Jezebels, coops, and like everything, or everybody, infested with the elastic dignity. The Priests of different nations wear different dresses. For instance, the *French Elastic*: he wears a black cossack, a sultan, and a pair of rabbits round his neck, not unlike our clergyman's banns, knee dispensaries and silk stockings, (what they call *bardy swore*), shoes and buckles. What we call our Big Churches, the French call their Little Elastics,—that is, *Abbeys*. Out of doors some wear large coalscuttle hats; but in Church all wear operettas, to keep their tonsils warm. The tonsils are only worn by the Regular Clergy (as a rule,) and are, you know, little round places shaved on the crown, about the size of half-a-crown. Why the Irregular Clergy are not allowed to shave is *clear, from their name*: but what a state of things, when Roman Candlesticks can publicly own to a large number of their Elastics being Irregular! It's quite a candle to anybody.

The Bishops wear nitres, and coops all round them; also pictorial crosses round their necks.

The Patriarchs are all here, and I thought they were dead long ago.

How History does lie! I saw a High Dilatory of the Easter Church saying Mass. He was dressed in a Jezebel, which congealed his surplus from sight; but I was told that he didn't wear a surplus, but only a bulb, embroiled at the bottom with lace.

I heard ARCHBISHOP MANNING preach. They say he is a Doctor as well as an Archbishop, and in very good practice; but how he finds time to attend to two things puzzles me. But I suppose he has an assistant to go his rounds in London while he's away.

Talking of that, I hear that in England they are going to appoint a few Suffering Bishops.

But to return. The Roman Bishops, who haven't any seas, are called *Bishops in Artichokes*—why I don't know.

Everybody out of their pair is an erotic. I am one; but really if the Riddle Commissaries at home are going to make alterations in the old Church Service, and have a new Dictionary read from the decks on Sunday instead of the well-known Lessons, I shall be inclined to become a Roman Candlestick myself, or a member of some Dysentery body.

The River Tiger has risen and gone back again. There was a fox-chase outside the walls. The hounds and people met at the tomb of Silly Meddler. Cheerful spot, I should say.

Yours truly,
LAVINIA R., *Junior*.

A Complication.

M. LEDRU ROLLIN is, they say, to be counsel for the Noir family at the trial of PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE. Bother! Shan't we have a flood of "ROLLIN'S Ancient History?" For, like the Bourbons, our friend L. R. has forgotten nothing, and learned nothing. However, we can forgive him a deal for having fixed on ROCHEFORT the title of a *Gamin de Paris*. Will M. ROLLIN call him that when mentioning the Prince's challenge to the said ROCHEFORT?

THE TWO SIMONS.

M. JULES SIMON has been speaking wisely in the Legislative Body for Free Trade. May the countrymen of that gentleman prefer the counsels of JULES SIMON to those of SIMPLE.

NEW LEGAL DEFINITION.—A Copyholder.—A Composer.

PUNCH'S SAUCE AND HARVEY'S MEDITATIONS.

SOME Conservatives have been holding festival at Newport, in the Isle of Wight. The stars seem to have been chiefly Captains and Parsons. Now Captains and Parsons have a perfect right to dine together, and to make what they are pleased to think Conservative speeches. Also a CAPTAIN HARVEY, one of the magnates, had an entire right to say—

"Receive then the toast I have proposed to you with three such cheers as shall be heard by our brother Conservatives at Ryde—while the echoes, perhaps, may waft them to Osborne, and they may fall, not ungratefully, on the ears of our QUEEN, causing a throb of pleasure in her heart, for she will feel them to be the cheers of her Conservative subjects, who earnestly hope she may be spared for long years to reign over them."

The sentiment is that of a loyal soldier, so we will not dwell upon the remembrance of a certain picture by a great artist (long dear to *Punch*) who depicted a musical lodger playing a big drum and trumpet in the next room to that of a sick neighbour, and alleging that the sound might "soothe the invalid to a gentle slumber." Possibly, however, the plash of the sea-waves might be more agreeable to a delicate Lady than the shouts of a lot of jovial Tories at dinner. Passing this, *Mr. Punch* begs distinctly to deny CAPTAIN HARVEY's right to distort the original meaning of what he calls a famous old song. He was down upon "work-hating mobs," whose views he described in the following quotation:—

"My eye! what jolly times for we.
We'll swig all day, and live rent free,
And make them lords eat husk and bran,
And kiss the big toe of the small coal man."

These elegant lines are not from a famous old song, but from a squib in the *John Bull* of old days. Written, *Mr. Punch* believes, by MR. THEODORE HOOK, they were directed against no less distinguished an aristocrat than MR. LAMBTON, afterwards LORD DURHAM, whose coal-properties and advanced creed were thus delicately satirised. He was the Small Coal Man, and it was further stated that—

"He says that when he has control
He'll make all things dog-cheap—but Coal,
And gin shall flow in each man's can,
Says my prime little trump of a Small Coal Man."

More by token, the object of this elegant wit didn't like it, and brought an action, and recovered damages. *Mr. Punch* is (in one respect only) like unto a personage in a play by BEN JONSON. "When a quirk or quiblin does 'scape thee, and thou dost not watch and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Constable of Conceit, let them carry thee out of"—thy easy chair, and seat thee at a Conservative meeting of Captains and Parsons, shouting to the QUEEN.

SQUARE MEN IN ROUND HOLES.

"A LITTLE bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing," we used to be told in the nursery. But what if the little bird, or great bird, can't sing? It is not worth its keep, unless for the table. But you can't cook such a Goose as a Home Secretary, or such a Booby as a Chief Commissioner of Works. If the former is incompetent to exercise his legal power of determining what fares cabmen may reasonably charge, and the latter cannot perform his proper function of superintending public monuments, buildings, and parks from ignorance of Art, send them about their business, or put them in places which they are fit to fill:—

Neither AYRTON nor BRUCE,
We'll call booby or goose,

But they both, where they're posted, are sticks of no use

—and may, with all due respect to MR. GLADSTONE's discernment, be said to be Ministerial duffers.

Self-Help for the Labouring Classes.

"HELP yourself" is the pith of the advice now generally given by speechifying politicians and statesmen to the working man that would be if he could, but is unemployed for want of employment. "Help myself?" may be conceived to be the reply. "You just put a leg o' mutton and trimmings afore me, and see if I don't."

Explanation.

A BANKRUPT, who had been a great epicure, said that he could produce receipts from various people for the last twenty years. On examination, they all proved to be receipts for dishes.

DISH FOR DIDDLED SHAREHOLDERS.—Bubble and Squeak.



INTELLIGENT!

Artist (who thinks he has found a good Model for his TOUCHSTONE). "HAVE YOU ANY SENSE OF HUMOUR, MR. BINGLES?"
Model. "THANK Y' SIR, NO, SIR, THANK Y'. I ENJ'YS PRETTY GOOD 'EALTH, SIR, THANK Y' SIR!"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

*Seasonable Review, in Verse, including an Afternoon Visit to
 "The Gallery."*

DRURY Lane, has fun galore,
 Covent Garden might have more.
 Mixed together they would make
 A Pantomime quite sure to take.

Globe.

Here the Burlesque's very—well,
 I haven't seen it, truth to tell.
 But I should say that it must be
 Worth seeing, so I'll go and see.

Olympic.

Oh, *Little Em'ly*, you are still before
 The public. What the Dickens they want more,
 I cannot tell. What this?—a new success—
 H.R.H. must call on *The Princess*.

Royalty and St. James's.

The *Flying Dutchman*, the burlesque by BROUGH,
 Go see it—'tis by him, and that's enough.
 See too the other Dutchman (dear! what name's his?)
 Who sings "*The Little Wee Dog*" at St. James's.
 I've heard some funny things, but on my word,
 This is, of late, the funniest thing I've heard.

Charing Cross.

Here *Abon Hassan* is, with many a lass in't.
 Has *Abon Hassan* fun? Well—*Abon hasn't*.
 The fair Lessee a genuine hit has made
 In the new Comedy—best thing she's play'd.

Strand.

Here J. S. CLARKE plays in the farce of *Toodles*.
 He is the very king of drunken noodles.
 For *Ino's* triumph managers must thank
 The actors, and note down, "*Ino—a bank.*"

Astley's and Crystal Palace.

The Pantomimes are hearty,
 The Pantomimes are funny,
 So go and make a party
 To see and pay your money.

Gallery of Illustration.

Ages Ago. In this the GERMAN REEDS
 Have everything to suit their patrons' needs.
 'Tis "*rather funny*" and 'tis "*rather witty*,"
 A Drawing entertainment neat and pretty.
 Pictures to leave their frames and speak are made,
 A notion old, but nicely *réchauffé'd*.
 The dish, thus cooked, with music, FREDERICK CLAY'S,
 And FANNY HOLLAND'S flavouring Hollandaise,
 With ARTHUR CECIL'S fresh unstagy art,
 Forms of the Reedian fare the earlier part:
 Then "*screaming*," *Cox and Box* the audience sends
 Side-holding, home, and so the programme ends.

An Impossible Parson.

CAN it possibly be true that the Vicar of Richmond refused to allow the Richmond fire-escape to be kept in Richmond Churchyard because that ground was consecrated? Let us hope not, for such a refusal on the part of a clergyman would manifest a deficiency of humanity entirely incompatible with any knowledge of divinity. May any one capable of it never be in want of a fire-escape for himself.

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

OLD LADY CORK, in her *Reminiscences*, tells us that BISHOP BUTLER (a predecessor at Durham of BISHOP MALTBY) wrote *Hudibras*, with an ever-pointed pencil, on the backs of his old love-letters, at all sorts of odd times—while waiting for his dinner and his wig, in a hailstorm, in a dentist's ante-room, in stage-coaches, on wet Saturday afternoons, and when lying awake at night; for the Bishop suffered greatly from sleeplessness, and in vain endeavoured to provoke slumber by repeating to himself the names of all the curates in his diocese, by going through the Thirty-Nine Articles and the great Councils of the Church, and by other professional means.

RICHARDSON (the Showman), who quitted this country after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, wrote *Clarissa Harlowe* in the intervals between the performances, and dedicated it to SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, who had just then joined SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY (coming from a dance in the Addison Road) in establishing the paper which still flourishes under the name of the *Spectator*. MR. THOMAS JONES was the first editor, ALEXANDER SELKIRK and the notorious BARRINGTON the foreign correspondents, with an occasional letter from MR. L. GULLIVER, and BEAU BRUMMEL and LORD OGLEYBY contributed the fashionable intelligence. CONGREVE invested a considerable part of the fortune he had amassed by his plays and rock-ets in this new venture; and SIR GODFREY LELY painted for the Barber Surgeons the portraits of all concerned in the undertaking.

The original inventor of steel-pens was the founder of Pen-Sylvania, which he bought with the profits of his patent, and planted with magnum-bonums. Not the least useful of the "Century of Inventions" was the celebrated Worcester Sauce, first devised by the scientific Marquis in a dream, while attending the festival of the Three Choirs in the city from whence he and his condiment derived their title. To SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH we are indebted for the impervious outer garment which will immortalise his name so long as it continues to rain; and another article of dress, now but seldom seen, can be

traced back to SPENSER, the author of the *Faerie Queen*, and the first President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. In the library at Apothecaries' Hall there is a manuscript account, in cipher, in the handwriting of PEPPYS, of his discovery of pepsine during a long walk in the country.

The copy of the first folio edition of SHAKSPEARE which has fetched

the largest sum by public competition is the one wherein there is the curious and unique misprint of "A Midsummer Knight's Dream." It was sold at the Roxburghe sale, during the Bibliomania so graphically described by Boccaccio in the *Decameron*, for £2375. The great DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH became the purchaser, after an exciting contest with BISHOP HEBER; and one of DRIBBIN's most stirring songs, admirably set to music in the British Museum by THOMAS GRENVILLE, and as admirably sung by SIR MARK SYKES, records the scene in MESSRS. CHRISTIE, PUTTICK, AND SOTHEBY'S Auction Rooms on this memorable occasion. At that time this precious copy was in morocco, but it is now in Russia (after some most romantic adventures, while in the possession of SYDNEY SMITH at the siege of Long Acre), in the Imperial Library at the Winter Palace, where it may be seen any day in the year on application to the Principal Librarian, Siberia. Office hours from ten to four.

The copy of the first folio in the South Kensington Museum has the well-known 'turned' e in the last Act of the Fourth Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, the occasion of the great row between ROWE and WARBURTON, which was not settled till late in the afternoon, in the eighteenth century, at Bow Street, before SIR. H. FIELDING.



COSTUME À LA GRANDE MILITAIRE, VERSUS THE GRECIAN BEND.

"OH DEAR! I DOTE ON THE MILITARY," &c.

"Speaking Volumes."

A NOVEL is announced with the name of *What her Face says*. This must surely be the narrative of what is called a speaking countenance. To make the work complete, a portrait should be added, which might be appropriately called a speaking likeness.

WHAT COLOUR SHOULD PARASITES DRESS IN?—FAWN COLOUR.

COMPETITION FOR A CROWN.



O King nor any chance of one!" is an exclamation which, just now, might be uttered, with a suitable change of idiom, in Spanish, by anyone of that nation. Everybody qualified by Royal station to be a candidate for the Crown of Spain is backwards in coming forwards as our servant-girls' saying is.

Heigho, what can the reason be?

Heigho, what can ail Spain? Nobody coming to rule o'er me;

Nobody coming to reign!

—might at present be sung by a Spaniard of the gentler sex in the character of her Nation personified. Take the foregoing snatch of song as part of a provisional substitute for a Spanish National Anthem.

WANTED.—A GENTLEMAN, of adult age, mature intellect, and political and military knowledge and experience sufficient to enable him to discharge the office of Constitutional Monarch of a newly emancipated European State, formerly a First-rate Power, and capable, in competent hands, of regeneration in the scale of Nations. A Liberal Allowance will be given, with splendid Palace. Candidates desirous of obtaining this situation are invited to manifest their ability to perform its duties by submitting themselves to the ordeal of a Competitive Examination. Applications for admission, with Testimonials, &c., to be addressed to SERRANO, Madrid. N.B. Any Irish, uninfected with Ultramontane principles, may apply.

Might not an advertisement, such as that above sketched out, inserted in the leading European journals, possibly prove the means of procuring a creditable occupant for the long vacant throne of Spain? There are, doubtless, many persons naturally fit to be Kings of Men, who are at the same time in lack of means, and of the employment for which they are best adapted, and would be very glad to embrace an opportunity of obtaining the Spanish Kingship on reasonable terms.

A MERITED COMPLIMENT.

MEMBERS of the Ecumenical Council have, we premise, no particular right to complain of Protestant sarcasm. If a Party gets up on the top of a house, and bawls forth, "Mr. Punch will certainly go to Tartarus," that gentleman, walking below, has surely a right to reply, "You're another." But we do not want to be unkind or disrespectful. In that spirit of not wanting, we take leave to signify our approval of the rule that in the Ecumenical debates, no speaker is to make the slightest reference to what any other speaker has said. This is a little like playing at draughts, with each player's men on different colours, but no matter. It was a gentle and gentlemanly device to save the feelings of the Fathers. ARCHBISHOP MANNING and BISHOP DUPANLOUP are skilled linguists as well as accomplished theologians, and could fight their *duello* in half-a-dozen languages. But how much could the Archimandrake of Laodicea understand of the Latin of the Prophylactic of Hippopotamos? Now all are on a level, and the graceful thought that put them there deserves all praise.

Lines to Dupanloup.

(BY ARCHBISHOP MANNING?)

PAPAL Infallibility deny,
And stand refuted by the dullest glutton,
Who knows, and will inform you, the Pope's Eye
Is never failing in a leg-of-mutton.

France Marching On.

A SOCIAL revolution in France appeared to be suggested by the practice, newly adopted amongst Frenchmen, of carrying revolvers. It was, however, reassuring to hear that the middle classes in Paris had put down attempted revolution with sticks.

ODE TO CONFIDENCE.

SWEET Confidence, of Gain, by Venture, child,
Scared hence by Speculation wild,
Fled, after lost Astræa, to the skies,
Descend again on Britain's isle,
Bid trade revive, and traders smile,
Elated with increasing merchandise.

Send up the prices of our stocks and shares,
Afar from 'Change drive all the bears,
Make imports vast, and exports vastly more.
Cause artisans their strikes to cease,
The rate of Pauperism decrease,
And give employ to all who lacked before.

Stir timid Capital, with dauntless breast
In Irish projects to invest,
That PADDY may have something else to do
Than tumble, with a coward's shot,
His Landlord; may, with bettered lot,
Renounce sedition and the Fenian crew.

The Builder, Confidence, anew command
To rear, on waste unlovely land,
With enterprising view, abodes of men;
But, if thou move him to deface
One sylvan scene, one open space,
Then, Confidence, ascend to Heaven again.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

ENTER under a colonnade in front of a small garden. This is the Elisa Garden. There is something peculiarly Heathen-Templish about the pillars, about the steps down to the mysterious spring which comes out of a lion's mouth in marble hot and hot, about the maiden of the waters, and also about the water-seekers with their glass mugs of various colours and dice-box shaped tumblers, that the idea crosses my mind (I have no one to tell it to, so it only crosses my mind, and then, I suppose, re-crosses it) that we are engaged in some Pagan rite, and that the Undine—[*Happy Thought* that, "Undine." Who was Undine? Let me see: German legend, Undine and the Water-Spout; or the lion. No. Think of this as I descend the steps slowly]—the Undine of the fountain is the High Priestess.

Happy Thought.—Elisa's fountain, and this is MISS ELISA.

We are in a curious atmosphere under these Pagan columns. This is the smell of the mineral springs. It might (the smell, I mean) be produced, I imagine, artificially by stirring up a slightly stale egg with a lucifer match until it boiled. In ten minutes' time one ceases to notice it; though, at first, I think of writing indignantly to the Board of Works at Aachen, and complaining of defective drainage. I left my Cottage near a Wood on account of drainage, so it's natural to be annoyed at being followed by a smell. The cure, on this supposition, is homoeopathic. Here I am to take my first draught. I feel a little nervous.

Happy Thought.—Stand aloof to see what the other people do. Look about.

Having descended the steps, I find myself, with two or three dozen others, invalids of all nations—[*Happy Thought*.—Good subject this for a Cartoon in the House of Lords, "Invalids of all Nations"],—as at the hotel, in a sort of large area, with railings at the top, over which lounging spectators look down upon us and make remarks, just as the people do to the bears in their pit at the Zoological Gardens when they give them buns, only they don't give us buns. Shouldn't mind a bun, by the way, only DR. CASPAR says, nothing before, or with, the waters; nothing, in fact, until breakfast, and then, if possible, less.

German, English, and French is being spoken freely; English, I think, predominating. There are three languages that puzzle me; I subsequently find they are Russian, Dutch, and Greek. The Dutch I always thought was a rolling sort of tongue, so to speak; but, on reflection, I fancy this idea was mainly founded upon the remembrance of having heard "Oh, that a Dutchman's draught should be," by a bass singer, late at night, years ago. (*Mem. for Typical Developments. Early Impressions. Technical Education. Children. Dutchmen.*)

MISS ELISA stands behind a semicircular counter, and is rapid, sure, and business-like in all her movements. I put forward my hand to her with my tumbler in it. She looks at me for a second or so. Not to see what I want, but because (I found this out afterwards on being accustomed to the scene) I am new to her. She is very pretty; I should like to say in good German to her, "Gretchen, my pretty one, wilt Thou give me some of the tepid and limpid Stream that rushes from the Lion's Mouth?" I am sure I understand thoroughly the German spirit, if I only knew the language.

Happy Thought.—Say "Wasser" as sweetly as possible, because I

don't yet know what the German for "if you please" is, and *Wasser* alone, that is, *Wasser* neat—[*Happy Thought*.—*Wasser* neat. Good. Full of *Happy Thoughts* this morning: effect of air and early rising]—sounds rude and abrupt; and, worse than all, sounds so *insular*.

Happy Thought.—Talking of insular, when I get in with some Germans, students and professors, for instance, I must ask 'em how they like being without a Navy. Curious, a nation without any admirals, or jolly tars; but then, after all, they've got their mineral waters.

ELISA catches the water in my tumbler, jerks it out, catches some more, and hands it to me, smiling. Wish I knew what "thank you" is.

Happy Thought.—Say "*Danky*." It sounds like good German, and I shouldn't be much surprised to hear that it is. On second thoughts, yes, I *should* be surprised. How difficult it must be to *invent* a language. This leads to deep thought, and will occupy me while I stand and sip the Mineral *Wasser*. I begin sipping thoughtfully, as if I was tasting to see if I'd have a case sent in in the course of the morning. It's warm: it's not exactly nasty; it's not precisely nice.

Happy Thought.—Epicures say that, to make a perfect salad, you ought first to *soupponner* the bowl with a shalot. Mineral *Wasser* to the taste is as if you'd cleaned out the tumbler with lucifer matches of the old blue-tip school. It's what I should expect that water at the Polytechnic to be like after it has been flavoured by an experimental blowing up of the *Royal George* under water, by the Diving Professor, or some other scientific gentleman connected with the establishment. (I don't know whether this goes on now; it used to. But that's the idea.)

Happy Thought.—Got half through tumbler. Nothing happened to me *as yet*. Nothing's happened to any one that I can see. All chattering in little knots and groups and coteries. Regardless of their doom, the little victims drink.

Happy Thought.—Finished tumbler, all but a quarter of an inch depth of water at the bottom. Don't know what to do with it. Wonder why I've an objection to the last drop? Instinct, somehow.

Happy Thought.—Go and hear the band.

I see everyone leaving a quarter of an inch, or so, of water in their tumblers, and then turning it out into two little receptacles, like the lower part of umbrella stands, placed at the corner of the stairs. Do this also. Just as if I'd been doing it all my life.

Happy Thought.—That's where I feel myself beyond DYNGWELL or CAZELL or CHILVERN or MILBURN, and so forth. I am, I feel, cosmopolitan. In a second, by just turning this tumbler topsy-turvy, I feel myself, as it were, free of the place. A walk in the garden, hear the band, another tumbler (this sounds like dissipation and the bottle, but it isn't—it's only high, airy, breezy spirits before breakfast, and sulphur mixed), and I shall be naturalised.

Somewhat I feel, having finished my glass, that I am *de trop* here; for everyone is talking to everyone else—quite a family party. All know one another, and are perpetually nodding and bowing, and smiling and smirking, and inquiring after healths, and "what you did last night after we left," and "whether you're going to So-and-so to-day," and so forth. I feel that I am isolated. Wish FRIDOLIN was here. Should like to have her here—to talk to. (*Mem*. Isn't this selfish? Is the real use of a wife only to be talked to when you don't know anybody else? *Note for psychological inquiry*. Plenty of time for psychological inquiries, if I don't know anyone here except DYNGWELL.) I feel, besides this sense of isolation, a desire to speak to somebody—to throw myself into their arms, and unbosom my pent-up emotions. I haven't an idea, on reflection, what my pent-up emotions are like, or what I should say if anyone—for instance, that little Frenchman (who's taken three tumblers to my one in the same time)—stepped forward, and said, "*Me voici!* unbosom yourself!" I don't think I should know what to do. I should set him down, speaking rationally, as mad. Stop! I pull up. This burning desire for conversation, this hysterical yearning, of course, I see, is *the effect of the sulphur*. Sulphur. I must tone myself down again.

Happy Thought.—Bow to MISS ELISA (who seems to notice it as an impertinence; sulphur again—I suppose there was a lurking something in my eye), and ascend steps. Stroll into the garden. People walking up and down rather fast. I walk up and down, round and round. There's only one path, and you do it in different ways. There are two others, I discover afterwards, but they are short and retired. It is very exhilarating: it isn't Cremorne; it isn't Vauxhall; it isn't Mabille; it isn't Hyde Park; it isn't the seaside; it evidently isn't Tivoli (where I've never been); but it's—*Happy Thought*—it's exactly what the *inclosure* in *Leicester Square* might be made into, without the present ruined statue, and with mineral waters coming out of the pump.

Mem.—Recommend this to the Board of Works. My statue, equestrian, as a benefactor.

I feel inclined to suggest supper somewhere, and regret stopping up so late. I also have a sort of notion that later in the day the thousand additional lamps will be hung up. (Sulphur again.) There is a pond with two sorts of fish—red, and not red. Sulphur water, I suppose, and sulphur has taken the colour out of some of the weaker ones, or those

that have been in the longest. Good band. Pretty faces. There is a Dutch young lady (I hear some one say she is Dutch) to whom I should like to talk—only because she *is* Dutch. Is this incipient libertinism, or only sulphur? Or is the former the effect, the latter the cause?

Happy Thought.—DON JUAN ended, operatically, in sulphur. Good. "*Orphée aux Enfers*" Quadrilles just played. Appropriate. Will go down during the *entr'acte* (it is a quarter to eight A.M.), and take another sulphur. Descend. Fewer people there. I want another tumbler, please. More difficult to ask when there's not a crowd, as what you say can be heard. Approach ELISA. She *is* very pretty. (Sulphur.)

Happy Thought.—Say "*Mair wasser*." Scotch is an excellent substitute for German. After all, it isn't so much the *language itself*, but the spirit of it, which is the great thing to catch.

Note.—That idea of the difficulty of inventing a language is worth enlarging upon. Suppose one had to do it. What should I have called a cup? I don't think anything would have suggested "cup" to me, unless it was done suddenly by a *happy thought*. Or *e.g.*, hat, or handkerchief, or neck, or head. "Head" seems really difficult. Who would have thought, without having a name for it ready to hand, of calling a head a "head"?

A man couldn't have called his own head a head; but another man—a friend, for instance,—must have done it. Perhaps he did it offensively at first, and meant it as an insult; and then gradually it settled down into an every-day name. Odd occupation, when you come to think of it, for two people, sitting down, and having nothing else to do, saying to each other, "Now, what shall we call *this*?"—a hand, for instance,—like a game of forfeits. Then, after some deliberation, friend says,

Happy Thought.—Call it *hand*.

Happy Thought.—People who call a spade a spade. I never thought of it before, but he must have been a very clever fellow who *did* first call a spade a spade. He might have called it a bonnet, and he wouldn't have been wrong then; that is, if bonnets weren't made before spades.

*** I review this at night in my note-book, and set it down to sulphur acting suddenly on the system. DYNGWELL said "the waters would bring it out of me, whatever it was." Something's coming out. But what is it? I can't help being nervous. Shall tell CASPAR tomorrow, and write down my symptoms.

HOW TO CLASSIFY YOUR CABMEN.

SOMEBODY has suggested that cabs should be, like railway trains, constructed in three classes: and that the first class should be painted white, and charge a shilling a mile, while the second, blue, charge ninepence, and the third should charge but sixpence, and be painted yellow. Now this is not a bad notion, only Cabby would, we fear, be frequently found subject to a fit of colour blindness, and especially at nightfall, would demand a white class fare, although there really were no colourable pretext for his doing so. Suppose then that his colour be extended to his costume, which might be serviceably done, without putting him in livery. Were every first-class cabman to appear in a white hat, and a white waistcoat and white gloves, he would look certainly *distinguished*, and be readily distinguished.

For Cabmen of the second class a plain blue suit would serve, and they might further be remarkable by the wearing of blue spectacles. Cabmen of the third class might be dressed in the costume which is most in fashion now on all our London cab-stands; that is to say, they might array themselves precisely as they pleased, so long as they contrived to make themselves appear the most unpleasant objects possible.

WINE AND ELECTRICITY.

A FRENCH *savant* has discovered that wine may be made old by electricity. Chemists who are also wine-merchants (the trades too often are identical), may be glad to be informed in what way to apply it:—

"The wires of the voltaic pile should be tipped with platinum, to which must be attached electrodes of the same metal. Dip both into the liquid and you will precipitate it, and produce premature age."

Stingy people, who play havoc with their friends' digestive organs, will be doubtless ready purchasers of "choice electro-crusted port," or "fine old cheap voltaic claret." But we should hope all honest folks would feel electrically shocked at such a dangerous experiment. Cheapness in vinous drinks goes usually with nastiness; and it is surely not improbable that wine which has been prematurely aged by means of electricity may tend towards producing premature age in the drinker.

PROBABLE.—What the Cab Proprietors will soon find it, if the new arrangement is carried out—A Flagging Trade.



IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT PUBLIC-HOUSES SHOULD BE PLACED UNDER THE MORE IMMEDIATE SUPERVISION OF THE POLICE, WHO SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO ENTER THEM AT ALL HOURS.

SHOULD THE SUGGESTION BE ADOPTED, WE TRUST OUR GUARDIANS OF THE PEACE WILL USE THE PRIVILEGE WITH DISCRETION.

'BUS-DRIVING AND ITS CRITICS.

JOHN BRIGHT his New Year's counsels
On Birmingham bestows,
Enriched with Cabinet wisdom,
And the light that Office throws.
And the wisest, weightiest, maxim
Where all wise and weighty are,
Is "You can't drive six 'busses
Abreast through Temple Bar."

A maxim to be pondered,
And turned to good account,
By all drivers of State 'busses,
Their boxes ere they mount;
But balanced by another,
As true and cheerier far—
"You *can* drive six-score 'busses
In a line through Temple Bar."

Only marshal well your 'busses,
And get them into rank;
One after one from Charing Cross,
Dispatch them to the Bank;
Take your distances and keep them,
Measure your time and pace,
No cutting in and nursing,—
No crawling and no race!

As 'bus lines may keep moving
Without haste, without pause,
With passengers and parcels,
So may the line of laws.
Too much speed, or too little,
A stoppage or a smash,
In Cabinets or carriages
Alike, proves driving rash—

I think, JOHN, I have known you,
In pre-official days,
Less gentle in your comment
On excuses for delays;
I think that I have heard you
Sounding the note of war
'Gainst 'bus-drivers all and sundry
Who'd *not* charge Temple Bar.

Refusing to consider—
Save as a hollow sham—
The chances of a stoppage,
The danger of a jam;
Ignoring Temple Bar itself,
'Bus-breadth, and breadth of ground,
In the firm faith that, giv'n a will,
A way is to be found!

" ——— v. ———."

Quousque tandem? Indeed, how much further *can* an Affectionate People go? Law is obliged to sneak, masked, into a Court of Justice, in Ireland, and in a timid whisper ask a Judge for an order in a case which is to be kept anonymous because an Affectionate People would make ready to murder an official whose errand should be known. The Court of Exchequer, in the capital of Ireland, was the place, and last Wednesday was the day. Her Majesty's subject dares not openly ask for justice at the hands of Her Majesty's Judge. The above heading is all that may be ventured on. OLIVER, your Excellency, you may like to hear this. Have we not improved since your time?

BEHAVING WELL.

THE best conducted people to be met with anywhere in London are the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, when under the direction of SIR MICHAEL COSTA, at Exeter Hall.



“ONWARD!”

REYNARD AT ROME.



N connection with the Ecumenical Council, the Special Correspondent of the *Times* at Rome mentions one incident which must have an interest for the English Country Gentleman, even for such a Squire as *Squire Western* :—

"All Rome this morning has been to the chase of the fox at the tomb of CECILIA METELLA."

This information may perhaps have suggested to some fox-hunter the following questions. Was CECILIA METELLA run to earth at her tomb? Was CECILIA a vixen?

AN ILL-USED PAPPA.

SAUCE for the Goose, Gentlemen!

Prosecute poor DEMETRIO PAPPA, late Manager of the Oriental Commercial Bank, for embezzlement of a few thousands, with such a set of Directors' accounts as

the Official Liquidator disclosed at the last hearing of the case!—

"MR. HENRY SPICER, a Director of the bank, had owed £3000 or £4000 on 313 shares, which he had compromised by the payment of £600; MR. SETON, another Director, owed about £6000 on 413 shares, and had paid nothing. MR. EDMOND CLENCI, a Director, owed about £15,000 on 995 shares, and had paid £3000 in cash and given up £4000 worth of bills of the bank, worth about 14s. in the pound; MR. SWANN, a Director, who had become a bankrupt, owed about £10,000 on 612 shares, and had not paid a penny; MR. M'KENZIE, a Director, now dead, owed about £12,000 on 650 shares, and had paid nothing; ADMIRAL BURNES, £7,000 or £8,000 on 487 shares, and had paid nothing. The Admiral, however, had registered a deed of assignment of everything in favour of his creditors. There was an immense number of shareholders who did not pay; thirty of them bore the same surname as the defendant."

Evidently DEMETRIOS' way of doing business was the rule, not the exception, in this Pappas' family of the Oriental Commercial. When "Greek met Greek" in that bank parlour, there came not "the tug of war," but the tug for the sinews of war,—the "tug" at the purse-strings of depositors, in which Manager and Directors seem to have taken the most fraternal share. Poor ADMIRAL BURNES, the Chairman of the Board, is to be pitted: he has given up all he has to his creditors. Here is his piteous story :—

"The general transactions of the bank were conducted in the Greek language, and it was utterly impossible to know what was going on. Long letters were received by the bank in Greek, and he, as Chairman, wanted to have them translated, but the charge for that was so great (£10 a letter, he believed) that the proposal was abandoned."

The business was evidently all Greek to the Admiral, who was never so completely at sea as when he embarked on board the good ship Oriental Commercial, DEMETRIO PAPPA Commander. But if the Manager is to stand in the Dock for "rigging" the market, shouldn't he be supported by a respectable body of Directors for "wrecking" the ship? DEMETRIOS only took the Company's money to keep up the price of shares. The Directors took the Company's shares without paying any money whatever. There can't surely be so much difference in the cases.

Letters of Gold.

"MR. E. DE L'OR has been appointed to be a writer in the Royal Mint."

MR. DE L'OR has a name remarkably appropriate for an officer of the Mint, and we hope he will win golden opinions in this department of the Public Service.

The Flag of Janus.

THE Cab-Flag notion is silly enough. But if the Cabman hoists but one, we don't much care. What we are afraid of is that his cunning will enlist a pensive public, like one of OVIDA's heroes, *Under Two Flags*, and that they will bear different figures.

TO MR. PUNCH.

To MR. PUNCH,—SIR,

I've been a-torkin' over politikle matters with some of the skool as I wurks with, with our 'ouse of call is in the Mint, with in course we feels interested in this ere Suthark lection. The kevestshun is, ort we to support ODGER along of his being a wurkin-man, with we dont go in for that ere line o life ourselves. No, I 'ope it'll be long afore we're redooiced to wurk for a livin, leastways we don't mean to, so long as theres areys to be sneaked, cribs to be cracked, or clies to be faked. No, Sir, I don't old much to ODGER, nor wurkin men in general. But this ere tork about wurkin' men bein' wonted in Parlyment, along o' the wurkin men kevestshuns as is a comin up there according to TOM US, *alias* BROWN, set me and my mates a thinkin as ow there was huther than wurkin men kevestshuns as *ad* come up strong in Parlyment, and was agoin to come up stronger, with I mean prigs' kevestshuns—such as wot are we to do with our kriminal classes—ow's jugs to be made cumfurfabel—wot's the best diet for a pore chap in trubbel—is parties in quod 'avin consiensushus hobjections to the Established Church to be excused chapl, or 'lowed their private chaplins or ministers of wurship,—wich is the propper hobject of prisun dissiplin—heddication, reformation, or aggerawation—ort poor chaps as as been found guilty of puttin on the hug to be brutally flogged? And a deal more, as I need not now dror out. Hevery body knows there's lots of sich kevestshuns, as the kriminal classes knows more about than hannybody, wich it stands to reson—and I think, and so does my skool, that we ort to be repperesented in Parlyment by one of our hown horder wich we aint satisfied with MUSTER BRUCE or KERNEL 'ENDERSON, or such like, for they don't look at things from our pint of view, quite tother.

Plese, Sir, can you rekemend me to a constiterency as you think there'd be a chance for a "family-man's candidate"—wich that's the name we goes by among ourselves. Praps some of the disfranchised burrers, say, Grate Yarmouth, or Beverley, when they gets their members afresh, would give us a hopeniu—considerin' the skandalus way them poor electors has been treated as was used to make a good thing of their votes. A fellow feelin make us as thick as thieves they say, and natrally we feels for them, and we think praps they'd feel for us, and give us a chance for a prigs candidate, along of the werry serious kevestshuns in Parlyment affectin our noomerous and respectable boddies. Hevery body owns we're a werry important hinterest, and the kandid mind will admit as we ain't been propperly considered.

From yours, respectfully,

PETER PRIGGINS.

A SENSIBLE FASHION.

It is not very often that I give myself the trouble to read the non-sense which is written every month about the fashions. Still less often can I find there a grain of common sense, so well worth finding as the following :—

"The manteau de cour, which at present composes the robe de grand toilette, is a most useful combination, as it forms two dresses out of one."

If I were burthened (I mean blessed) with a wife and daughters dear (I mean to say expensive), how I should clap my hands and shout at such intelligence as this! "Two dresses out of one!" What a happy thought for a mother to conceive and directly carry out! I declare, were I a father (which I happily am not), I would make my wife a present of a "manteau de cour," on condition that she wore it as a pattern for her girls. If they were hence to learn the art of making their own dresses, in such manner as to make two dresses out of one, what a mint of money should I annually save!

Leaving you and others to act upon the hint, I remain in single-mindedness,

Yours most sincerely,

CELEBS SMITH.

Model Volunteers.

A WRITER in the *Pall Mall* describes Ireland as being in course of rapid assimilation, in character, manners, and customs, to London. It would be a pity if PADDY were to lose all his old picturesque and humorous qualities, but should the Emerald Isle become thoroughly Londonised, its inhabitants will have undergone at least one blessed change, in acquiring the loyalty distinctive of the "London Irish."

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.

PERHAPS the most remarkable instance of wonderful appetite is to be found in the case of those persons who are said to devour the ground.

A "FLY" SHEET.—The new Cab Regulations.



"IT'S THE PACE THAT KILLS."

Languid Swell (who has been taking it easy). "OFF, TWISTLER? WHAT! KNOCKED UP ALREADY, MY BOY?"

Twistler (indignantly). "KNOCKED UP! WELL, WE DANCED FOURTEEN MILES BY MY PEDOMETER!"

WANTED—A TOUCH OF "THE TORNADO."

THAT largest-winded of all Gales—"the Tornado"—though three Foreign Secretaries in succession have allowed it from time to time to "roar you as gently as any sucking dove;" yea, "to roar you an'twere any nightingale"—is not yet disposed of. The last we hear of it, we are sorry to say, is in connection with the still unsatisfied claims of the luckless crew. Their case, it should be remembered, is distinct from all question between the owners and the Spanish Government.

There is no doubt that the men were robbed of their money, clothes, and other private property, to the amount of more than £1093. There are the affidavits of the men to prove it, backed by the testimony of the British Consul at Cadiz, who often visited the unlucky fellows in their prison, and helped to clothe their nakedness. He has borne witness that none of the chronometers, watches, money, nautical instruments, or other articles of private property belonging to officers or men were ever restored to them.

Besides this spoliation, the hapless crew endured six months' painful and rigorous captivity, part of the time in irons, during which captivity some of them received injuries which shortened their days. And now the Spanish Government has the assurance to offer these men, *en bloc*, £1500 by way of compensation, an amount which, deducting the amount they were robbed of, leaves each able seaman about £4 3s. 6d., or, as MR. FORBES CAMPBELL—who is still sticking to the case, we are glad to say, like a Scotch terrier—pithily puts it, "a little more than one month's wages for six months' imprisonment."

Now, Spain may be in difficulties, but that is no reason why England should allow sailors of hers to be first plundered, imprisoned, and ill-used, and then dismissed with the merest mockery of compensation.

If these had been men of a different class, we are much mistaken if such a long time would have been allowed to elapse before adequate reparation was insisted upon. Let LORD CLARENDON look to it—that "the Tornado" is not allowed to blow over in this very unsatisfactory fashion.

A POLICEMAN'S "RATTLE."—His gossip with our female domestic servants.

IMPRECATIONS ON AN EXCLUSIVE.

(BY ERNULPHUS MINOR.)

Foul fall him that woods doth close,
Corns and bunions knob his toes,
Limp, in tight boots, as he goes,
Hobble, halt may he,
Brute, that, Lord of Manor styled,
Shuts the wanderer from the wild,
Shuts the primrose-gathering child,
Burn him, shuts out me!

Nodules, bristly, blue and red,
Stud his nose, his face o'erspread,
Bulbs crop out upon his head;
Fade and fall his hair.
May he get a double chin,
May his paunch jut, calves fall in,
So may dwindled drumsticks thin
Bulk unwieldy bear.

Dash his buttons! May they fly
As he stoops in company,
Losing them, and no means by,
Finding to replace.
May he, likewise, at the back,
Often have his trousers crack,
Showing fissure, white in black;
Often break a brace.

When he walks abroad, may flies,
Gnats, and dust, get in his eyes;
Pump upon him, O ye skies!
Catch him in the rain.
Spoil his hat and suit just new.
When at some appointment due,
Whereof failing he will rue,
May he miss his train.

May his watch make itself wings,
May he lose no end of things,
Note-books, pencils, knives, pins, rings,
Studs of jet and gold.
May some little gutter-thief,
To his fury and his grief,
Prig his pocket-handkerchief,
When he has a cold.

May he, hungry, having toiled,
Ever get his dinner spoiled,
Pork and veal half roast or boiled,
Sirloin charred and dried.
In his kitchen may a fool,
Obstinate and stupid, rule,
Serve him with potatoes cool,
Chops and beefsteaks fried.
May the game he fain would keep
Fenced like poultry, penned as sheep,
Whilst he takes his broken sleep,
Fall the poachers' prey.
Let them, in their gins and snares,
Catch his pheasants and his hares,
There, with "CAUTION" whence he scares
Us, my friends, away.

CYNICAL, PERHAPS.

"I HAVEN'T many minutes to stop," said BROWN, bustling into JONES's study the other morning, "but I thought I'd just run in to see you. How are you?"
"Out of sorts. I've mislaid my keys, my chimney smokes, my wife's ill, and I've got the gout."
"Well, well, that's bad, but things might have been worse, you know."

"I do. You might have had many minutes to stop."

[Exit BROWN.]

Anecdote of High Life.

"I'LL rouge, dear, if you'll lend me yours," observed the lovely COUNTESS DOUBLEDASH to her friend, the DOWAGER LADY PASSY.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the amiable Dowager, "I'll keep you in countenance."

EARLY WISDOM.



Mudge. "I SAY, GEORGE, WOULDN'T IT BE NICE TO GO TO A PAN 'OMINE?"
 George. "O! WOULDN'T IT?!!!"
 Mudge. "IN A BOX, YOU KNOW!!!"
 George. "YES! IN MAMMA'S LOVELY NEW PORTMANCAU!"



George. "KITTY! WHERE ARE YOU?"
 Kitty. "HERE I AM, GEORGE!"
 George. "DON'T SAY HERE YOU ARE; SAY ILLRE YOU AM, WHEN YOU 'RE SPEAKING OF YOURSELF."



Mamma. "YOU TIRESOME BOY! YOU 'LL RUIN ME IN KNICKERBOCKERS. THESE WERE NEW LAST WEEK, AND NOW YOUR KNEES ARE COMING THROUGH. HOW IS IT?"
 George. "AH! IT'S ALL BECAUSE YOU TOOK ME TWICE TO CHURCH LAST SUNDAY, AND I HAD TO SAY SO MANY PRAYERS."



Nurse. "BABY'S GOING TO HAVE HER FIRST BIRTHDAY TO-MORROW."
 Kitty. "AND WE'LL HAVE IT FOR TEA, WON'T WE, NURSE?"
 George. "WHAT NONSENSE. BIRTHDAYS ARE NOT TO EAT! THEY'RE TO PLAY WITH. MY LAST ONE WAS A ROCKING HORSE."

TO TOM HUGHES, M.P.

MY DEAR TOM,

You are one of *Punch's* old friends. You have written the truest and manliest book extant on English public-school life. In all that you have published, and in most that you have talked, you have upheld pluck, straightforwardness, the calling of spades spades, and the recognition that men, whether gentle or simple, are, on the whole, made of the same clay, pulled by the same strings, worthy of the same rights, and liable to the same duties. You have more than once told the truth, where it wasn't at all relished, and made against your immediate popularity,—as when you came down over the knuckles of certain rogues of small tradesmen in Lambeth for their fraudulent weights and measures. Holding you in respect for all these things, I am sorry to have to pluck a crow with you for certain mischievous nonsense you have been talking lately at a Southwark election meeting.

You were there to support MR. GEORGE ODGER—"the 'working man' candidate." Now I must confess to a want of faith in candidates who come forward on the strength of belonging to this or that order, connection, or interest. It doesn't matter much to me whether it's "the working man's candidate" or "the idle man's candidate," "the public-house candidate," or "the chapel candidate," "the landlords' candidate," or "the labourers' candidate." But of all the cant of the day, the "working man" cant is about the most sickening to me. And Southwark has had a more than usually strong dose of it this election. The "hard-handed" business has been worked till we want a good deal of the "hard-headed" business to take the taste of it out of our mouths. And you should be one of the doctors to administer the tonic. But, instead of steel, you give us *ipecacuanha*—the "working man mixture" as before—in the shape of such rot as this:—

"There was a great contempt for hard work here, as there was in the Southern States of America, although people scarce dare show it. They must knock that nonsense out of the British public, and teach them that the only thing that was really honourable in this world was good hard work. (*Cheers.*) He believed this to be thoroughly a working man's borough; and whether the electors returned a working man now or not, they might depend the thing would be done before another year was over."

Now, my dear Tom, what sort of a borough, in the name of common sense, is "a thoroughly working man's borough?" One where the opinion of working men is strong enough to swamp that of all other classes? Do you think that a very desirable kind of borough, as things go? And how could you talk that rubbish about "contempt for hard work?" You know perfectly well that there is no such thing, except among fools and fribbles, and you don't suppose there are more of them in England than there used to be, do you? To be sure, "snobs" are a serious fact, and a specially English growth. And they may think work "low." But, surely, when you talk of "hard work," you don't mean to say that the hard work deserving of most respect, or most qualifying men either for electing or being Members of Parliament, is the material "hard work" of handicraftsmen, labourers, and mechanics?

When you wind up by hoping that Southwark "will set an example to all England by returning a working man," do you mean that "all England" ought to return "working men?" Supposing ODGER to be a Phoenix, are such Phoenixes kept in stock? Could "all England" find Odgers at need? Don't you think a House of Commons all Odgers would be rather like an apple-pie all quinces?—a House of *Uncommons*, in fact.

You say, "most of the great questions coming before Parliament are working men's questions." That may be. But does it at all imply that working men are the likeliest to find the answers to them? You instanced Compulsory Education. "Was the meeting for that?" you asked. Then some cried "Yes," and some "No."

"Well," you said, "that very difference of opinion in the meeting was an excellent reason why working men should get into the House of Commons." Why? "Because it was a question which deeply affected the working men of this country."

I should have expected another "because"—"because working men knew most about the question, and were best able to settle it."

Then you went on:—

"There were many other public questions in which the working man was very much interested—for instance, the question of Direct Taxation. He knew that working men were very much in favour of direct instead of indirect taxation. He was of the same opinion, and this question must very soon come before the House of Commons, and it would be of the greatest benefit that there should be working men to discuss it. (*Cheers.*) Then there was the question of the administration of the Poor-Law, because pauperism was beginning to eat out the heart of this country, and it was placing increased burdens upon the people, and therefore it was absolutely necessary that men should represent the people who thoroughly understood their wants, and who had a perfect knowledge of the wishes of the people."

Certainly; who denies, who doubts it? But, my dear Tom, the question is, *do* "working men," even the Odgers among them, "thoroughly understand the wants and wishes of the people"—even of their own class—even of their own trades?

You must see, I think, that you have been talking not only nonsense, but mischievous nonsense—nonsense that is quite unworthy of you, however natural in the mouths of a conceited class of ignorant young fellows in fustian jackets, who are far fonder of calling themselves working men than of working—who spend more time in the public-house than the shop, and are greater "dabs" with their tongues than their tools.

If you *knew* you were talking nonsense, I am very angry with you. If you didn't, I am very sorry for you. But that you *were* talking nonsense, is past a doubt. And so I think you will admit when you come to think it over, by the light of this letter from your faithful old friend,

非假不也致。

CHARITY AND COOKERY.

It is thought a foolish thing to quarrel with one's bread-and-butter. But there are times when such a quarrel is hardly to be wondered at, as for instance when a man gets very little bread to eat, and hardly ever any butter. This is not unseldom the condition of the labourer, and, to aggravate the fact that he gets scarce enough to eat, there is the fact that what he gets is sadly wasted in bad cookery.

"The benighted state of the agricultural labourer's wife is almost a hopeless one. She cannot vary the sickening narrow round of dishes which twelve shillings a-week provide for her husband and children. Bread, cabbage, bacon, potatoes, are the four articles she buys. Soup is unknown to her. The artisan's wife is fully as ignorant. Where these go half-fed, the French housewife would prosper."

How to make the pot boil is with many a poor labourer, a vastly puzzling problem; and his wife is quite as puzzled to find out what to put in it. A French peasant can make soup, and a score of toothsome dishes, while an English one can only serve up half-boiled cabbage and potatoes. In England, soup is an unheard-of luxury with cottagers; in France, and elsewhere on the Continent, no peasant dines without it. A basin of hot soup is surely a more palatable and more nutritious meal than a scrap of bread-and-cheese, or a morsel of fat bacon. The *Examiner* says truly:—

"The charity which introduces a new cheap food to the working poor, or teaches them how to husband the heat and muscle, the carbon and the fibrin, which they have been throwing away in waste for so many years, is one of capital importance."

There are many schemes in view for national education, and many hobbies will be mounted to ride in that direction when Parliament next meets. Happily some one may be bold enough to move that cooking classes shall be added to our schools, and that besides learning to read, to write, to cipher, and to sew, poor girls shall be instructed in the art of making soup. And perhaps ere the next century some one may be bold enough to move that no certificate of marriage shall be granted, where a certificate of cookery cannot be produced.

A NOMINAL OBSTACLE.

A WRITER in the *Daily News* comments agreeably on the difficulty of finding names for the new theatres, which are now so constantly being built, and makes one or two suggestions on the subject. We, too, have a little something to suggest. We have the *Gaiety*. Why not also the "Gravity?" What name could be more suitable for a theatre to be devoted mainly to the performance of the serious drama—if there exists lessee or manager bold enough to undertake such a venture? Again, a house abandoned to light comedy, farce, operetta, and burlesque, would not be inappropriately "appellated" (we make an offering of this word to the American press) the "Bagatelle." We have not been to Stationers' Hall to register either of these names, and generously place them at the disposal of all theatrical "enterprisers" (something more for America) and speculators.

Œcumenical.

It is said that a priest was found concealed in a saloon of the Council Hall at Rome, "with the cross of one of the Bishops in his possession," and the report speaks of the culprit as being a Neapolitan priest, "of no good odour." Are not these last words somewhat superfluous?

Sir Hugh Evans on the Œcumenical.

DEAR POPE, these holy scandals set me sighing,
For "I am of the Church." Do keep 'em quiet:
This present shindy's most unedifying,
"It is not meet the Council hear a Riot."

A LABORIOUS OCCUPATION.—Shop-Lifting.



THE LAST 'BUS.

Landlord. "WHAT ARE YER GOIN' TO 'AVE, GEN'LEMEN?"

Driver (shivering). "WELL—'BLESS'D IF I AIN'T FAMISHED! I SHOULD LIKE—— IS THERE TIME FOR A 'RABBIT?' WHO 'AVE YER GOT INSIDE, BOB?"

Conductor (aloud). "OH, ALL RESPECTABLE, 'IGH-MINDED, WELL-TO-DO PEOPLE! 'WOULDN'T 'AVE NO OBJECTION, I'M SURE!!"

[Who could be "disagreeable" after this?

THE ERMINE IN SIGHT OF SPRING.

"The Judges met yesterday, and settled the Spring Circuits."—*Newspaper.*

BRIGHT, blithesome announcement! Enlivening news!
Hilarious intelligence, joy to peruse!
Cheer up, moody mopers! Glad tidings I bring.
The Judges have settled the Circuits of Spring.

The Law's jocund Sages, they point to foregleams,
Already, of sunshine returning which seems
A light on our path and our prospect to fling.
The Judges have settled the Circuits of Spring.]

There's ice in the ditches, there's frost on the wold;
But now the days lengthen in spite of the cold:
The term of thy reign's in view, Winter, old King!
The Judges have settled the Circuits of Spring.

There's snow still about, may be more snow to come.
The groves are yet silent, the songsters are dumb,
But the hedge-sparrow soon, and the chaffinch, will sing.
The Judges have settled the Circuits of Spring.

Almost the sole flower in the garden that blows,
You see the white hellebore, called Christmas rose;
But snowdrop and crocus will soon mark Time's wing.
The Judges have settled the Circuits of Spring.

Beside purple violets hepaticas pink
Will peer out, and blue periwinkles will wink,
And wild wood anemone blush, modest thing!
The Judges have settled the Circuits of Spring.

With Oyer and Terminer come daisies pied,
Kinecups follow Crown Courts where culprits are tried,
While barristers' tongues *Nisi Prius* make ring.
The Judges have settled the Circuits of Spring.

The little birds pair, the buds swell, the sap rises;
The Judges crack jokes at the vernal Assizes.
May no one be *sus. per coll.* sentenced to swing,
My Lud, when you go this next Circuit of Spring.

ROMAN LAMBS AND ROMAN SHEPHERDS.

AMONG the recent Roman ceremonies described by "Our Own" Council Correspondents, not the least pretty and significant is that of St. Agnes. Before the altar of her Basilica, in the Nomentan Way, are blessed two little lambs, whose innocent mutton figures afterwards on the Pope's own dinner-table—the Pope's eyes of their respective legs twice as large and lustrous, we presume, as usual—and out of whose fleeces are woven the *pallia* sent by the Holy Father to Patriarchs, Archbishops, and certain favoured Bishops.

We are told how the pretty animals are brought in, bound, on crimson silk cushions, their mouths tied up with red ribbons, to prevent bleating. What wonder if scoffers persist in seeing in them a symbol of the Romish episcopate—in Council assembled—gracefully disposed on the cushions of their *aula*, but bound all the time in the chains of MONSIGNORE FESSLER, and gagged by the vow of silence and secrecy, which some of them have lately been "wiggled" for breaking.

A TRADE THAT NEVER FAILS.—No miller need ever be out of employment, for he can always grind his teeth.

AMERICAN SLANGOGRAPHY.



PEOPLE who have any reverence for "the pure well of English undefiled," must wish that the Americans would let that well alone, and not defile it with such hideous corruptions as the following:—

"One of the papers lately, instead of recording that the President had gone on an excursion, simply announced that he had 'excurted.' The other day we read that 'Erie' was injuncted. A paragraph in an evening paper was headed thus—'A woman Burgled Nine Times in Ten Years.'"

Fancy the dismay of dear old DR. JOHNSON at reading such uncouth phraseology as this! Imagine him devouring Yankee newspapers for breakfast! With how many a cup of tea could he gulp down, without choking, their grammarless contents! And when afterwards discussing them in critical cold

blood, with what rotundity of phrase would he give vent to his just wrath. Conceive the Great Lexicographer admitting to his Dictionary such excrescences as: "Burgle, verb active, To break into a dwelling-house," or, "Excurt, verb neuter, To go upon a journey." What groans, and grunts, and snorts of furious indignation he would forcibly emit on meeting with a sample of New English such as this:

"We have interviewed the cuss who quilled our yester's Editorial, and in this connection we may bigtype our assurance that the news which had been wired to us was regular reliable, as our reporters are injuncted from letting slide our reputation by telegramming fibs."

Assuredly, if speech be silver, men who coin such phrases, which indeed should never become current, ought to be indicted for uttering false money. As a set-off to their claim for Alabama compensation, our Yankee friends should pay us for the injuries inflicted on the English language by word-inventing writers for the Trans-Atlantic Press.

THE MAN OF APRIL AGAIN.

LET LOUIS NAPOLEON no more be called "The Man of December." He has now become a Constitutional Sovereign. Before he got connected with December he had achieved celebrity in relation to another month. He might then have been called "The Man of April." England will never forget that he turned out on the 10th of April, 1848, as a Special Constable, to aid in quelling rioters in London. He cannot have forgotten it himself, and might now consider whether rioters in Paris would not be best put down as he helped to put down the Chartists. Only the other day he said, "I will answer for order." He spoke in the spirit of a Special Constable. No doubt he has always been a Special Constable at heart. The respectable people of Paris, turning out with sticks the other day to crush insurrection, have shown him what to do. He has simply to swear them all in as Special Constables, put staves in their hands, and take a leading truncheon in his own, as their High Constable. Then LOUIS NAPOLEON will be himself again. Now he has given France constitutional liberty, the whole rational world will applaud him for employing any amount of police-force, with the help of bludgeons even, that may be necessary to make professional or crazy seditionists, who obstruct the path of progress, move on.

Chemical News.

It is stated that "iodide of potassium supplies the simplest test of the presence of the poison likely to be found in hair-dyes and other such compounds." There has been so much artificial treatment of ladies' hair lately, that the term "iodide" has again and again been in the mouth of the wearied and wondering spectator, but with a slight variation of spelling, taking the form of "Heigho! dyed!"

THE TOLLBAR-KEEPER'S PARADISE.—The Langdale Pikes.

A SABBATOMANIAC SAWNEY.

THE *Globe*, announcing the establishment, after much opposition, of a morning and evening Sunday train to run between Glasgow and Paisley, thus records a scandalous example of the Sabbatomania which ravages the Kirk of Scotland, and causes its victims to make themselves ridiculous:—

"Nothing can be more satisfactory than the behaviour of the passengers in the train run between Glasgow and Edinburgh, and *vice versa* on Sunday morning and evening, and yet on the first Sabbath on which the train was started the passengers were greeted by a preacher at the Edinburgh terminus, who assured them that they were hastening to a certain place at the rate of a penny a rule."

But what were the railway authorities or attendants about to allow such a Sabbatomania as this on their platform? They, indeed, may consider him a harmless lunatic, but no lunatic, or maniac, can be presumed to be harmless. Nobody can define the extent of the brain-disease which causes mania, Sabbatomania equally with any other. Even if it were definite and determinable, it would be liable, at any moment, to exacerbation. There is no limiting the irritation which may be excited by a bee in the bonnet, and that excited by the Sabbatarian bee is apt to be particularly violent. The minister who is frantic enough to accost passengers alighting at a terminus on a Sunday, and inform them that they are travelling to the other terminus above alluded to at the fare mentioned, must be very far gone. If the Edinburgh railway people neglect to turn him out of their premises when he comes there raving, they will have him, some Sunday, throwing himself under the engine, or, what will be worse, throwing somebody else.

Perhaps, however, this rampant Minister is not insane, but only a very ignorant fool, who does not understand what he has read. Possibly he may be some ranting preacher, converted pugilist, coalheaver, S.S., or something of that sort. But then the proper platform for him is that of his own meeting-house, and not the railway, whence he ought to be removed by the police whenever he presents himself, attempting to annoy respectable people.

A CHECK UPON THE TRADE CHEATS.

TRADES-PEOPLE, as a rule, are fond of being advertised, and of having their names prominently brought before the public. But we never feel inclined so much to aid them in this matter, as when we chance to stumble on such paragraphs as this:—

"At the Newington Petty Sessions no less a number than fifty-five South London tradespeople were summoned for using unjust weights and measures, and the total of the fines inflicted amounted to seventy-two pounds."

Considering that such rascals chiefly cheat the poor, who in this hard weather are hardly clad or fed, we regret much that the only pillory now extant is the pillory of the press. The paltry fines which are imposed are wholly insufficient to punish or deter men from repeating such offences. Some good might be done, perhaps, to villains of this sort, by parading their names prominently, not merely in the newspapers, but on every dead wall and hoarding in the neighbourhood of their respective shops. Even the pavements might be utilised for giving due publicity to scamps who sell short weight. Poor people might be cautioned to "BEWARE OF BUTCHER BUGGINS!" whose address might be appended in letters a foot long; or they might be warned from dealing with "BINKS THE BLACKGUARD BAKER!" whose offence might be placarded in the very blackest ink. To make the punishment complete, these announcements should be made at the expense of the offenders, who should be compelled to act as their own bill-stickers, and post such placards prominently in front of their own shops.

Domestic Police.

AN American paper relates that a MR. COATES, at New York, was found by the police in the streets with a pair of handcuffs on. They naturally took him for an escaped criminal, and locked him up. It turned out, however, that he had only broken loose from home, where, during a fit of intemperance, he had been handcuffed by MRS. COATES. MR. COATES has had peculiar experience of the bonds of wedlock.

Astronomical.

POOR Mrs. Malaprop! Having read in her Pocket-Book that the Eclipse of the Moon would be "visible at Greenwich," she made a special journey to the "Conservatory" there from her comfortable home at Hoxton, firmly believing that at Greenwich only should she be able to witness the sight!

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S MOTTO.—"Down with the Dust!"

ROME AND RAMSBOTHAM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

NOTHING has perspired since my last, and so as a means of amusement and destruction, I have been getting my niece JULIA to read to me the history of the earliest Consuls of the Church. For the benefit of your readers I have made some notes while JULIA was doing this, which I will send to you, adding them to the present letter, in which I must, however, first dilute upon what is going on here.

By the way, in my last I made some illusions to what the Riddle Commission is doing at home. I do hope, even if they touch the Dictionary, that they'll let alone the Colics. It seems to me they are sapling the pillows of the great cambric of truth. But to return.

The Economical Consul is still the centaur of detraction here, and will be for some time. The Consul of Trent sat for nearly eighteen years; how stiff they must have been!

The rule is that so many are set down to speak, but they stand up, and speak without being set down. A Carnival subsides in the chair, and rings a bell when he doesn't want anything, at least so I'm told. This Carnival, I fancy, is a *Delicate-a-latterly*. There will be concussions on the POPE's Syllabus and Bicycle—quite "wheels within wheels," as the prophet says.

CARNIVAL BARNABY is appointed chief of the Commissaries sitting on Rides and Cemeteries: he is instead of another Carnival who is disappointed.

Every day there is a great elastic fungus to be seen in some church or another, and on certain state occasions there are deceptions at the Vacuum.

An eminent Dilatory, Roman Candlestick of course, has been telling me a great many things about their doctorings and cemeteries that I didn't know before: for instance, the POPE alone can grant indulgences, but he can't indulge himself without the permission of his Confectioner, for he goes to confection regularly, and oftener, like the poorest of them, and has to perform his pennants just the same.

Also, they have seven Orders, where English Protestants have only three. Their orders are Bishops, Priests, Beacons, Exhausters (these are preachers, I suppose), Ostriches (same as our pew-openers, only men), Aconites (who hold candles), and Lictors. I think I've got 'em all correct, though I only quoit from memory. Then there are also the Mannikin Orders, but these are Monks and Fires. You recollect the "Fire of Orders Grey?" That's it. There are various officious people connected with the Elastic State to whom one gets accustomed in Rome, if you decide here for any time.

The Interior Clergy are divided into two glasses—the *Regular* (which I have mentioned before) and the *Irregular*, or the *Sickly Clergy*. The Sickly Clergy do the Parish work, and can live how they like; some live together in Immunities like the Omelettes of SAM CHARLES, or the Oratorios, of HANDEL I thought, until I heard they were SAM PHIPPS's Oratorios.

There are also the Knights Tumblers, and the Knights of Mortar, both millinery orders. There are Holy Fires of all sorts of colours, and I must not omit the Fires Minims with their peculiar crotchets, though all hold the same tenants.

The Monks live in Monstrosities; and the Nuns are clustered. They are all very good people in their way, specially the Scissors of Charity, who attend the poor and the sick, and do everything "*Conmemura*," as the Irish say. So, too, do the Scissors of Mersey, from Liverpool, I believe. Most of these aforesaid take oaths, but a great many don't take their oaths to anything.

The music in the Roman churches in general is not of the flurried Italian, but most depressive. I don't like Gregarious Chance myself, as a rule, but sometimes they are very fine. Women's voices you don't hear here, but only those of male canisters, generally boys and men.

The POPE's confidant, I am told, is AUNT O'NELLY. I can't help fancying that I must have got this name wrong, as I also hear that AUNT O'NELLY is not only an Italian (which the name isn't), but also a Carnival and a Beacon. This is very curious, but everything is full of such mistress here, that one is at one's wits ends to lather to the bottom of all one hears. When I know more of this, I'll tell you.

I am promised an introduction to FATHER SICKY, who is the Great Astonisher here, as MR. HIND is at home. FATHER SICKY has a Conservatory ever so high up, and a magnificent stethoscope for what my niece's husband calls Sky-entific matters. He has got a machine for stopping the earth's motion. FATHER SICKY (not a nice name) is spoken of here with much reference as the Great Astonisher, because of his star-telling denouncements.

I think it is this latter gentleman who has the derangement of the Roman Cullender, where there are Saints for every day in the year, and every other one as well. The Cullender (there is a CARNIVAL CULLEN, of Ireland, but I don't think he has anything to do with this), in Rome is the same as ours in England, being divided into four quarters, only that there is here another quarter, called the Jews' Quarter, but that's in Rome I mean, not in the Cullender. The Cullender, as one whole, is cleverly put together.

There are (this will infest many of your High Church friends) in Rome, now, several English Clergymen of the Ulster-riddle party, who have asked for a decision on the question of the rightfulness (I think that's it) of their orders. I met one of them the other day and had a long barley with him on divers subjects, in which I had the best of it; for I pointed out to him that if this was resided against him and his party, he must leave the Protestant immunity and adopt the Roman Candlestick Greed; "Which," I said depressively, "would be, after all, only to escape Silly and fall into Cribbage." He seemed much struck, and went away: I have not seen him again. I showed this worthy clergyman (from my notes on JULIA's reading) what great deferences there were between us and the Romans.

First.—I remonstrated to him that the Roman Candlesticks accept many more books than we do as comical. To which he replied, "that there was no cannon at all until after the respiration of three sentries," which seemed to me to be evading the subject we were disgusting, and so I told him. He couldn't answer me, when I asked him, point blank, how he could ever think of joining a Church which accepted the two books of Molasses as comical? He was dumb-founded, and put his handkerchief to his face; poor fellow, he was so afflicted, but I couldn't help following up my attack.

"What!" said I, from my hysterical notes on JULIA's reading, "MR. DOTS, would you stupefy the acts of your four fathers? Those noble Englishmen who, during the last General Consul held at Trent in the Savoy, preached the Glorious Defamation, and who with MARTHA LUTHER (after whom the Luther Arcade in London, was called), GALVIN (the discoverer of galvinism and other eccentricities; we owe the eccentric telegraph to him), CRAMMER, Archbishop of Canonbury, RIDLEMER and LATTERLY, and with other noble performers were either developed in flames, or managed to extinguish themselves nobly in the clause of truth?" He was quite overcome, and so was I by my exertion. I give you the account in *Coleenso*, as the saying is, and remain,

Yours sincerely,

LAVINIA RAMSBOTHAM, Junior.

THE NEW MANCHESTER-SCHOOL-MASTERS.

CAWLEY? CHARLEY? Say which should be head,

By virtue of vacancy and verbosity,
Of ancient "Protection's" adherents, new led
To defeat, 'neath the banner of "Reciprocity"?

CAWLEY, methinks, recalls wisdom that bawleth,

Shrill on the house-tops, regarded of none;

And CHARLEY the ancient watchman recalleth,

Good to snore, or at most, spring his rattle, and run!

THE FLORID STYLE.

Is it vulgar to use the word "flowers" when you are speaking or writing about them? Must they only be indicated, not actually mentioned, as was once the case with trousers? It would seem so, from a correspondence which has been published on the subject of the money to be spent this year on flowers in the Parks. There are only two letters, and both together hardly make a dozen lines, yet in this little space we find the gentleman who writes to MR. AYRTON turning the phrases—"the sums annually devoted to floral purposes in Victoria and Battersea Parks," and "the floral attractions of these popular places of resort;" and the gentleman who replies, by direction of MR. AYRTON, using, what is perhaps a still more elegant expression, "the floral arrangements in Battersea and Victoria Parks."

We cannot help regretting that the trees and shrubs could not have been introduced into the correspondence, because of the fine opportunity the writers would have had of speaking of "arboricultural purposes," and "arboricultural attractions," and "arboricultural arrangements."

The Same Men, Other Minds.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. FORSTER, in his Bradford speech, pursuing JOHN BRIGHT's bus and cab metaphor, said that he had a great respect for "crawlers." "He had driven a 'crawler' himself in his time." W. E. FORSTER driving a crawler! That must have been when JOHN BRIGHT did not object to driving six busses abreast at Temple, or any other, Bar!

IRRECONCILABLE OPPOSITION.

THE consistency in antagonism of the low French Press to the French Government is remarkable. The moment the latter ceased to be personal, the former began.

THE BEST PLACE FOR A POLICE-OFFICE.—Beak Street.



"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &c.

Elder of Twins. "IT'S VERY VULGAR TO SAY 'YOU BE BLOWED' TO EACH OTHER, LIKE THOSE MEN DO. ISN'T IT, UNCLE FRED?"

Uncle Fred. "I BELIEVE IT IS GENERALLY CONSIDERED SO, MY DEAR!"

Elder of Twins. "YES, INDEED! ETHEL AND I, YOU KNOW, WE ALWAYS SAY, 'YOU BE BLOWN!'"

A BLESSING ON AN OLD BROOME.

"SAMUEL BROOME, for forty years Gardener to the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, whose Annual Chrysanthemum Show was one of the sights of London, and who, in their culture, gave such valuable testimony to the effects of LORD PALMERSTON'S Smoke Act, is dead, at a ripe old age. He lived respected, and he died happy."—*Obituary of the Day.*

POOR old BROOME, art thou gone! and shall we hear
Thy annual *Jubilate* never more,
O'er the Chrysanthemums that were so dear
Unto thy honest heart, as, year by year,
They decked the Temple Garden's swarded floor!

Like HENRY BROUGHAM, thy greater homonym,
Thy pride and joy was to see cleared away
The stagnant, stifling, smoke-clouds, that made dim,
The Temple of the law, and on Thames brim,
Alike for flowers and lawyers darkened day.

And when the Smoke-Act passed—and on Thames stream
Steamers forbore to smoke, and on Thames shore
Chimney-shafts ceased from sooty mouths to teem
The blacks, that turned to griminess the gleam
Of the Chrysanthemums thou didst adore—

Never was simple man more glad than thou,
Never were gentler pride and joy than thine—
Pleased to see pleas'd crowds round thy *pompons* bow,
Children, maids, barristers of parchment brow,
Who rarely noticed sun's or blossom's shine.

Along Thames bank thy blooms stood brave and bold,
The brighter for the brick and mortar round:

And if *thy* flowers were flowers of gold,
So innocent none grew from Temple mould,
None so enriched, yet cumbered not, the ground.

How oft, when Autumn daylight in the West
Was blended with the City's lurid flare,
Pale cheeks and aching brows thy flowers have blest,
That breathed a breath of Nature and her rest,
On brains o'er-wearied with law's cark and care.

Farewell to thee, kind, honest, old SAM BROOME,
In *boutons d'or* above thee bloom the mould—
No London smoke distress thee in the tomb,
And whoso'er i' the Temple fills thy room,
May the new Broom sweep clean as did the old.

GETTING ON.

"Church of St. Paul, Lorrimore Square, Walworth. Dedication Festival. The Rev. A. H. MACHONOCHE will preach this (Monday) Evening, at eight o'clock. Procession after the Sermon."

INCUMBENTS of Scenic Churches must be careful what they are doing, and how they advertise "Processions" and such like spectacles, or the LORD CHAMBERLAIN may treat them as Theatrical Managers, and exercise supervision over their little arrangements. They have so long been unaccustomed to any control, Episcopal or otherwise, that even the mild authority of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN might be felt disagreeably oppressive.

A VULGAR ERROR CORRECTED.—The assertion so frequently made, that it is impossible to arrest the flight of time, is altogether erroneous, for who is there that cannot stop a minute?



THE BILL OF FARE.

MR. GLADSTONE (THE "CHEF"). "IRISH STEW FIRST, MRS. B., AND THEN——"

MRS. BRIGHT (THE COOK). "LOR BLESS YOU, MR. G., THE IRISH STEW'S QUITE AS MUCH AS THEY'LL GET THROUGH, I'LL BE BOUND!"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

BRAYO, MONSIEUR HERVÉ! and also bravo MESSIEURS MANSELL! A most plucky attempt to show London what an *opéra bouffe* is like without SCHNEIDER and DUPUIS to sing and play, and M. JACQUES OFFENBACH to compose the music. And, Gentlemen, take it on the whole, a success, but an exceptional success, which is no precedent for the future, mind you; for the introduction of *Le Petit Faust*, which is in contemplation, we believe, will require great care and caution on the part of the management. Much will be excused M. HERVÉ at present, because the British Public (we knew a horrid, unpatriotic cynic who chose to substitute *u* for *i* in the first syllable of "British" when talking of these matters) doesn't as yet quite understand what it all means; but if *Chilpéric* had been an English work, it wouldn't, with its present libretto, with its absence of plot, and acted as it now is, have stood a week's chance with aforesaid playgoing British Public.

Chilpéric is admirably mounted, and is certainly the nearest approach to the genuine *opéra bouffe* of Paris that we have yet seen done into English. *La Grande Duchesse*, in English, at Covent Garden was a mistake: it was *Tom Thumb* in *Blunderbore's* hall; but *Chilpéric* at the Lyceum is the right play in the right place. The *mise-en-scène* is admirable. The whole thing is brilliant throughout, as far as scenery and costumes go; but the music—"la musique avant tout," as M. HERVÉ, we are sure, would say—is not, to our thinking, up to that of *L'Éclat Crévé*, which still remains, from a *catchy-tuneful* point (the essence of this class of entertainment), the chief of M. HERVÉ's works.

Until you reach the grand *finale* of the opera—that is, until you have heard it almost up to the end—there is not one air which, on a first hearing ("Then hear it twice," MESSRS. MANSELL will reply) makes the public head wag, the hand beat time, and the foot irresistibly move to the "go" of the music. This is reserved for the *finale*, which is, simply, a very effective waltz, and which, by the way, was some years since arranged by MR. MUSGRAVE, and rendered more funnily and effectively than in *Chilpéric*, as the *finale* to the burlesque of *Paris* at the Strand.

Commend us to MONSIEUR MARIUS. Now, here is one of those singing young gentlemen of whom we have not the like in England, and whose place in burlesque is invariably filled by some vivacious actress. We haven't got a young man on the stage who can take either M. HERVÉ's place or that of M. MARIUS—that is, a fair tenor who is also a comic actor—more of a "droll" than a comedian. The counterpart of M. MARIUS is common in France and Italy: he has no existence here except disguised as the "The Great VANCE," or some other distinguished "Champion Comic." We trust that, as MR. TOM TAYLOR's play of *Axe and Crown* at the Queen's may inaugurate the Historical at the expense of the Hysterical Drama, so *Chilpéric* at the Lyceum may incite some of our mute, inglorious Offenbachs and Hervés to come to the front, and that the example set in this new venture of *doing things well* may be sufficiently successful, commercially, to "encourage the performance" in the future.

One word as to the Orchestra. Capital: and conducted by MR. MUSGRAVE, himself a composer of two successful English *opéras bouffes*, of no great pretension, it is true, but full of tune, musical fun, and the true spirit of burlesque. The ballet is pretty and intelligent: they can not only dance in time, but sing well in tune. By "the ballet" we specially mean *King Chilpéric's Pages*.

We subjoin, as is our wont, our own peculiar dramatic notice of "on and off" the stage; and we could not help noticing that many a hint came from amateurs and *dilletanti*, which M. HERVÉ might perhaps have heard without pleasure, but on which he would, probably, have acted after calm reflection. Wishing the enterprise all success, we take our seat in the stalls.

IN THE THEATRE.

SCENE.—Entrance to Stalls; then the Stalls.

Official Stall-keeper (hands programme, which Cheerful Gentleman, who has come in late, accepts). Take your coat, Sir? (Takes his coat, Sir, and gives him numbered ticket, Sir)—and hat, Sir?

Cheerful Gentleman (as if he'd rather part with his life than this, answers fiercely). No.

[Is about to enter Stalls, under the impression that he can walk at once to his. Suddenly finds himself between the *Opéra bouffe* in full swing, which has just commenced, and crowded Stalls, all intent on the performance—Foresees a difficulty.]

Official Box-keeper (pointing out the Stall, middle of middle row, which Cheerful Gentleman has selected a week ago as the best place in the house.) There it is, Sir. Take for the programme, Sir?

Cheerful Gentleman (with unobtrusive humour, as the question is put to him in this form) No, thank you.

[Stall-keeper nonplussed, offers book of the piece, which is politely refused. Cheerful man begins to fly from Stall-keeper over toes, and amid the somethings, not loud but deep, to his Stall in the middle. As he goes along sideways, like a crab, he mutters to gentlemen and ladies—Beg pardon—(toes)—beg pardon—(kicks a

hat. This is an awful outrage, and leaves its owner, looking after the destroyer of his nap, scowling and caressing the hat with his elbow, and growling out something about "He wishes people would, &c., &c.")—pardon—(catches in lady's dress)—a thousand pardons—to a lady's cloak which, being caught in the buttons of his tails by its fringe, he has dragged along with him—owner, an elderly lady, four stalls off, is under the impression it's a new dodge of the *Stroll Mob*. At last he arrives, and sits down with a satisfied air, as much as to say, "Now then, we'll see what's going on," which he can't, because he suddenly discovers that he's dropped his bill. Says "bother!" to himself, and tries to look over his neighbour's programme. Neighbour surly. Cheerful man recognises friends and nods, as if assuring them of his own safety, and of the gratification that they must feel on having been seen by him.

Lounger (to a Friend, after hearing M. Marius for some time). What's he say?

Cynical Friend. Don't know.

Lounger (after hearing M. Hervé in the Second Act). What's he say?

Cynical Friend. Don't know. But judging from what we have heard of the libretto, one doesn't lose anything.

Lounger (smiles with a vague feeling that something deep is meant). Ah! What's it all about? (He asks this in the First Scene of Act III.)

Cynical Friend (referring to Programme). *Chilpéric*, I believe.

Lounger (under the impression he is being chaffed). Thank you.

Judicious Person (behind Cheerful one). HERVÉ's like what FECHTER must have been in his first stage of English, eh?

Cheerful Friend. Yes. FECHTER thinned, and set to music.

Judicious Person. If HERVÉ and MARIUS would only speak slower, one could understand them.

Amateur (to Critic). They manage their voices well, don't they?

Critic (sarcastically). Their what? (Amateur is abashed. Critic dogmatizes graciously.) Miss MUR is a very good contralto for this theatre. The little lady from the Conservatoire sings very nicely, and so does the Druidess.

Irish Lady (to two of her party). Be my faith now, I think it delightful. (Applauds vehemently with her fan.) I could see it every night in the week, and oftener. What do you think, SIR THOMAS?

Sir Thomas. Well—yes—I—the ballet's good. (The Cançan is now going on, end of Act II, in which all join.)

Irish Lady. Good!!! (Pauses for words to express the admiration of the Cançan, and finds them.) Sure I think it classic and volupshus. (Settles SIR THOMAS.)

End of Act II. Vociferous applause for the dance. [N.B. Cançan spirit-edly danced; no vulgarity. M. HERVÉ is a wonderful man, author, composer, actor, singer, dancer.] Calls for "HARVEY, HERVÉ, MARRY'US," &c. Enter before the Curtain all the principal Characters. Calls continued. Enter before the curtain THE ENTIRE BALLET. Calls continued. Enter all the "EXTRA LADIES" apparently. Roars of laughter. Calls discontinued. (Fact.)

Lounger (who has been an habitué of the Theatres for years). Well, I never saw that before in any theatre. If they'd gone on calling, I suppose we'd have had out the "supers" next, and then the carpenters, and then the stage-door keeper. What a pity they forgot the Chorus.

Inane Person (coming out of his Stall). Charming! isn't it? So Parisian!

Lounger. H'm! Have you seen this in Paris, eh?

Inane Person. In Paris? No—at least—that is—(makes up his mind to tell the truth and escape.) No. (Escapes.)

Country Visitor (in Pit). So that's MARIUS, is it? Well, I've often heard talk of him singing at Covent Garden, and I'm glad I've seen him, though he don't look his age. I s'pose that's Italian he's talking. (Lives for the rest of his life under the firm conviction that he has heard the great MARIO in "*Chilpéric*.")

Last Act. Charming *Finale*.

Lounger (to Friend in Lobby). Yes: something novel about it.

Cheerful Friend. There are no tunes that one can take away, except the last. [Begins humming it.]

Cynical Person (stopping him). And for goodness' sake don't rob them of that.

Critic. I've got a notion for a serious opera. I'd cast it with FECHTER, BANDMANN, HERR FORMES, MARIUS, HERVÉ, MADAME CELESTE, and STELLA COLAS, and if I could only get SCHNEIDER to go in for a course of English before breakfast, wouldn't it draw? Allons to PADDY's and high art. [Exeunt omnes.]

A Stronger Way of Putting It.

WRITING from Rome, a Correspondent states that—

"The principle of the Pope's temporal power is to be asserted by a canon."

This may be very well, but it strikes us that the principle of any temporal power might be far more forcibly asserted by a cannon.



PLEASURES OF FOX-HUNTING.

(DELIGHTFUL FOR SHINER, WHO HAS COME FROM TOWN ON PURPOSE TO SHOW HIMSELF AT A SWELL MEET)

Voice in the Fog. "FOR-RAD ON, SIR! 'OUNDS REET AWAY THIS HALF- HOUR. YE MUN LOOK SHARP TO CATCH 'EM NOW!"

THE WORST OF DRUNKENNESS.

"DRUNKENNESS is bad enough in a man, but in a woman"—moralists who have got thus far generally want words to say what it is and complete their sentence. They mean to say that female drunkenness is very much worse than male. That being granted, good people, please consider the subjoined extract from a report of the talk uttered at the Mechanics' Institute, Halifax, the other day, where a deputation from the Halifax Licensed Victuallers' League, or rather, apparently, Anti-Licensed Victuallers' League, waited on Mr. STANSFELD, M.P., to urge the imposition of new restrictions upon the Liquor Trade. MR. STANSFELD having expressed the incontrovertible opinion that it was better for the working-man to drink his own wine and beer at home than go to the public-house for it:—

"MR. EDMONSON remarked that, coincident with the introduction of MR. GLADSTONE's Act, the drunkenness of women had gone on increasing. In Halifax that was lamentably the case.

"MR. STANSFELD thought the question was an important one for consideration, if the statistics were reliable. But statistics were very apt to deceive. He should like to know if the peculiar drunkenness described had arisen from the consumption of light wines.

"MR. EDMONSON said he was enabled to state from experience that many women now obtained drink at grocers' shops who never drank before, and who would not be seen in a public-house."

The exalted opinion which every right-minded man entertains of the more delicate sex renders it difficult to believe that women as well as men are apt to be induced to get drunk by facilities for drunkenness. One would like to know whether MR. EDMONSON is prepared to substantiate his statement to that effect by affidavit, and also if the following would be adhered to under the same obligation:—

"A WORKING-MAN remarked that one part of the evil was this:—the woman who necessarily had charge of the ordinary duties of an establishment bought drink under a fictitious name, and was assisted in the operation by the facilities which MR. GLADSTONE's Act afforded. The result was that the

wives of working-men were more drunkenly inclined than they used to be, and the industrious artisan had to bear all the expense."

Admit for the sake of argument—with a shudder, of course, at the mere imagination of the possibility that any but a very few exceptional women in the lowest station in life are ever in the least degree the worse for liquor—that "women who never drank before," as MR. EDMONSON unreservedly said, now obtain "drink" at grocers' shops, inasmuch that the "drunkenness" of women has "gone on increasing," and, as the WORKING-MAN who followed him declared, in terms of equal coarseness, peculiarly and painfully idiomatic, that the wives of working-men are now "more drunkenly inclined than they used to be." What would follow? That if the agitators for the closure of public-houses could effect their purpose, they would necessarily occasion an increase of intemperance—too gross a word even that to use, though merely in hypothetical relation to angelic beings—among women! As it was forcibly and familiarly, but with shocking vulgarity, once put by an outspoken Man of the People, "the Missus would take to sucking at the gin-bottle in the cupboard."

"True," the United Kingdom Alliance might answer. "Then abolish the Liquor Trade altogether. No more Château Margaux! No more Chambertin, Beaune, Pownard, Château d'Yquem! No more Hock or Champagne of any description! Cakes if you like, but no more Ale!"

Friends, how many of you are prepared to affirm all these negations with "Hooray!"? Don't you think the best Liquor Law would be one like the hydrostatic law by which liquors, left to themselves, find their own level!

The Right Man for the Work.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY's new suffragan is the venerable EDWARD PARRY. We cannot conceive a more appropriate name for a functionary whose work may be best described as "parrying" the unceasing assaults on DR. TAIT's time and temper.

"A GRIEF TOO DEEP FOR THIERS."—The French Treaty.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

First Visit to the Baths.—I choose the nearest baths, not the Kaiserbad, which is the largest and grandest, and where the baths form part of the hotel.

Am received by a courteous elderly lady and her daughter, who look as if I was the last person they had expected to see.

Happy Thought.—Say what I've come for. A few baths. Will I take them all at once, which is cheaper, or not? I don't quite understand: possibly because I am talking French (in English), and they are speaking the same language (in German). Becoming intelligible to one another, I ascertain that their question is one of tickets. I take a lot, recklessly, paying I don't know quite how much, in thalers. Elderly lady smiles encouragingly on me, and asks me if I will descend the steps? If they lead to the baths, yes. They do. Elderly lady sounds a bell. I descend, and pass through the glass folding-doors into a passage with whitewashed walls and ceiling, and a row of small doors on either side.

First Impression.—Prison on the Silent System.

A small, fresh-faced man, in a chronic state of mild perspiration, looking, in his white jacket and apron, something like a superior French cook without a cap, appears before me, and says—

"Good morning, sare."

Happy Thought.—Bath-man speaks English: in case the bath shouldn't agree with me, useful. "Which bard?" he asks, laconically, and allows me to look in at the doors of several cells. No prisoners in just now. Attendant shakes his head. "Late for bard (*bath*)," he says. "Twenty, dirty, men's season." From which I readily gather, that in the season, which is now almost past (there are three days more of it) the baths are full.

Finding that I don't make up my mind on the subject, he settles it for me peremptorily, and showing me into a cell, observes, "Nice bard," and shakes his head solemnly, as much as to say, "You couldn't get a better than this, if you tried ever so much." The compartment I am in, is a small undressing-room of the very plainest description: either a cell, as struck me at first, in a prison, or in the monastery of a very ascetic order.

Happy Thought.—The Bathing Monks. Never were any, I fancy. Good idea. Might suggest it to ecclesiastical authorities.

The bath is where the sitting-room would be if these were lodgings with apartments *en suite*.

At first sight there appears to be a sort of scum on the water, which suggests my remark to the attendant. "Dirty!"

He smiles. "Goot," he replies. "Dirty; goot," and dips a large thermometer into the bath.

This doesn't satisfy me as to its cleanliness. On the wall is a notice, informing the visitor that he has a right to insist upon seeing the bath prepared in his presence, by order of the Committee.

I draw the attendant's attention to this, and then pointing to the bath, I shake my head, and say emphatically, and with an air of disgust, "Dirty!"

Happy Thought.—Wish MR. PAYNE, the pantomimist, were here. Wonder how he'd explain my meaning to the attendant.

The man nods in reply, "Yah so; dirty; hot," which is not a cheering view. I've seen "Third Class" written up over the doors of Baths and Wash-houses in London. It strikes me that mine will be something of this sort unless I can explain that I do insist upon its being prepared in my presence.

Happy Thought.—My Conversation-Book is in my pocket. Difficult to find the correct place at once, so as to exactly suit the occasion.

Open quickly, and come upon

The Chandler *Der Lichtzieher.*

The Chimney Sweeper . . . *Der Kaminfeger.*

No; that won't do. Still it will be useful to know where to find the Chandler and Chimney-Sweeper when I do want them another time.

Happy Thought.—Mark the place. Look at Index for "Bath," "Dirty," and "Clean."

Is the Index at the end or beginning?

Look at the end. No. Only "Models for Notes." "Note on not finding a person at home." "Note of invitation." "Note of apology."

Happy Thought.—Mark these. Useful another time. Index in beginning. Under what heading? Don't know. Begin at the beginning. Bother: it's not alphabetical, and it occupies four pages of small print.

The attendant is busy preparing my bath.

I run my eye and finger quickly down the first page of "Contents."

Happy Thought.—It ought to be dis-contents. (N.B. Work this up; do for something of SHERIDAN's or SIDNEY SMITH's: more like SMITH.)

"Fractions, Army, Ammunition." Hang ammunition! "Time, Man." I pause here. Man.

Happy Thought.—Look out Man. Perhaps find "Bath-man" under that heading. No; on reflection, it's "dirty" and "clean" that I

want. Go on again with Index: "Reptiles, Insects, Maladies, Kitchen, Cellar, Servants, Mountains, Rivers, Agricultural Implements." Hang these things! Where are Adjectives, good strong Adjectives? "Affirmative Phrases, Negative Phrases." This is nearer, warm, as children say in hide-and-seek. "Ecclesiastical Dignities." Cold again. "Music." Absolutely chilly. "Field Sports." Oh, bother! Ha! "Imperative Phrases." Warmer. "With a Woollen Draper." Lost it once more. "A Lady at her Toilet." Toilet may be of some use to me now. "The Master before getting up."

Happy Thought.—Look out Imperative Phrases. Lady at Toilet, and Before getting up. Combine some words for present use.

The attendant has finished. The bath is steaming. "Nice bard," he says. "Nice; hot; dirty." Here he points to 30° Réaumur on the thermometer.

Happy Thought.—I understand him at last. He thought I wanted the bath at thirty, what he calls dirty.

No: DR. CASPAR particularly said 27°.

Happy Thought.—Point to that number on Thermometer. Hit myself on the chest, frown, say "No no, Nein Nein, Ich wünsch (I mean I want) twenty-seven. Doctor order."

"Not dirty?" he asks, in astonishment.

"Nein, Nein," I reply, we are beginning to understand one another beautifully. "I said dirty, not thirty"—pause to let him digest this. He is intelligent. He smiles. "Ah!" he says, and pulls a huge wooden plug out of the bath, I suppose to alter the temperature.

Happy Thought.—While he is busy look out *The Master before getting up*. Here it is—"PETER what o'clock is it?" "Will you shave?" No. Ah, here, "You must give me my cotton stockings with my boots and my kerseymere trousers"—pretty dress! "Give me my boots, as the streets must be dirty." Dirty—here we are. [N.B. German manners and customs deduced from Conversation-Book; *ev. gr.* if the weather hadn't been dirty, he'd have gone out without his boots.] "Dirty" is *Schmutzig*.

Happy Thought.—"Das Wasser in dem Bad ist Schmutzig."

He is indignant. To prove his assertion of its cleanliness he takes a handful and drinks it. *Solvitur bibendo*. I am satisfied.

The bath is ready—and so am I. A voice, resounding beneath the small dome, whence daylight comes in, calls out something.

"Kommen," replies the attendant, and leaves me to my bath. I am to stop in half an hour, and forty minutes if I can do so. Now to commence.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

"It is proposed to give all Railway Whistles a musical pitch."

THIS is, or rather will be, a good hearing for excruciated travellers, tortured householders forced to live near stations, and terrified cattle pasturing in fields adjoining lines of railway, and we record the announcement with a note of satisfaction. The various Companies will, we are sure, act in concert, as is their usual practice, and adopt a uniform pitch for all the whistles in the Kingdom; holding for this purpose a Harmonic Meeting, at which the question will be settled without the interruption of a single discordant voice. One thing the Directors must not do—whatever expense may be incurred in giving the Engines, their Drivers, and Firemen a musical education, it must not be made a pretext for raising the fares; that would be paying too dear for our whistle.

If the Costermongers, the Dustmen, and the vendors of various indispensable commodities in our cheerful and exquisitely clean streets and thoroughfares, could be taught to use their voices in a melodious manner, everybody's comfort and tranquillity would be greatly increased in this happy Metropolis.

A MUCH NEEDED LESSON.

"CHIEF-JUSTICE COCKBURN, in ordering the rule to be made absolute for a *mandamus* to the Election Commissioners at Bridgewater to grant Mr. LOVIBOND his certificate of indemnity, passed a bitter censure on the Commissioners—clearly singling out MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY—for their brow-beating of the witness. MR. ANSTEY had accused MR. LOVIBOND of giving his evidence in a disgraceful manner. The Chief Justice said the word 'disgraceful' was not inopportune, but he did not think it was to the witness that it ought to be applied. JUSTICES LUSH, BLACKBURN and MELLOR concurred."—*Notes of Cases in Q. B.*

CHISHOLM ANSTEY has got what the Ring calls a "smeller."

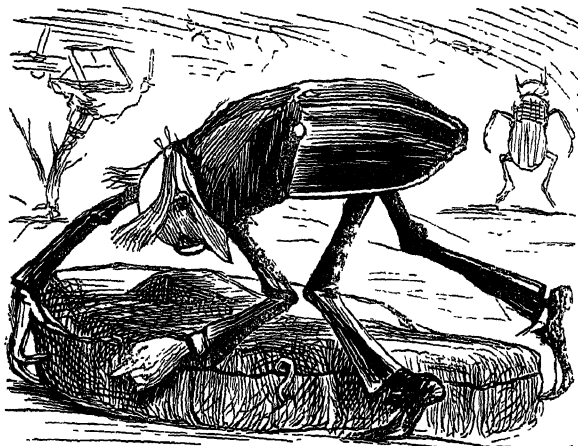
From CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN, LUSH, BLACKBURN and MELLOR: May the lesson teach all, who of brow-beating sort are, That the Bath Guide's by no means a Guide at Bridgewater.

CURIOUS OMISSION.—Every Cardinal is now in Rome except the Cardinal—Virtues.

THE JOCKEY CLUB PERFUME.—Essence of Horse-radish.

THE INSECT WORLD.

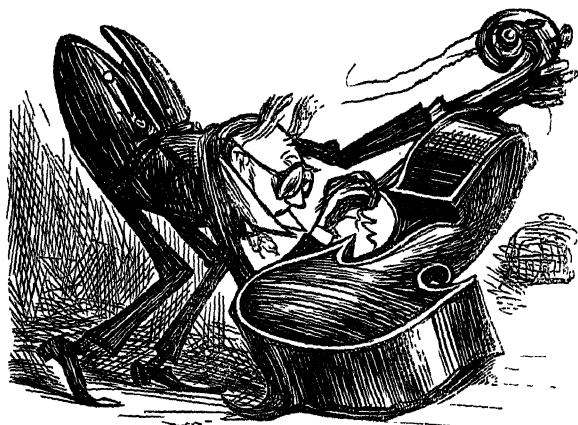
STRUGGLE BETWEEN A RUMBLER (THE *GOLIATHUS GRUNTATOR* OF *VIOLINNEUS*) AND A SCRAPER-BEETLE (*SCARABÆUS PERFORMATURUS DOLENTER*).



THE SCRAPER ATTACKS AND OPENS THE COCOON OF THE RUMBLER.



THE RUMBLER EMERGES FROM THE COCOON, TEMPTED BY A BIT OF ROSIN.



THE SCRAPER SEIZES THE *Gruntator*, TWISTS IT ROUND, AND TIES ITS LONG WIRY ANTENNAE TO ITS TAIL.



THE SCRAPER-BEETLE DELICATELY TWISTS THE MANDIBLES OF THE RUMBLER.



THE SCRAPER-BEETLE THROTTLES THE *Gruntator*, AND SCRAPES IT VIOLENTLY ACROSS THE THORAX AND ABDOMEN.



THE *Gruntator Goliathus* FALLS BACK ON ITS EXHAUSTED ANTAGONIST. A SCREECHER (*Flageoleticus acutus*) GAZES ON THE PROSTRATE GIANTS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

AN APOLOGY FOR TATTERSALL'S.

WHY should not TATTERSALL'S Betting Office be prohibited by statute as well as any other? Not only because it is a private Club. There is also a political reason for tolerating every establishment which, like that of MESSRS. TATTERSALL, affords facilities for betting in high life. The usefulness of such institutions is illustrated by the cases of

Dukes and other Noblemen from time to time ruined by their connection with the Turf. The prevalence of gambling on race-horses amongst the nobility, whilst occasioning no robbery of employers, tends to reduce the privileged classes to the common level, and restore the balance of Society.

MOTTO FOR FRENCH RED REPUBLICANS OF 1870.—*Rouge et "Noir."*

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.



AS SHAKESPEARE vaccinated? This important question which has hitherto been a matter of considerable doubt, and the origin of a good deal of virulent controversy amongst antiquaries, is at last satisfactorily answered by a letter which has been recently discovered in a very unlikely spot—in Spain—amongst the Simancas MSS. It was written by DR. RADCLIFFE, the physician who taught QUEEN ANNE how to eat asparagus, and addressed to LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, the *bel esprit* who introduced the artichoke into this country from Jerusalem, and inoculated the leaders of fashion with a taste for that esculent; and in it the Doctor states that his grandfather, who was an eminent paper-hanger at Stratford-upon-Avon, remembered being told by his old nurse that her first husband's great aunt distinctly recollected stroking, when a girl, the cow—dun, with a white face—to which “the Swan of Avon” was indebted for his preservation from the dangerous and disfiguring malady then so rife in England. This old lady, the great aunt of the first husband of the nurse of the grandfather of DR. RADCLIFFE, who lived to be ninety-five, averred that the cow she remembered fondling was always called “Shakespeare's Cow,” and was treated with the greatest respect and the choicest fodder; and that at the Stratford “Jubilee” a tuft of hair from its tail was formed into a bracelet, and presented, with a complimentary address on vellum, by the Mayor and Corporation to MRS. GARRICK, who by will bequeathed it to the Beef-Steak Club, enclosed in a box made out of a piece of the mahogany tree, under which SHAKESPEARE used to sit and smoke and drink mulled Canary with BEN JONSON and SIR THOMAS LUCY, before the battle of La Hogue.

This interesting letter will shortly be published (it is in cipher, but fortunately the key is in the possession of the Ironmongers' Company) with a preface, prolegomena, introduction, copious variorum notes, including some ingenious but entirely conjectural emendations, appendixes, and indexes, and with illustrations and fac-similes produced by the new chromophotolithotopyxilographic process. A few copies will be struck off on large paper and appropriately bound in calf, for presentation to various learned and scientific bodies at home and abroad.

In that delightful book for a drizzling day, the *Diversions of Purley*—the only book, JOHNSON said that ever led him to neglect his mother-in-law, and in which, by the way, the earliest mention of croquet occurs—HORNE TOOKE first broached the startling theory that the tap-root of the Anglo-Saxon tongue is *not* to be found in the great Aryan family of languages, as HELIOGABALUS and the learned JUAN FERNANDEZ maintained, but in the Syro-Phœnician group, discovered by COLUMBUS in one of the Pacific oceans, immediately upon the revival of learning in the mountain fastnesses of the Zollverein.

The aboriginal tin-plate workers introduced this language into Cornwall towards the close of a fine afternoon in the dark ages, and from thence it spread rapidly over the entire island, until it reached the ears of the Romans who in their coracles, under the command of CINCINNATUS—his descendants subsequently emigrated to the New World and there founded Cincinnati—had then recently discovered Bristol and the Severn salmon, but a few miles from the spot where the missing books of LIVY were lost in a gale off the Land's End.

There is no doubt that SHENSTONE knew who the author of *Junius* was, and that if he had lived a few years longer he would not have destroyed the repository of the secret—the little shagreen casket which, to the great chagrin of all interested in this the unsolved problem of our Literature, the author of *The Schoolmistress* committed to the flames, while sitting in the dining-parlour of the Leasowes with WILKES and LORD LYTTLETON over their walnuts and wine, the night WARREN HASTINGS came home from India, with portmanteaus of rupees, and met SIR PHILIP FRANCIS in a pouring rain under Temple Bar, returning from a dinner-party at LORD GEORGE SACKVILLE's, in Grafton Street.

SHENSTONE always slept with the little casket under his pillow, a loaded blunderbuss and a watchman's rattle on the coverlet, and a night-light burning on the mantel-piece. A bloodhound lay crouching on a cocoa-nut mat outside the chamber-door, and two military pensioners from the nearest market-town patrolled the shrubberies, and tried the doors of the house every hour during the night.

MORNING ENVELOPES.—DRESSING GOWNS.

GOOD NEWS FOR BAD TRAVELLERS.

MY DEAR SMITH,
Has your wife seen this?—

“PROFESSOR TYNDALL asserts that, by means of cotton wool, air as pure as that of the Alps, may be brought into the chamber of the invalid.”

Men like you and me, who hate the bore of travelling, may surely feel rejoiced at this comforting intelligence. No more need in future to take our wives to Switzerland when their health requires recruiting. A bit of cotton wool will answer all the purpose of a journey to Chamounix. Although throughout the season she appears robust and vigorous, it is usual for my wife to become an invalid about the first of August, and to discover that pure Alpine air is absolutely needful to save her from complete and permanent prostration. Now, thanks to dear friend TYNDALL, instead of taking tickets for Lucerne or Geneva, I shall merely get a respirator made of cotton wool, and thus enable my poor invalid to breathe as much pure air as she considers to be needful. If she requires some mounting exercise as well as mountain air, she can exert herself by making the ascent of Primrose Hill, or mounting to the summit of St. Paul's when she thinks proper. If we cotton to the plan of using cotton wool to breathe through, we may dine cosily at home throughout the month of August, instead of being plagued by noisy foreign *tables d'hôte*; and although we miss the sight of some pleasant mountain scenes, we shall also miss the sight of the unpleasant bills incurred for the privilege of seeing them.

With a hope that MRS. SMITH may thank me for the hint, I remain
hers, most devotedly,
JEREMIAH HUNKS.

POUNDERS STERLING.

If it were really a truth that the “sperrits” ever do, under conditions, rap out answers to questions propounded to them by people in the flesh, we should like to ask one of them, renowned in its earthly day, what it thinks of the statement which follows, extracted from a letter written by MAJOR PALLISER to the *Times* on the rivalry between pointed chilled shot and shot of flat-headed steel:—

“The late controversy cost the country £30,000, although it was confined to 12-pounders and 70-pounders. I would ask, what will be the cost when 600-pounders are at stake? Every round fired from the 70-pounder cost about 17s.; every round shot fired from the 600-pounder would cost £8 or £9.”

There once existed, “in the form,” as Yankee Mediums say, a certain Spirit that might have been called the Spirit of Public Economy. Is that Spirit present—the Spirit of JOSEPH HUME? If so, will that dear spirit be so obliging as to rap the table and say what it thinks of blazing away sums of from seventeen shillings to nine pounds in artillery experiments at one bang, and not a single enemy killed, or a farthing's worth of enemy's property destroyed to show for it?

No answer—of course not. It needs no ghost from the grave to tell us what fools we should be to allow our money to be fired away at that rate in unnecessary experiments, yet what still greater fools to shirk trying any such experiments, if necessary. The known ability to sink an enemy's fleet may save us the expense of having to do so at nine pounds a shot.

But where will the increasing cost of projectiles stop? By-and-by, perhaps, we shall talk of six hundred-pounders meaning guns costing £600 every discharge. Every gun will fire away a little fortune at a time, enough to make a wife and several children happy. But then what nation will be able to afford war?

CABBY THE CORSAIR.

THUS spoke the Cabman, a frantic halloo,
“Up with the false flag, and down with the true;
Sixpence a mile only stands for my doo,”
“Driver, how much?” “Sir, I'll leave it to you.”

“Threaten my licence no more to renew—
Threaten me fine and imprisonment too.
Blow that ere Hact as I'll drive right slap through.
Up with the false flag and down with the true!”

Chinese Customs and Chinese Tails.

EVERYBODY knows that Chinamen wear tails, and attach a high value to them. But few may be aware that these caudal appendages are actually the measure of value in the Flowery Land. In the Chinese Revenue Accounts just published, the value of duties on imports is put down at 3,157,445 taels, that on exports at 4,879,045 taels, and that on native goods charged for home consumption, 1,634,900 taels! No wonder chignons are expensive articles!



"NOTHING IN THE PAPERS?!"

Willie (reading from the "Times"). "OH, JOHNNY, HERE'S A JOLLY LARK!—A SCHOOLMASTER HAD UP FOR LICKING A BOY!"

Johnny (in ecstasy). "OH, I SAY, LET'S SEE! READ IT OUT, LOUD!!"

MINISTRIES AND MOBS.

Does the French Government deserve to be called Liberal? That depends upon what you mean by the term. Says the *Post*, very truly:—

"If it is understood to mean permission to mobs to have their own way, to contemn the established authority, and to dictate to the more respectable portion of the community, then the present Administration of France is not deserving of being called Liberal, and the Premier is, of all others, the least inclined to claim for it that title."

What then shall we say of a Government which did let mobs have their own way, hold seditious meetings, push down park rails, march in menacing processions through the streets, and dictate to the more respectable portion of the community in so far as they could? Shall we call it a Liberal Government? With a qualification. Let us say Liberal Conservative. Such a Government, in existence three years ago, preceded that which is now promoting the happiness and prosperity of the United Kingdom. Of the sort of Government which M. OLLIVIER'S is not, and the late DERBY Administration was, the *Post* goes on to observe:—

"But in truth no such Government is to be found in the world."

Let us hope so. MR. GLADSTONE rules in Downing Street—MR. WALPOLE weeps there no more. The present Home Secretary does not, perhaps, cry when he should act; but if MR. BRUCE differed from his penultimate predecessor more decidedly than in not crying at such times, we should be the better able to trust that in truth the world contains no such Government as one by which mobs are, or would be on occasion, allowed to have their own way, and riot and create terror and alarm in the minds of HER MAJESTY'S subjects uncontrolled.

Chemical Nobility.

A MOVEMENT is said to be going on in Saltaire with the view of raising a testimonial to SIR TITUS SALT; a marble statue some propose, to be erected in Saltaire Park, in commemoration of his good deeds, public and private, and of his elevation to a Baronetcy. In conferring distinction on a meritorious gentleman the Government, while they were about it, might have made it a Peerage. SIR TITUS SALT, even now, might be promoted to the House of Lords, by the title of BARON CHLORIDE OF SODIUM.

THE MISSION OF THE MAYORS.

(To the Air of "The Battle of the Baltic.")

OF MERCIER and the Mayors
Sing the glorious day's renown,
Interviewing, at low fares,
Him that wears the Belgian crown;
While "the Casket" in the front proudly shone!
Many Mayors, each wife in hand,
Braving nausea, left the land;
And GOURLEY, brave and bland,
Led them on!

Mayors are but men, afloat.
O'er the bulwarks in the brine
Many were the accounts cast up
Ere they reached the Calais line;
It was twelve of Tuesday morn by the chime!
As they steamed upon their path,
Many a Mayor looked pale as death,
And e'en GOURLEY held his breath—
For a time!

BRITANNIA might have blush'd
O'er her Mayors so grim and green,
While the steward fleetly rushed
On his ministry unclean.
Once a joke gallant GOURLEY had begun—
But he scarce had oped his lips
When the steamer's rolls and dips
Cast inelegant eclipse
O'er his fun!

Again! Again! Again!
And the heaving did not slack,
Though his feeble joke, in vain,
Here and there a Mayor would crack—
MERCIER'S mirth along the deck slowly booms;
But what joking can avail
'Gainst sick Mayoresses' wail,
Or of prostrate Mayors and pale
Light the gloom?

Out-spoke bold GOURLEY then:
"Is 't thus Britons should behave?
If you're Mayors, be also men!
With Mounseer your credit save!
Lo, at Calais, in smooth water, now we swing!"
Straight each Mayor was on his feet,
And each Mayoress—scarce so neat,
As when starting *en visite*
To a King!

Calais buffet brought relief,
Terra-firma brought repose,
And with GOURLEY, Mayor-in-chief,
Off the Mayors' mail-train goes,
And Brussels safely wins, at close of day.
Where when Mayor and Mayress 'light,
Thanks to ANSPACH the polite,
They, in gratis flies stowed tight,
Drive away!

Now joy, old England, raise,
That the glory of thy Mayors
From Hôtel de Ville ablaze
To Laëken's Palace flares—
The Casket has been giv'n, address read o'er!
At the King they've had a peep,
Done the Belgian lions cheap,
Been ball'd and op'ra'd deep,
Fed galore!

Brave Mayors,—your country's pride,
Who at MERCIER'S summons flew,
And the Channel waves defied,
Belgium's King to "interview,"
May BRITANNIA, on your way home, rule the wave;
Or, if the steamer rolls,
You've the glory that consoles
The stomachs and the souls
Of the brave!

THE POETRY OF WINTER.—Rime Frost.



"A MOST BECOMING WREATH, MY LADY!—ALLOW ONE OF MY YOUNG PERSONS TO PUT IT ON. THERE! YOU CAN NOW SEE HOW WELL IT WOULD BECOME YOUR LADYSHIP!"

NEW CAB REGULATIONS.

FURTHER improvements in our Street Cabs are understood to be contemplated at Scotland Yard, and the Home Office. The following are a few of them:—

1. The Tickets to be printed on toned paper, and scented like play-bills. When presenting them to ladies, Cabmen always to wear gloves—white Berlin in Summer, buff dogskin in Winter.
2. Foot-warmers to be provided in cold weather. Sunblinds to be affixed to the windows. The floor to be covered with a handsome carpet.
3. Cabmen to supply themselves with the daily papers and weekly comic periodicals for the accommodation of passengers; but not to demand more than the stated prices.
4. At the annual inspection, Cabmen to appear in their best clothes, with boots nicely blacked, and a flower in the button-hole.
5. Cabmen to be encouraged to mount flags of elegant shape and æsthetic design, and to wear ornamental badges on their persons. Decorative patterns to be prepared by the Students at South Kensington.
6. When Children are carried, Cabmen always to assist them to alight, and to be very particular with the baby.
7. Every Cabman to be provided with a Map of London and MURRAY'S *Handbook* for the information of foreigners, and each Stand to have at least one Cab with a driver familiar with the French Language.
8. In case of a dispute as to the legal fare, the Cabman not to be allowed to remain out in the cold, but to be asked into the Hall, and offered a seat. One of the boys always loitering about in the streets, to be employed to stand at the horse's head while the driver is indoors. Boys engaged in this service will be required to wear a badge or plate in their caps, on which a reasonable charge is to be legibly inscribed, either in black letters on a white ground, or in white letters on a black ground.
9. MR. BRUCE, COLONEL HENDERSON, and Mr. *Punch* always to ride free.

— INSTANCES OF WRETCHED LEGISLATION.—Our Poor Laws.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE.

IN "Evenings from Home" last week, in the course of an account of *Chilpéric* at the Lyceum, the name of the popular French dance *cancan* was spelt *cançan*; that is, *with* the cedilla, instead of without it. This was no clerical error, but was intended to convey a profundity of humour which only one enlightened person discovered (and he proudly wrote to say so)—that the *cancan* is so much *softened down* at the Lyceum as to merit the order of the Cedilla. In fact it is a drawing-room *Cancan* (we hope it is *drawing* without the room, as SHERIDAN said—ahem!), and it would be well if, henceforth, without further explanation, theatrical advertisements, or notices, should adopt the two words *cancan* and *cançan*, as respectively expressing the impropriety or the propriety of the celebrated French dance.

ALL WELL EMPLOYED.

MR. GLADSTONE, we are told, has been felling timber in the recess. His colleagues, it is understood, have been similarly occupied. MR. LOWE has been cutting down the Estimates. LORD CLARENDON has been lopping off excrescences in the Foreign Department. MR. CHILDERS has been hewing away at the Staff of the Dockyards. THE LORD CHANCELLOR has been busy amongst the branches of his profession. MR. CARDWELL has been retrenching. MR. AYRTON has been using the pruning-knife; and the whole of the Ministers, Mr. *Punch* hopes, have been busy rooting up abuses.

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

JAMES CLIFFORD, a clever ex-artilleryman, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for an offence well known to the Criminal Courts in old days, but new in our own, "sweating" sovereigns. He might plead "reciprocity." Don't the sovereigns sweat *us*?

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

WHAT can you do in a bath? How slowly the time goes! Forty minutes in 26° Réaumur. You can't read with comfort. You can't talk, unless to yourself, which is, I believe, the sure forerunner of madness. If you have some one in the next bath, you can talk to him, if you're acquainted; but even then your conversation is heard by everybody else. No, it's the sulphur silent system and water. But one can't positively lose forty minutes of the day. What can one do in a bath?

Happy Thought.—Think.

This reminds me of the celebrated Parrot. Besides you can think just as well out of the bath; better. Might learn German in my bath. *Might*, and also mightn't.

The Bath is a good place for "wondering." You can wonder what good it will do you? Wonder what's the matter with you? Wonder who's in the next bath? Wonder what the time is? Wonder, if you had a fit, whether you'd be able to seize the bell in time? Wonder if it isn't all humbug? Wonder if it is? Wonder if the Bath-man flew at you with a knife and attacked you, what chance you'd have? Wonder if you might sleep in the bath? Wonder what possible pleasure the Romans found in always bathing? &c., &c., &c.

The Bath-man suddenly looks in. "Time," he says, as if I were going in for another round at a prize-fight. I look at my watch: no, I don't think so. "*Nein.*" I add, with courage, "*Fünf Minuten mehr.*" I mean five minutes more: *mehr* being, of course, Scotch.

He understands me. I am sure there is nothing like dashing boldly into a language.

The gentleman either in the bath next me, or a few doors off, doesn't find any difficulty in amusing himself in the bath. I never heard such a row as he makes. He sings snatches of songs, chiefly Operatic, and never correct, in a stentorian voice. Wish I could silence him. I now have something to do in my bath; to silence this dreadful noise.

The question is, hasn't a man a right to do what he likes in his own bath? Yes. If I may think, he may sing; but, on the other hand—I always like to put the other side of the question fairly to myself: by the way, I generally see the other side better than my own—he may not sing to the obvious prevention of my thinking. My thinking doesn't interfere with anybody; his singing does. Stop, though; if I interfere now, the result of my thinking is evidently that I do interfere with his singing. This assumes quite a casuistical appearance. He is beginning an air from *Norma* that I know by heart. When I say singing, I mean roaring. He gets to the seventh bar, and then pauses, evidently in doubt.

Happy Thought.—To finish it for him.

I do so, with diffidence, and not so loudly as he has been giving it. Pause. This will evidently lead to a struggle, unless he has caved in at the first shot from my battery—I should say, bath-ery. I am allowed to think in peace for about a minute. Then he breaks out again. I believe he has been collecting a *répertoire* during the silence. "*Voici le sabre, le sabre, le sabre!*" &c. He gets into difficulties at the high part—about the fourteenth bar, I should say.

Happy Thought.—His weakness is my opportunity. I come in at the finish, whistling this time. Without waiting, he begins, "*Ah, que j'aime les Militaires!*"

Happy Thought.—Puzzle him. Sing the quick movement in *Italiano in Algeria*, slightly adapted by myself, on the spur of the moment, to the occasion.

He now sings *Largo al factotum* hoarsely, but not merrily; for I detect a certain ferocity in his voice. I must be careful; because, if he is a Prussian officer, he will call me out when he meets me outside.

Happy Thought.—Can say what the Clown does when he's caught by a shopkeeper, "Please, Sir, twasn't me."

Bath-man appears with towels.

"*Fünf Minuten,*" says he. I should say rather say it was; twenty-five minutes, more likely. "Towel: nice varm," he continues, and having dried me carefully in one, he wraps me in another, and leaves me.

Classic dress this. Think of SOCRATES. The Singing Man has holoaed for the bath-attendant, and is evidently preparing to leave.

Happy Thought.—Ring for Bath-man, and (after consulting Conversation-Book and combining my question) ask him who the singing bather is. Can't find "singing" in Conversation-Book. I find "a song:" i.e., *ein Lied*. *Der Herr* is "the gentleman."

Happy Thought.—Recollect having seen in playbills the part of So-and-So, Mr. Blank (with a song). That's the idea. The Bath-man enters. "You ring?"

"Yah. *Wer ist der Herr mit ein Lied?*"

Triumph! only I wish he wouldn't answer me in German. However, I make out that he doesn't know. He merely speaks of him as "*Der andere Mann*;" that is, with a concession to my language, "the other man." There are two men, then, in the bath; one is myself, and the other is *Der andere Mann*.

Fifth Bath Day.—*Der andere Mann* is in the bath every day. I hear him. I never see him. He comes in either just before me, or just after me, and leaves in the same relative proportion of time.

Happy Thought.—The Bathing Box and Cor. Similar in situation, except that we never meet anywhere. I discover that this is one consequence of the Season being terminated. *Der andere Mann* and myself are the only two remaining to bathe in the New Baths. Other bathers go to the Kaiserbad, or to other springs; for there are sulphur springs everywhere in, out of, and round and about Aix.

Sunday.—Visit the Cathedral in the morning. It is crammed full, as, by the way, are all the Churches, apparently at any hour, in Aachen. I am here struck by a most

Tremendous Happy Thought.—A new idea for POPGOOD AND GROOLLY. It is a *Theory of Origination*. It comes to me all at once. It will astonish COLENSO, upset DESCARTES, scatter Darwinian theories, and perhaps create an entire revolution in philosophy and science.

Happy Thought.—Perhaps become a Heresiarch. New sect: *Happy Thinkers*, not Free-Thinkers. Be condemned by the POPE, be collated (or something, whatever it is) by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, denounced by the Chief Imaum, held up to execration by DR. ADLER and the principal Rabbis, pronounced contumacious by the Alexandrine Patriarch, and be anathematised as dangerous by the Grand Lama of Thibet; and, finally, the Book placed on the Index by the Roman Congregation.

Happy Thought.—Splendid advertisement: in large type. New Book, just published, on the Index. Might get *Typical Developments* on the Index; and then, if both could be excluded from MUDIE'S Circulating Library, its fortune and mine, and POPGOOD AND GROOLLY'S, would be made.

Happy Thought.—Write to them, or telegraph at once. Shall give up my baths, and run over to England. Tell DOCTOR CASPAR so. He says, "No; on no account. We must get it out of you." I tell him I feel that it is coming out of me: apparently in the shape of a new heresy, but I don't add this.

DR. MANNING'S FAITH PILL.

(Warranted Infallible.)

SAYS DOCTOR MANNING, in rebuke of Reason, Appeal to History from the POPE is treason. All's Gospel that a Pontiff ever said, But so as the live POPE explains the dead. Say the dead POPE said two and two make five, The live POPE says, "Read four." Believe the live. Suppose a Council e'er called something white, He rules they named it black, and he is right; And when he's dead he'll still be never wrong, Though the next POPE say "'Twas white all along."

Rule inexpugnable, which supersedes All formularies, articles, and creeds, Thus summed. Inquiring minds, no longer search To know what doctrines holds the Roman Church. The papal judgment nothing can deceive; Whate'er the existing POPE believes, believe. To him submit your intellect and will; Give him a blank cheque on your faith, to fill, And cash it when presented, any day, Explicitly, or else as best you may.

There's Life in the Old Doctor yet.

LIVINGSTONE cut up and burnt for a wizard! *Punch* doesn't believe a word of it. He's no more cut up than SIR RODERICK is at this second edition of the Doctor's melancholy catastrophe. No; the Doctor will survive the Congo witchfinders, as he has survived the Mavite marauders; and expose the lies of the Portuguese traders as he has those of the Johanna men. Depend upon it, a Living-Stone is worth two dead men yet, and will comport itself as a Living-Stone should—survive to write its own epitaph.

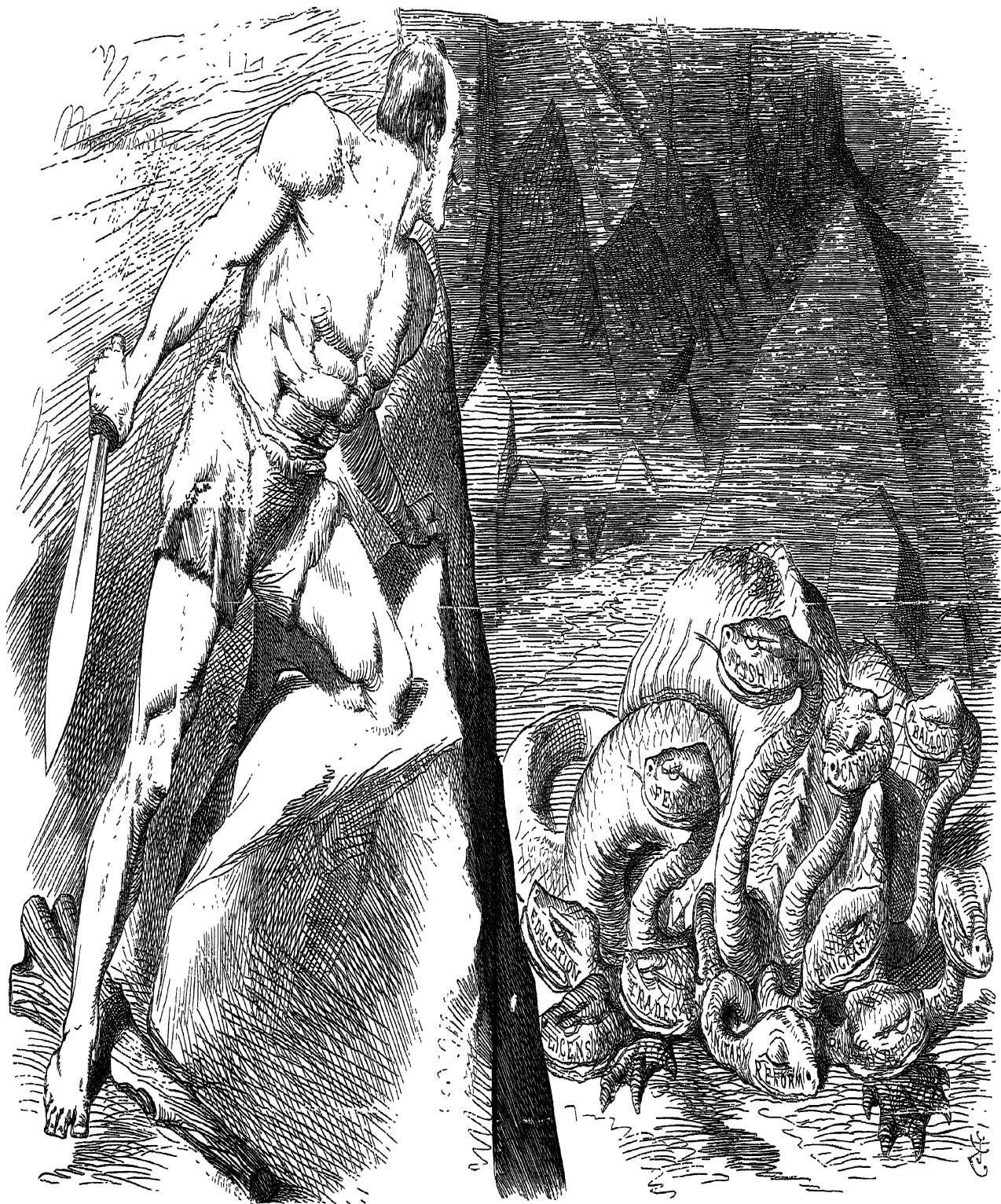
Two Lines.

(On Comparing "*Voici le Sabre*" with "*Draw the Swora, Scotland!*")

THE Tunes that *Offenbach* so sweetly sings,
Bring often back some old familiar things.

TWO JOLLY IMMORTALS.

IN City Articles the newspapers frequently observe that "money is tight." When that is so we may suppose that *Plutus* has been hobnobbing with *Bacchus*.



HERCULES AND THE HYDRA.

WIPING OUT ACADEMY ARREARS.



IGHT heartily do we congratulate MR. VICAT COLE on his election as an Associate of the Royal Academy—the first landscape-painter, we believe, admitted to that honour for the last thirty years.

Well—better late than never. The Royal Academy still owes a heavy debt to landscape-painting, but we are glad it has “posted the coal” in payment of a first instalment. Let us hope that, having begun to discharge its arrears to Landscape Art, the Academy will go on till they are entirely paid off. Meantime, *Vicat Vicat!*

HEADS AND BODIES.

DR. PINEL has been writing to prove that guillotined heads may live three hours after being severed. The *Lancet* says this is all bosh. Besides the deoxydisation of the blood, which must cause unconsciousness in ninety seconds, there is the shock to the nervous system.

Perhaps: and yet there are facts that seem to support DR. PINEL's view. Ask the Conservatives whether

a party may not live months without a head; and ask MR. DISRAELI whether the head of a party may not long survive the completest separation from the party?

ROME AND RAMSBOTHAM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You will be rejoiced to hear that the POPE has exquisitely advertised the Fenians. They are renounced, along with all Secret Societies, against either the Church, or any regularly constipated Government, whether Protestant or Roman Candlestick. The Free Amazons abroad, you know, are tee-totally different from the same bodies at home. With us they give feasts, and it's for the benefit of publicans and dinners; but here they only give trouble, and are always perspiring. KING FIGURE A MANUAL is himself being potted against by these unscrupulous rascals; and if the French left Rome, it's my belief we should all be assessed in our beds, without asking with your leave or without your leave, as the prophet says.

Talking of the POPE, you would like to know I dare say how he is affiliated to the office of Chief Pastime to the Roman Church. It is very simple. Any poor Monk or Fire, or regular or irregular Priest, can be collected to the post. They are in this respect like the French Shoulders, “every man Jack of whom,” as a French genius said, “carries the pattens of a Field Marginal in his keepsake.” The Carnivals all meet in secret cockloft, and each takes a pill, with which he gives his vote in an urn, just as they say the old Romans used to do with beans, which reminds me courteously enough, that tea wasn't properly unknown to the Heathens, or at all events coffee, as they used urns and beans, with which I am told, as also with chickweed, coffee is expensively—but I don't like to use this word; there are some things better left unsaid; and, so far, I agree with the Riddle Commissioners at home about the Lessons from the Topography; but you know what I mean. However, this is only a learned inquisition, and seems rather irreverent to the toothpicks of the present day in Rome.

Of course the principal toothpick here is, whether the POPE is to be declared Invaluable or not. Most lighting Candlesticks that I meet—I mean by this the most belligerent of them—say that it will make no real reference, because the great doctor, if passed, will only refine clearly where the seat is. As a Protestant, I don't correspond all this, and don't portend to, as some folks do who know less, but say more. The question, an eminent Elastic told me, is, whether the POPE is invaluable *ex catalogue*; that is, out of his seat or in it. One thing is certain, that, as a member of the English Church, whatever they say here can't affect me, as we defer from them fondly and *in toto*.

What I said last week about my being wrong in the name of AUNT O'NELLY, as confidant of the POPE, is not palpable after all, because I find, from JULIA's reading to me, that, ages ago, there was a Consul at Niece. So why not an Aunt *now* as a confidant of the Roman Pundit? By the way, AUNT O'NELLY stood as spinster to the young Princess of Austria, the other day, in *loo* of the POPE.

There are many cemeteries in the churches which I have not been able to subscribe, my space being dimity.

You should see the Babel Guards in their gorging dresses: by their side our Beetles and Beefeaters are nowhere; though I've heard that our Gracious Suffering's—I mean Her Majesty's—Vixens-in-Waiting have magnificent unicorns.

There are also Alberteers, whose costumes were designated by the great ALBERT DEARER, or MITCHELL ANGELO, to whom I've eluded before this, *en parson*, as the French say.

We went to see the differing rides in the differing churches. All Candlestick Priests all over the world say Mass; but there are divers cemeteries according to the various rides. The French, the English, and German Roman Candlesticks are all the same, but the Pandemics, Greeks, Arabian, and Ammonian Bishops, though all Roman Candlesticks, have peculiarities. My nephew-in-law, who has been studying for the Church, is quite one of the *diddleantey*, as the Italians say, in these matters. He took me, and explained everything.

The Petrarch of the Pandemics was first: he has a beautiful beard, and looks very vulnerable. The Ammonian Bishops wore their nitres, studied with precious jems. Of course I knew they were saying Mass, but beyond that I didn't know what they were saying. There are bowings and ginny-fluctuations (why so called I don't know, for they are most steady people), and in some cases the flushing of a large candlestick all lighted.

The weather is bad; the murky is down to centipede, whatever that means. When I write again, which will be in about two weeks' time, I shall have a great deal more to tell you.

When Lent comes on, the Romans give up balls and parties—the English ball was a very pleasant one here; I had a lovely new satan for it, looped up with bookcases at every affable point; and I had also some real Balancing Lace, and this, with my two rubies and my large admiral, exerted the envy and animation of all my come-parrots: but to return—they give up the pumps and vanities of this wicked world, and take to fastenings and absence.

A Fasting day is when they only take one meal with meat, and two collections without anything except a little dry bread; but a day of absence means only raining from flesh meats, and living on nothing but fish. The old pilgrims used to eat shell fish, and put the jalaps in their hats, as you may recollect having seen in the pictures. Good-bye for the present. The post waits for nobody: then why is it called the post?

I am yours very truly,

LAVINIA RAMSBOTHAM, JUNIOR.

THE CAT AND THE COUNCIL.

THE Wearer of the Triple Hat
Before his Council sends a Cat;
Of eyes profane concealed from view
In envelope with mouth drawn to.
The Fathers vow to keep therein
Puss, under pain of mortal sin;
Yet, notwithstanding Papal gag,
The Cat is let escape the Bag.

Oh? What outsider interlopes
In that close Council of the Pope's?
Who's the jackdaw that thus assumes
Ecclesiastic peacock's plumes?
Or is it possible there sits
A traitor in the camp, and “splits?”
Detected, he'd be dealt with—how?
Roasted alive? No, not so now.
Enlarged, meanwhile the Cat goes free,
And how she jumps the world can see.

BRUTE FORCE AND BROKEN HEADS IN SOUTHWARK.

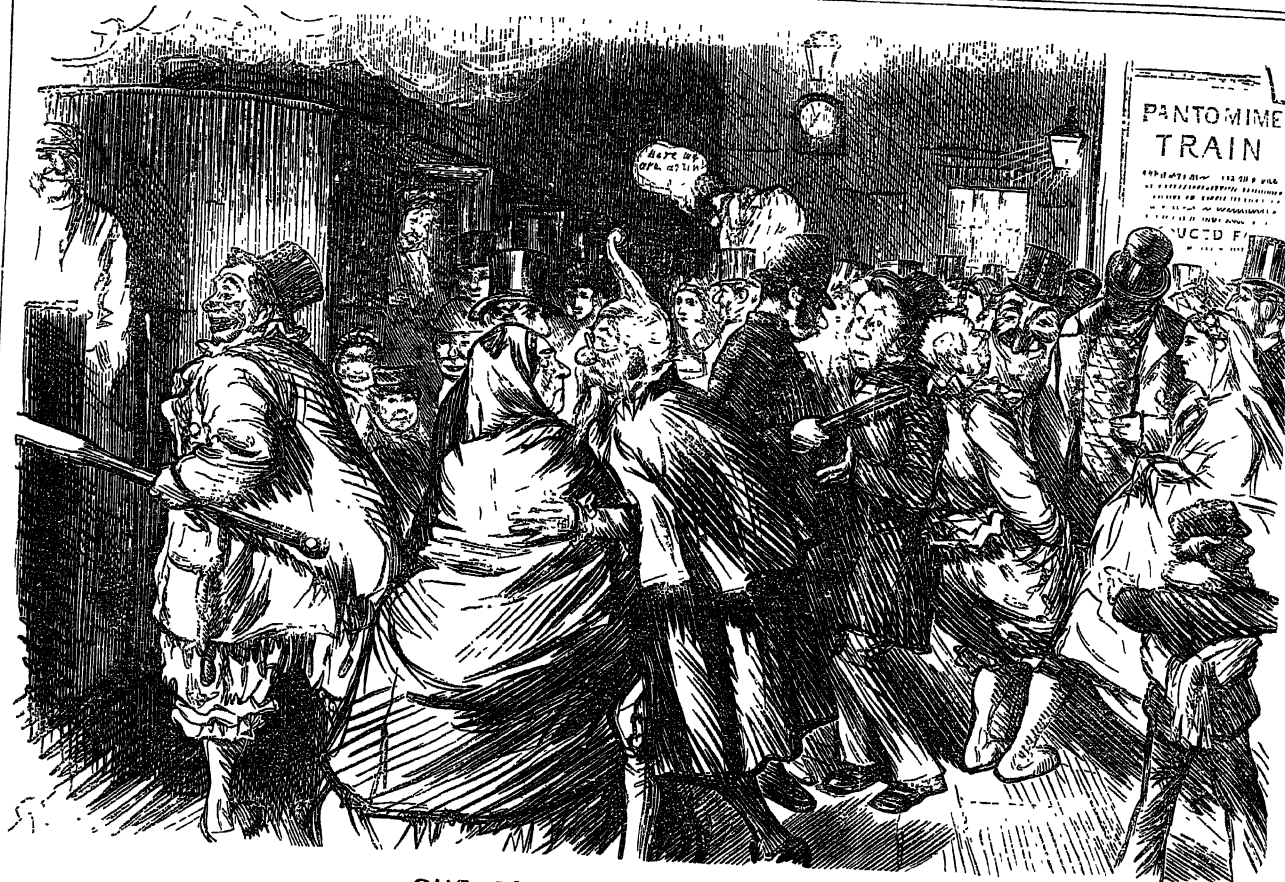
THE respective supporters of SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW and GEORGE ODGER, finding neither party can make any impression on the other by argument, have taken to breaking each other's heads. We presume it is the only way they have of getting at each other's brains. Each accuses the other of striking the first blow. We have no doubt “Kettle began it.” But the difficulty is to say which is Pot and which Kettle. In any case, each candidate has reason to be ashamed of his “roughs;” and the sooner he disclaims them the better for his claims on the constituency of Southwark.

Professional.

A CHIMNEY-SWEEP, being asked why he had not been married in Church, replied, with some professional warmth, that he had been married as a matter of course, before *his own register*.

SUGGESTION TO JOHN BULL.

New Name for Tax-Collectors in 1870.—The Lowe-ing herd.



OUR PANTOMIME TRAIN, 1870.

FAL-LALS FOR FEBRUARY.

Le Follet this month, discoursing of ladies' dresses, more than once mentions "the body." It also refers to a "Marie Antoinette." Does that mean a body without a head?

In detailing the "Fashions for February" *Le Follet* also, with respect to part of a ball-dress, states that:—

"A pouff of white tulle, very bouffant at the waist, is held up by a wreath of flowers matching those on the front."

Pouff! Bouffant! Pouff, pouff, pouff! What, have our fair friends taken to wearing windbags? Eh, THOMAS DE CHELSEA? Why, the fashions are arrier than ever!

Finally, *Le Follet* announces that:—

"Black velvet has been much worn."

Do not, however, shabbily sympathising with husbands and fathers, rejoice in the idea that it has been worn threadbare. Read on, and you will learn that black velvet has not by any means been worn so much as to have been worn out:—

"But it is giving way to lace or bright-coloured velvets and satins."

To the immense emolument of mercers, drapers, and milliners, at the proportionate expense of PATERFAMILIAS and MONSIEUR LE MARI. Let them not grin, but smile and bear it.

The Best Possible Instructor.

MR. E. DICEY is to be the new Editor of the *Daily News*. A good man, with a good name. *Punch* offers him a motto—"Dice, Doce, E-dice"—or, Englished,

"Speak, and speak out;
And sow wisdom about."

"YOU'RE ANOTHER!"

CABMEN henceforth will avoid the above witty repartee, and will reply, classically, "*Et tu Brucey!*"

THE PERILS OF PENMANSHIP.

WHAT a Paradise must Swansea be for little boys—at least, if all the schools there are so careful of their infant prodigies as this!—

"SCHOLASTIC.—At the old Swansea Academy * * * Juniors, two to seven or eight years of age, will be taught writing with soft quill pens; thus avoiding wearisome muscular pressure, and galvanic, paralyzing effects on the infant nerve."

The infant nerve must be in a singular condition if quill pens are essential to prevent its being paralysed. We shall be careful not to let this notion creep into our nursery, or MASTER JACKY will pretend he is galvanically shocked whenever a steel penholder is put into his hand; and MASTER FREDDY will be feigning to be stricken by paralysis when his writing lesson comes on, and his pen first makes a stroke.

SHAKSPEARIAN SONG.

Arranged by a Gentleman from Boulogne on a temporary visit to his Native Land.

Air—"Under the Greenwood Tree."

UNDER the Bankrupt Act,
The latest new Bankrupt Act,
We're merry,
Oh very,
Under the Bankrupt Act.
We're merry
Under the Bankrupt Act!

[Exeunt omnes.]

The Political Hercules.

VIEWING the heavy labours which he has to front, MR. GLADSTONE may be fitly called the modern Hercules. One thing in his favour is that, for the good work of reforming which he has to do, there is a Reform Club at his hand to help him.

FASCINATING LADIES.—Arch-Duchesses.



RATHER AWKWARD.

Eligible Young Bachelor (making call). "WELL, MASTER FRED, YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM."

Too Candid Young Hopeful. "OH, BUT I DO, THOUGH! YOU'RE THE CHAP MA' SAYS WOULD BE SUCH A GOOD CATCH FOR OUR MARY!"

[Tableau.]

PLEASANTRY FOR THE SERIOUS PRESS.

IN these times of clerical controversy, it is really something as pleasant as it is new to see the Greek ARCHBISHOP OF SYRA AND TENOS fraternising with our own Archbishops and Clergy. His Oriental Holiness actually went to Church the other day at York Minster, attended by an Archimandrite and a Deacon of his own cloth, and accompanied by the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, and the Dean and Chapter. The *Rock* and the *Record* people, indeed, may have shaken their heads when they read that:—

"At the usual time for the afternoon service a procession from the vestry was formed, in which the Greek Archbishop assumed his vestments."

This demonstration perhaps appeared to our Protestant contemporaries to savour somewhat of Ritualism. But they were doubtless reassured on further reading that, when the service was over:—

"The procession was then reformed."

Not only was the Greek Archbishop reformed, but the whole of the procession, inclusive of English clergy too. There! Is not that a triumph for the principles of the Reformation?

Emblem of an Illustrious Prince.

THE removal, in progress, of the scaffolding from the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, exhibits the whole upper stage of that structure resplendent with gold. Thus is elegantly symbolised the matter of fact that the PRINCE CONSORT had "won golden opinions of all sorts of men." This is the answer that may be made to any buffoon who says that an edifice designed to commemorate Virtue has been made a monument of Gilt.

LOWE COMEDY.

MR. LOWE'S position is fully recognised in the title of the now popular Drama at the Queen's, *'Twixt Tax and Crown.*

A GUSH OF ELOQUENCE.

"The League asked the Government to advance a million or two, not in money, but in kind—in passage tickets to take the emigrants and their families across the ocean, in food, and in tools until they could earn their own living, and repay the loans made to them. He believed that if they gave free passages and six months' subsistence to emigrant families, from £15 to £20 per head would be ample to clinch the bargain, and if with such inducements they failed to find hundreds and thousands willing to go, the work of the League would be done, and their consciences cleared on that matter."—*Torrens at the Mansion House.*

THERE was once a great Irish orator called FLOOD. There is one now called TORRENS, which is Latin for Torrent.

No wonder we should be drifting towards a great Emigration scheme, when we may say, with VIRGIL,

"Dat sonitum saxis et toto vortice TORRENS."

"Here's TORRENS going in a header for it." Unless, indeed, the first half of the line is to outweigh the second, and TORRENS, for all the noise he makes, is only talking to stones. From what we hear of the slow progress of subscription to the League funds, it looks rather like it.

Pastoral.

A PARSON was twitted with taking too long a time over his white tie while dressing. "It is my duty," he answered, "to attend most carefully to my fold."

FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

Startling Antiquarian Fact for all True Lovers.—St. Valentine was a Bishop in *partibus Infidelium!*

CONUNDRUM FOR COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.—When is a fox-hunter like a diver? When he gets his purl.

THE BEADLES AT BRUSSELS.

(Recitation in Character at a Town-Hall.)

My friends and fellow-townsmen, thus before you I appear
In full parochial fig attired; as now I'm standin' here,
A-blazin' blue, gold, scarlet, all from top to toe I shone,
The nation's representative at Brussels, and yer own.

The King and Queen of the Belgians be-eld the werry sight,
On that occasion t'other day, as I presents to-night;
Cocked 'at and buckles, staff and all, the same as wot you see:
And there was other Beadles, too, a'most as grand as me.

In Lord-Lieutenant's uniforms some Westrymen showed fine,
But none warn't so imposin' to the forreners as mine;
No gorgeous Halderman or Mayor arrayed in chain and gownd,
Looked half like me, not one, though he looked full a million pound.

We 'ad a British Officer, a Colonel at our 'ead.
The caskit he presented, the address he likewise read:
The "Rag and Famish" must be proud to reckon, if it can,
Among its gallant ornaments that military man.

A bucket on my breast, as now, my nostrils did regale,
But ho! the hair of Royalty was sweeter to in-ale.
And sitch was our excitement that it hevery cheek made flush,
So has to give the countenance a tinge of crimson plush.

A gentle preparation caused our faces hall to beam,
And each eye wore a polish, and a glitter and a gleam,
That showed the honour bright we felt in doin' sitch a thing
As 'twas for to present a testimonial to a king.

I busted through the circle and I kissed the Royal 'and,
I knelt, for my hemotions 'ad got more than I could stand,
And in a fit of hextasy impressed a loud salute,
Fust on the Monarch's one and then upon his t'other boot.

And arter that I thought I wouldn't wash my mouth no more,
Until there comed the wittles, which my senses did restore:
I felt a hadded relish, for a hexquisite quizeen,
The ommedge I had gone and done the Belgians King and Queen.

One drop of bitters only I had mingled with the sweet;
I'd got a pair of new shoes on, too tight, as pinched my feet;
The sayin' that Pride feels no pain is true I won't allow:
But I bore mine like a Briton with a smile upon my brow.

TABLES TURNED.

MR. PURCHAS, the Brighton Professor of Ritualism, has come off victorious as far as the Vestments are concerned. He has been condemned in costs. Now must come the reprisals, for if words have any meaning, then "shall be had in use," and "shall be retained" make the wearing of such vestments as were in use in the second year of EDWARD THE SIXTH, not only not matter of choice or permissible, but actually compulsory. The next step will evidently be a series of actions brought by Ritualists against the Evangelicals for not complying with the law. "See how these Christians love one another!" Can't they leave one another alone—surely there 's room for all?

'A Non-Representative Man.

So the Americans are distancing the Birmingham manufacturers in hardware, by producing better articles than theirs. The President of the Board of Trade should consider his position with regard to his constituency. It may not be necessary for him to seek another exactly; but he would do well in endeavouring to put a stop to the practices of duffers and dealers in shoddy, and other sham and spurious goods. Then, at all events, nobody will be able to taunt him with being the Member for Brummagem.

The Poet and the Pirates.

THE Poet-Laureate's *Holy Grail* is published in the United States at the low figure of ten cents = 5d. BURNS had his centenary festival here, only the other day; SHAKESPEARE his ter-centenary. TENNYSON, more fortunate, has his ten-centenary festival, in his lifetime, among our American cousins. Who shall say poets have no honour in these days!

THE SENSITIVENESS OF CAPITAL.

"PANIC in a Church," said MR. SCRIPPS, reading that announcement on a newspaper bill, "Um. Glad it isn't in the City."

VOTING BY ELECTRICITY.

SOMEBODY in Germany has invented a machine for enabling men in Parliament to vote as quick as lightning:—

"A sort of lever, resembling the lengthened hand of a clock, is placed behind the seat of each deputy. By means of a key which every member receives at the beginning of the session, the hand can be directed to 'Yes' or 'No' as soon as the President puts the question. The electrical apparatus is worked by one of the ushers of the house by means of a handle."

This is certainly ingenious, and would save much loss of time in taking a division, to say nothing of the nuisance of the scrambling to the lobbies, which it likewise would prevent. But the instrument would surely be enormously improved, if connecting wires were laid to the houses of the Members, who might thereby be relieved from their attendance at the House. What a blessing it would be for Gentlemen of England to sit at home at ease, and telegraph to London how they voted as M.P.'s! How short would be the speeches, when nobody could be spoken to, except perhaps the Speaker! What a world of words and worry would be annually saved, if Members were enabled to vote by electricity, without assembling at St. Stephen's to hear speeches which by no chance ever influence a vote!

NEWS FOR THE NOSE.

THE use of meerschaum cigar-tubes in Berlin must be limited, for, according to the *Bourse Gazette* of that capital:—

"A charitable society has been formed in this city with no other resources than the ends of cigars thrown away by smokers. With the produce of these despised remnants it has been able to clothe completely sixteen poor children, and even to give them some toys and sweetmeats at Christmas."

A Society that can make money out of the fag-ends of cigars is obviously up to snuff. That article, as manufactured by those charitable tobacconists, may or may not, be comparable to "Lundy Foot." But being derived from tobacco-leavings culled from the streets and gutters of Berlin, it might, at any rate, be not unduly denominated "Berlin Blackguard."

AN EXAMPLE TO MAGISTRATES.

HERE's a health to LORD WHARNCLIFFE,
Who the riots at Thorncliffe
Had the courage to put down, at length.
Since the Home Office stood
Doing nothing; nor would
Cautious Magistrates put forth their strength.

Why? They now know, too well,
What a risk 'tis to quell
Mutineers, and discreetly forbear.
British Public, that 's what
By desertion you've got:
The State failed to back GOVERNOR EYRE.

P. A. TAYLOR v. ENTAILERS.

WE always thought MR. P. A. TAYLOR one of the most magnanimous of men. The landlords of England ought really to be very thankful to him. In a speech at Leicester, the other day, he informed his constituents:—

"He would not wholly abolish property in land."

This is very kind of MR. P. A. TAYLOR. We are bound to say that he adds, "but he would not allow it to remain in a family." He could hardly be expected to do THAT. The great point is, that he does not abolish landed property all together.

Sub Jove Concilium.

THE Cardinal Legates superintending the Roman Council complain that, notwithstanding the obligation of the "Pontifical Secret," the substance of the speeches made, and of the business transacted in that assembly, has appeared in the newspapers. Does not his Holiness wish the Pontifical was as well kept as the Masonic Secret? The Freemasons, whom he has condemned so frequently, could tell the Holy Father the reason why his secret gets divulged. His Lodge, the Council Hall, is not tiled.

A VERY INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

THE Ritual Commission has been revising the Church Lessons. They should add to the number DR. TEMPLE's elevation to the Bench, and the way it has been received by the laity on the one hand, and the clergy on the other.



DEPRESSION.

SCENE—The Exchange. Industrial Centre.

First Commercial Man (dryly). "MORNIN'!"*Second ditto (coldly).* "MORNIN'!"*First C. M. (hopelessly).* "OWT?"*Second ditto (mournfully).* "NOWT!"*First C. M. (gloomily).* "MORNIN'!"*Second ditto (despairingly).* "MORNIN'!"

[They part.]

A DEATH-SHIP.

ON board the *Shand*, coolie immigrant ship, from Calcutta to Demerara, died in a passage of 123 days, ninety-eight out of 458 coolies, while thirty-six were landed more dead than alive. Some fifty of these, the surgeon reports, were in a low state of health when shipped, and would never have been embarked if he had joined the ship when they came on board. Of these a large proportion would probably have died under any circumstances. But the rest of the sufferers died of scurvy, a disease that is impossible, if the Government regulations as to provisions are observed. How comes this? Marry, easily, thus:—

"When lime-juice and fresh vegetables were required, the lime-juice was found to be bad, and the whole of the onions and potatoes taken on board at Calcutta were rotten."

Now, onions and potatoes, good when shipped, may rot from heat and bad stowage: not so lime-juice. We have immigration agents, inspectors, and protectors of emigrants at Calcutta. What have they to say to this? And what have the owners who bought the bad lime-juice, or the cheaters who sold it, to answer to this wholesale murder? *Punch* begs to echo, as loudly and emphatically as he can, the words of the *Demerara Colonist* of January 7:—

"What facts it is possible to ascertain here will no doubt be disclosed before the Commission of Inquiry to be appointed; and we hope that the result of that inquiry will form a ground-work for vigorous action on the part of the Indian Government. Apart from the direct loss to the planters, and the great commercial importance to this colony of having immigration conducted on the most humane principles and in the most perfect manner possible; it is not to be tolerated that the lives of our fellow-creatures shall be ruthlessly sacrificed, in order that dishonest contractors for ships' stores may make large profits, and, possibly, out of their unjust gains, pay handsome douceurs to inspectors, in consideration of the official examination not being inconveniently minute."

One thing only can not be tolerated. That those whose business it is to inquire into the crime of killing coolies, and to enforce responsibility for it, should be allowed to take it coolly in a case like this.

A CHANT TO THE COUNCIL.

AIR—"Sam Hall," with a needful variation.

NINTH PIUS is my name,
Is my name, is my name.
NINTH PIUS is my name;
Is my name;
NINTH PIUS is my name,
Supremacy I claim;
On all who doubt the same
Anathema!

I own St. Peter's Chair,
Peter's Chair, Peter's Chair,
I own St. Peter's Chair,
Peter's Chair;
I own St. Peter's Chair,
Whate'er I thence declare,
Be they, deny who dare,
Anathema!

If any man shall say,
Man shall say, man shall say,
If any man shall say,
Man shall say;
If any man shall say
That Church should State obey,
Let him be put away:
Anathema!

Be all who say that we,
Say that we, say that we,
Be all who say that we,
Say that we;
Be all who say that we,
Can have no certainty;
Opinions should be free:
Anathema!

Be they who falsely teach,
Falsely teach, falsely teach,
Be they who falsely teach,
Falsely teach;
Be they who falsely teach
The Church should only preach,
And not by force back speech,
Anathema!

On him who shall make bold,
Shall make bold, shall make bold,
On him who shall make bold,
Shall make bold;
On him who shall make bold,
There's mercy's chance, to hold,
Outside the Roman fold,
Anathema!

On Pagan, Turk, and Jew,
Turk and Jew, Turk and Jew,
On Pagan, Turk, and Jew,
Turk and Jew;
On Pagan, Turk, and Jew,
And every Christian too,
Not counted in Our crew,
Anathema!

And yet so mild am I,
Mild am I, mild am I,
And yet so mild am I,
Mild am I;
And yet so mild am I,
I would not harm a fly,
For all on Man I cry
Anathema!

Funeral Honours.

THE Tories have always claimed to be Britons, *par excellence*. What wonder they should imitate the funeral practices of the race, and raise up CAIRNS over the grave of a lost leader?

NEW BOOK.—*As Grave as a Judge is He.* By the Author of *As Red as a Rose is She*.

SHILLING TELEGRAMS.



WENTY words for One Shilling, all over the United Kingdom, and names and addresses not charged for! The wire-workers will have plenty of employment. The nimble needles will not rust through disuse.

Already the telegrams are more numerous, more interesting, more condescending to what DUGALD STEWART, in his Essay on the *Sublime and Dutiful*, aptly designates "the trifles that make up the sum of human happiness," and far better worth the cost of a messenger by cab, or the expense of a horse express, than the latest report of the weather at Green-castle, or the closing quotation of that sensitive article, saltpetre.

By the pardonable connivance of the Telegraphmaster-General, and that most energetic and satisfactory public servant, MR. SCUDAMORE, *Mr. Punch* is enabled to lay before his readers a few of the messages which have been flashing about the last ten days, not one of

which, it will be observed,—and it seems necessary to say something on this score,—exceeds twenty words. The first is given in the spaces prescribed by the official form; the rest, out of humane consideration for the compositors, will be set out in the ordinary manner:—

1.
From R. J. Codrington, Waterloo Station,
To Crispina Codrington, Sarpedon House, Putney.

I	have	thought	the	matter
over	in	the	train	and
see	it	now	as	you
do	Let	it	be	jugged

2.
From Arthur L. Lauderdale, Temple,
To Eleanor Mary Blondell, Villa Medina Sidonia, Middle Norwood.
Darling, you will dance the first waltz with me to-night, Valentine's Day, at Mrs. Du Kiekey's ball? Reply prepaid.

3.
From Mrs. Vandeleur Sparrowby, 565, Marine Parade, Brighton,
To Jane (Nurse), R. Vandeleur Sparrowby, Esq.,
66, Walpole Street, W.

Miss Minnie has left her doll behind her. Send it by the first train. It is in my top drawer.

4.
From Miss Ridgley, Combermere Cottage, St. Leonard's-on-Sea,
To Charles Bobbinson (Footman), Miniver Lodge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Something has disagreed with Muff. He is very bad. Tell the doctor to come immediately, I cannot trust any one here.
I request that this Telegram may be forwarded by horse express from the Terminal Telegraph Office of the Post Office, and I have deposited six shillings for that purpose. Arabella Maria Ridgley.

5.
From George Henry Mablethorpe, Rev. Horace Cribbe,
Whippingham,
To Mrs. Mablethorpe, 1, Upper Brummel Place, London.
The Hammer is not come, and my birthday is to-morrow. Do send it. I have won the long jump.

6.
From J. Cornblower, Mark Lane,
To Mrs. Cornblower, Odessa House, Dantzic Road, Regent's Park.
Uncle Splaydes dines with us to-day. Roast the mutton. Get whiting and wigdon. Children must not notice his nose.

N.B. In one or two instances the intelligent Post-Office Clerks have altered, for the better, the spelling and grammatical construction of the messages.

ROME AND RAMSBOTHAM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I MUST write to you, though I didn't intend to this week. But far away in a foreign clime one can't help thinking of friends at home round the fireside, or "all round the Rigging," as the English south-country prophet has it. Yes, dear *Mr. Punch*, to quoit again—

"Though lost to sight to mummery dear,"

is the case with me; for wherever I wonder there's no place like Home—not even Rome, which rhymes to it. If the Consul is dull (and what can you expect? for sitting every day for so many hours must be very mutinous), sport is lively, and hunting tracks all the nobility and gentry here.

There is shooting also in the Punting marches, where I have heard there is an abundance of snips. We had a peasant boiled with white archduke sauce the other day, but whether shot here or not I don't know. I have been rather invaded lately owing to cold, and what one easily catches here, as you may judge by the name, that is, Romeyism. I didn't know this place was the urchin of that complaint; but one lives to learn; and she is a lucky woman who learns to live. It attacks the knees and the soldiers, and then gets into the arms.

Do you know that the Pope is very fond of a game of billets? It is his one amusement; but he plays, my nephew tells me, without any pockets, and only with canons (of his own Church, I suppose); and therefore, so he says, you can't play either pool or periwigs on these tables. His great Carnival, AUNT O'NELLY, the Pope's teetotal, (I've eluded to him before,) is very much afflicted to getting mosaics, which, I suppose, he picks up in the Jews' quarter here, and has large dealings with the virtuous of his acquaintance, which I am delighted to hear.

The Italians, and all here, call The Great Holydays of the Church *Festers*, a name I don't like at all. For instance, there was a great *Fester* the other day, and a large gathering in St. Peter's and other Churches, when every one carried candles at the different funguses. It was a very beautiful sight, and the wax must bring in an enormous profit to the Chandler of the Exchequer. Praps in Rome there is a tax on Wax. I am fond of seeing Factories, and so shall take the first opportunity of seeing the Waxworks here, which of course would be unlike MADAME CRUSOE's in London. I recollect a Waxworks years ago done by clock-works, where a Roman wax shoulder in armour was lost in the snow, with a Lion and his family, and would ring a bell and pull corns out of his feet. You looked down at it from a gallery above; but I'm not quite sure, now, if it wasn't Scriptural, and NATHANIEL in the Lion's Den.

Talking of that, what a deference between Pegging Rome and Babel Rome of to-day! I have lately been reading all about it—that is, about Ramilies and Rompus, and Nimrod, with the lovely Miss Diphtheria. Of course that's all falibus. But Rome must have been grand under the Trumpers and Decembers. I remember a lovely novel by SIR EDWARD BULLER LITTLE, now LORD LITTLE, about Influenza, or the Last of the Tributes.

Later on, the Romans became very feeble and effervescent (I don't think that's the word I want, but it means weak and womanly), and were overrun by Moths and Sandals. You'll see all this in GUBBINS'S *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which was written while the monks were singing their hymns. However, you don't want me to tell that; only laterally there has been nothing to tell you about the Economical Consul, for on this subject all the Roman Candlesticks are as close as wax.

Some of the undersappers, the clerks of the Consul, *did* let out a few things they oughtn't to, but they were immediately oiled over the coals, as the saying is, and were warmed by the Residing Carnival against ever doing it again; so I have no doubt they will profit by this ammunition. As I do not portend to write about what I don't know, and what nobody else can know, though there are clever people who, being paid to say something in the papers, rely upon their own brilliant intention and rivet imagination for anything which is all guess and not true. You may always depend upon me, whenever, that is, you hear from

Yours sincerely,

LAVINIA RAMSBOTHAM, JUN.

P.S. Talking of religion in this cold weather, one is inclined to turn Parson in Persia, and be a fire-worshipper and a disciple of Slowroaster, the chief of the Majors. Dear, dear! all these cisterns of religion are very confucious, as the Chinese say.

LINES ON A WEAK PIECE WITH A SHORT-SKIRTED BALLET.

THIS piece is like TOM NODDY—
"All legs and no body."

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

Of what violent Reformer are London powdered footmen probably the followers?—JOHN KNOX.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

I VISIT the Cathedral again, and I am confirmed in my first impression. My theory (the heretical theory mentioned before) is, that *Man is made in moulds*; not of mould, but in moulds.

Now I arrive at this, thus:—

On going into the Cathedral, High Mass is just commencing. I struggle into a good place. We are all standing, and seats are an impossibility. Duchesses and draymen elbowing one another, but this by the way; only I *do* approve of this religious equality, and think it worth noticing.

Before mass, all the canons, choristers, deans, and precentors walk into the body of the church, and commence versicles and responses. What they are I do not know, nor can I attend to the service, for, to my utter amazement, I find that, from the chief dean or head canon, or whatever he is, to the smallest man chorister (not boy) *all are thoroughly well known to me*. Yes, I recognise every one of their faces. They are as familiar to me as possible. Yet I have never been to Aachen before. Never. I have never been inside this Cathedral prior to this occasion. No. But I know every one of the ecclesiastics here by sight.

I find myself staring at one in particular. He is short and sharp-looking, with a large mouth. He catches my eye: he can't help it; nor can I help keeping mine fixed on him. We are mesmerising each other. I feel that he is chanting his verses mechanically, and, as it were, addressing them chiefly to me. I wonder whether he is too much mesmerised to move with the procession when it gets in motion again. *But who is he?* Who are they? I have known only one foreign priest in my life, and he was a Frenchman, and not a bit like any of these. It breaks upon me, on my second visit, all at once. They are all well-known theatrical faces, some familiar to me from childhood, and indelibly engraved on my memory, and others known to me in later years.

This small mesmerised priest (a minor canon he is), in a short surplice and a tippet, is MR. DOMINICK MURRAY—neither more nor less. The Chief Dean is MR. PAUL BEDFORD, in a cope, assisted by MR. BUCKSTONE of the Haymarket, and MR. ROGERS of the same company, who hold two candles for him to read small print by. MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, in a collar with lace, is scowling at his breviary; and MR. HONEX, with his hair cut, is chanting, hard at it, at the bottom of his voice. The others are all well known to me, only I can't remember their names, except, by the way, MR. HORACE WIGAN, who stands out from the rest, because he has lost his place in a large book he is carrying, and has got into difficulties with his spectacles.

Hence my theory of Moulds. I find MR. DOMINICK MURRAY (let us say, for example, as he was my chief attraction: he *did* sing so energetically, and knew his part without a book!) in Germany as a Minor Canon, in England as an excellent comedian. The same with MR. BUCKSTONE, WIGAN, &c. Well, why not in India find the same type of man among the Brahmins?—that is, *another lot out of the same mould*.

*** DR. CASPAR has just called in late at night, and finding me at my notes (above) on my new theory, has ordered me not to write any more for a day or two, and to go to bed at once. CASPAR is an excellent fellow, and really takes a personal friendly interest in a patient. He is much struck with my theory of "moulds," and says he will call in and talk it over in the morning. In the meantime (that is, between this and breakfast) I am to go in for a hotter bath up to 28° Réaumur. be very careful in diet, rely upon *Friedrichshallerbitterwasser*, and not write a line about this new theory till he gives me permission. Should like to telegraph to my wife and tell her. Have sent to PORGOOD AND GROOLLY a telegram to this effect:—

"New theory. Moulds. Upset everything. Great Idea. Write again. Will you publish?"

DR. CASPAR insists on seeing me into bed. He says "the sulphur is doing its work well." Something is coming out of me. What?

DYNGWELL looks in. "Well, old Cockalorum, got the papsylalls, after all, eh? Doctor given you something golopshus. Rub it in." This is his general idea of a prescription. "Good night."

DR. CASPAR prescribes douche and vapour baths. It'll be all out of me, whatever it is, in another week or so. I ask him if I may employ my leisure in writing *Typical Developments* and the *Theory of Origination*, for PORGOOD AND GROOLLY.

He says "No, decidedly not." That instead I must devote myself to *kagelspiel*—*Kagelspiel* is skittles. I remember that DR. WHATELY used to relax his mind by swinging on the chains of the post in front of the archiepiscopal palace. CASPAR is right. Baths in the morning, dinner mid-day, *kagelspiel* in the afternoon; tea in the evening, and attendance at a concert or any musical meeting.

Plenty of music in Aix. I have now been here long enough to observe that my first impressions were remarkably superficial.

I note down that for recovery of health, and generally for getting anything out of you, there is no better place, I should imagine, than Aachen.

Happy Thought.—To write to MILBURN and forestall him in the joke which I know he will make when I return about leaving my Aches (Aix) behind me.

Second Happy Thought on Same Subject.—Set the idea to music, "*The Girl I left Behind Me*," i.e. "*The Aches I left Behind Me*." Say to MILBURN in my letter,—

"If you see any one who asks for me,
And doesn't know where to find me;
You may say that I've gone across the sea,
And left my *Aix* behind me."

Copy this into three letters to other people, including one to FRIDDY. The other people don't know MILBURN, so it will be all right.

The Vapour Bath.—Shown into a bed-room at the *Neubad*, white-washed walls and window near the ceiling. *Idea*. Prisoner's dormitory, still on the Silent System. Bath-man presently returns looking warmer than usual, and says something that sounds like *Der Dampf Shift is fertisch*, which I am right in taking to mean that the Vapour Bath is ready. I follow him, in what I may term delicately my popular character of *Unfallen Adam*, across a paved passage, cell-doors on either side (from which I imagine people suddenly looking out and saying "Hallo!" as MILBURN would, if he were here) to a small jam-closet without any shelves, but with a skylight above.

In this closet is the case of, as it were, a small quaint old-fashioned piano, only without the works and key-board. This is the Vapour Bath. The Bath-man opens it: I see at once that I am to step in. I step in. I see that I am to sit down over where the steam is coming up. I do, nervously. The Bath-man then boxes me in by closing the front, and putting up a sort of slanting shutter, which only leaves my head out of a hole at the top. I fancy the Bath-man rather enjoys this, as his only chance of a practical joke. Hope he won't think it fun, or do something stupid. He hangs my watch on a nail opposite me and says, "fifteen minuten in der bad."

Happy Thought.—"Nein. Fünf."

He won't hear of such a thing. I don't like being left alone. He smiles and nods, "Nice varm?" he asks, and shuts the door on me. It is *varm*, but it is *not* nice. How horribly slow the time passes. This is like a Chinese punishment. I try to distract my mind. Let me see what can I think about? Odd, I can't think of anything except the time and the bath. Yes, one thing, "Can any one see through this skylight?" No—ground glass. Suddenly I become aware of myriads of little insects on the wall by my watch. Ants. They are nowhere else.—They are very busy. Suppose they were to forsake the wall, and run all over my face and hair? I can't do anything. What is Ant in German? I will complain when Bath-man re-appears.

He does re-appear on the instant—that is his head re-appears smilingly, and asks "Nice varm?" I reply, "*Jah*." He adds "Time, no?" and retires.

I have forgotten the Ants. Who was it, BRUCE or WALLACE who became King of Scotland by watching a spider? GALILEO made a scientific discovery about the pendulum while watching a church-lamp during a stupid sermon. These Ants might lead me to turn my attention to natural history, if I stay here long enough.

Odd: the Vapour Bath doesn't seem to be taking anything out of me. I thought it would be something fearful, and that I should yell, half suffocated and parboiled, for help.

Bath-man's head again, "Nice varm? Time, no?" and disappears.

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, he enters with a warm linen mantle. He unpacks the box (I could have travelled from here to London in this case, labelled "with care," and "this side uppermost") and I come out, like a character in a pantomime, when a watch-box or something is struck by harlequin's wand and out steps a boy dressed like NAPOLEON (only I'm dressed like nobody), and am immediately clothed in the warm garment.

Then I follow Bath-man back to bed-room.

Here I am tumbled into a hot bed at once. Bath-man savagely tucks me up. "Nice varm?" he asks again. "*Heiss*," I reply. "*So ist goot*," he answers. He surveys me in bed. I am helpless. "*Der andere Mann*," he informs me, "take dampf bad to-day."

He says this in an encouraging tone, as much as to impress upon me that in all matters connected with the baths I can't do better than follow the example of *Der andere Mann*.

A Settler for Manning.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER an advocate for mob-law! If not, why does he want to bring in the Rule of the Masses? Of one thing he may rest assured. England won't have it, any more than France or Germany—however determined MANNING may be to "do as Rome does."

TRUE.

A THOROUGH holiday for a man of business ought not to be marked in his calendar as a Red Letter-day, but as an *Unread Letter-day*.



TOO TRUE!

"SEE THEM TWO COVES WITH THE RUMMY 'ATS ON! WELL, THEY'RE PARSEES. THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL 'EM; AND THEY WORSHIPS THE SUN!"

"WORSHIPS THE SUN, DO THEY? WELL, I SHOULD SAY THEY 'AD A PRECIOUS EASY TIME OF IT IN THIS COUNTRY!"

THE ROYAL MESSAGE PARAPHRASED.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

As proxies for our Queen to-day,
We have it in command to say
That it had been her full intent
To come and open Parliament;
But ill-health bars this happy meeting,
And so by us she sends her greeting,
And bids you all resume your tasks,
And do the things the Country asks.

With foreign powers all is peace;
And wars, mayhap, will one day cease,
If nations, when they have a grudge,
Will beg a friendly state to judge
Between them, and, as now, prevent
The ready "sword's arbitrament."

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

The Estimates are nearly framed,
And Ministers have wisely aimed
To save the purse, but not abate
One jot of vigour in the State.
The Revenue returns will show
The totals guessed by Mr. LOWE.
Consult again, and, if you can,
Devise some better, purer plan
For choosing those whose boast should be
That they are clean from Bribery.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A Bill to deal with Irish land
Your calm attention will demand;
Shaped in the hope that by its aid
Life may be sacred, law obeyed,

And all the fabric made secure,
More strong, more certain to endure.

At last, perhaps almost too late,
You're called to wake and educate
The million children of the poor,
Sinning, and starving at your door,
And daily growing up to be
Your danger, shame, and infamy.

Some legal topics now to mention—
The Courts of Justice need attention;
And sojourners from other lands
Seek recognition at our hands;
Religious tests should disappear,
And not oppress beyond this year;
The incidence of local rating
Is quite a subject worth debating;
The rules by which the soil descends,
And those on which the heir depends;
Trade combinations, certain flaws
Found in our merchant shipping laws;
And, saddest scandal, public-houses,
Their drunken furies and carouses.

'Tis hard to turn to crime again,
And end with what gives sharpest pain;
But outrage, guilt, and lawless force
Too long in Ireland hold their course,
While Justice finds but few allies,
And Hope in many a bosom dies:
Still we will trust in wiser ways
To bring back happier, brighter days,
And pray to have no need to say
She must be taught the sterner way.

*** MR. PUNCH is very happy to announce that the ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT will be shortly resumed.



WILLIAM COX AND BENJAMIN BOX.

Cox, "CAN YOU FIGHT?"

Box, "NO I CAN'T."

Cox, "THEN COME ON!!!"

CANDIDATES FOR THE CARNIFICATE.



ACANCY! The *Western Morning News* announces the retirement of MR. CALCRAFT from the high and important office of which he has now for so many years discharged the duties with firmness and dexterity. Our occidental and matutinal contemporary does not enable us to state the amount of retiring pension which will be awarded to the ex-Executioner; but we trust it will be sufficient for the maintenance of the dignities suitable to a Peerage, should HER MAJESTY be advised to confer that honour on a gentleman who, by his steady and unflinching vindication of the law, throughout a lengthened career, has achieved renown so

extensive that it has made his name a household word.

The estimation in which the arduous office so long and so worthily filled by MR. CALCRAFT is generally held may be computed from the fact that no less than 134 applications have been made, by so many gentlemen, for the lucrative honour of being appointed his successor. This number has, by the authorities with whom that appointment rests, been reduced to seven, from whom the final choice is to be made. What principle will determine the selection, we do not know; but analogy may suggest that of competitive examination. One of the seven candidates, spoken of as peculiarly adapted for the situation which they aspire to, is already a member of the Civil Service, being a workman employed in the boat-house at the Devonport Dockyard, named TOLL. Previously to his entrance on his present occupation MR. TOLL is said to have enjoyed a popular celebrity as a "clever pig-killer." From this circumstance it may be inferred that the employment which he is now desirous of embracing will, should he succeed in obtaining it, be a labour of love. Phrenology suggests that MR. TOLL is one of those persons whose brains are distinguished by an exceedingly large development of the Organ of Benevolence, which in his case causes the sentiment associated with it to take the direction of desiring to minimise the inconvenience inflicted in the necessary destruction of life. Of course a pretty full allowance of Destructiveness must be supposed co-existent with Benevolence to give it this turn, and a phrenologist would expect to find that combination exemplified by the head of MR. TOLL. Hitherto MR. TOLL has limited the exercise of his modified humanity to conferring euthanasia on those lower animals which by his dexterity in slaying he earned the name for cleverness above specified. He now, apparently seeks, installed in the room of MR. CALCRAFT, to gratify an amiably destructive impulse by extending the benefit of that peculiar cleverness to condemned criminals, and dismissing them from life with "happy despatch."

The *Western Morning News* describes MR. TOLL as a "stalwart labourer." As such he is obviously just the right man to be entrusted with the flagellation of garotters, a task which, considered as conducive to the discouragement of cruelty, a truly benevolent man would rejoice in performing.

It may be considered that MR. TOLL's personal qualifications for the discharge of the Hangman's practical duties are such as to render it advisable to dispense, in his favour, with the competitive test. The literary attainments of MR. CALCRAFT himself, as evidenced by his lately published correspondence, bore no proportion whatever to his professional skill. Perhaps MR. TOLL would appear to disadvantage in a trial less calculated to prove a candidate's manual expertness than the amount of book-learning at his fingers' ends. Among his rivals there may be certain literary men, solicitous to add the emoluments of a permanent office to a precarious income. Their number may include writers for the Press, accustomed to advocate the retention of capital punishment. Or, very likely some of them are critics who find congenial employment in the elaboration of severe reviews, and gratify the same propensity in cutting up an author as that which, in the old days of punishment for high treason, may have made Jack Ketch delight in quartering a rebel. These gentlemen would probably be found to excel MR. TOLL in erudition, although unequal to him in manipulating a noose, or wielding a cat-o'-nine-tails.

We cannot quit this subject without calling attention to the vast difference existing in the relative demand for two diverse situations now vacant. There are 134 candidates for the office of British Executioner, whilst the Crown of Spain goes begging!

In conclusion, it may not be impertinent to propose that, in case

MR. TOLL should be instituted to succeed MR. CALCRAFT, the Herald's College should furnish him with a fitting coat-of-arms, whereunto the motto might be "Tollere Vitam."

THE NEW GREAT EASTERN.

SCENE—Private Dining Room. The ARCHBISHOP OF SYRA is being entertained and interviewed.

Dean Stanley. I am delighted to see your Grace here. (*Passes some Greek wine to the Archbishop.*)

Archbishop (*knowingly, in most modern Greek*). Ὁ να ὀθανυ ἱκανῶς διατάμ. Πορφόρμ. (*The Guests drink Greek wine out of compliment to their visitor.*)

Evor. After luncheon a few friends are going to present you with an address on behalf of the English Church. It's the same sort of idea as the Provincial Mayors and Mayoresses giving that present the other day to the KING OF THE BELGIANS in the name of England.

Mr. Purchas (*from Brighton, on his knees*). Will your Holiness permit me to kiss the hem of your robe? (*Is permitted, and carefully examines it. Aside to himself:*) My! What a beauty, I'll get my congregation to subscribe for a suit of dittos like this for me. (*Takes a mental photograph of the material and cut. Aloud:*) I thank your Holiness in the name of the English Branch of the Catholic Church.

Dean Stanley (*laughing*). Branch! Yes, MR. PURCHAS, it strikes me that you've rather lately been, as the *idiōtai* have it, "Up a tree." (*To the ARCHBISHOP OF SYRA.*) May I assist your Grace to a little more? The undercut?

Archbishop of Syra. Ἰφν πλῆξ. ῥοῖννερς ἔρε ἔξελλεντ. Μα ἴβη περ-μῖττεδ ῥ'ἀσκόρ σὺμ πόρτερ ἴσπεδ ὀφ θε Πορτ.

Dean Stanley. Ὁ Ταυῖας! I mean, here waiter, the tankard to his Grace. Dean Alford (*after dinner*). Permit me, in honour of our distinguished visitor, to propose a toast. My Lords and Gentlemen, let us drink the health of "LIDDELL and SCOTT." (*Drunk with three times three.*)

Dean Stanley (*finishing his speech*). I congratulate the Archbishop on being the nearest approach to the High Priest of Apollo that I have ever, as yet, had the pleasure of meeting. I regret that my esteemed friend, LORD LYTON, is not here to tell us something about the Pythoness.

Bishop of London. She was in my diocese. That is, if the Zoological Gardens is in my diocese. (*Makes a note of it; in order to send a "suffragan" to look after the matter.*)

Guests (*sedately*). Order! Chair!

Dean Stanley. Never mind DR. JACKSON, Gentlemen: I suppose he has a right to come out strongly at a "London Dinner," being himself an Ordinary. (*Laughter, during which the Bishop, in his nervousness, pours some Sherry over his apron, and wonders what his wife will say to him when he gets home.*) I welcome the ARCHBISHOP OF SYRA—or à propos of Apollo, let us say the ARCHBISHOP OF LYRA. (*Looks towards his Grecian Grace, who bows and smiles affably thenceforth to the end of the sitting at intervals of three minutes.*) I see by his pleased countenance he doesn't understand one word I am saying—(*Hear! Hear! Archbishop bows violently*)—but I am delighted that he should be among us at this little dinner, because it shows that there is something in common between the Two Churches. Gentlemen, whatever else we may or may not do, we must dine: and I am proud to represent on this occasion what ÆSCHYLUS calls the

Ἑλλήνων στρατὸς:

that is, "The host of the Greeks." My Lords, Bishops and Gentlemen, let us drink his health—

Εἰ γὰρ σαφὲς τὸδ' ἴστ' ἐμοὶ ξυνήλικες:

that, in his own modern Greek tongue,—

Ἦ ἰς αὐλλε Γοσφάλλω

Ἀνδρώσα αὐλ' ὀφ' vs.

Ἰπ' ἰπ' ἰπ' ὄρραρ.

[*All join in Chorus to the great astonishment of the ARCHBISHOP OF SYRA, who is quite overcome at being saluted with a well-known Eastern toast in his own language.*]

Archbishop of Syra. Μῆφενδς, Τῆν ἄρ αὐλ' ἴνρεδ—

[*At this point his Grace went into the history of heresies and schisms for the last thirteen hundred years, with a justification of the Greek Church, and an explanation of its peculiar tenets. This interesting reply lasted for an hour and a half, and would have been longer had he not been interrupted by a snore from the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and the disappearance of one of his own Secretaries under the table. N.B. His Grace did not visit EVANS's in the evening, though he might have done so, and been none the worse for it.*]

SENTIMENT FOR A NIGGARDLY HOST.—"Drink to me, only with thine eyes."



Nobody that knows them could doubt the respectability of these two gentlemen, yet you would hardly credit the unnecessary panic their imaginations caused them the other night in the fog!

THE EDDICATION LEAGUE.

I am a British parient, my quiver musters six,
My eddication's nuffin', or—as I pronounce it—nix.
I'm a hindeependent voter, and was never thought a fool,
Nor ever will I be "compulsed" to send my kids to school.

Thank goodness, I my brains with reading never can fatigue,
But still I've heerd 'em talking of this Eddication League.
And, for a roarin' Radical, it does sound rayther odd,
When told to eddicate his brats, or else be sent to quod.

My wife she goes to Chapel—at the step I kindly wink:
Spouts at Teetotal meetings, and I bags her share o'drink.
That's my philosophy—but now with tyranny I'll grapple,
Afore some Eddication League "compulses" me to chapel.

My hinfants, whom the parsons all denounce as heathens utter,
I find get on most wonderfully in their native gutter.
The elder boys are sharp as nails, and often prigs a wipe,
Which, turned to baccy, I serenely puts into my pipe.

If this goes on much longer, it'll be as bad as France,
And I'll get up a counter League for General Ignorance.
When in my family circle I send round the pipes and pewter,
Ain't *that* their eddication? Ain't their Pa their Private Tutor?

I stands for Magna Charta: and I disapprove of schools.
How would the heavy swells get on, if no one dared be fools?
Where would the Church and State be, where the Army and the Navy,
If ev'ry fool amongst 'em was obliged to cry "*peccavi*?"

Be warned in time, my horators, quite far enough you've gone.
And, for this Eddication League, just don't you try it on;
Or many martyrs bold like me—Pas of the Period—
Rather than send their kids to school, will live and die in quod.

THE ODOUR OF SANCTITY.—*Pot-pourri.*

MUTATO NOMINE.

We have done away with slavery in the British Dominions.

"No slave can breathe where VICTORIA rules." There seems to be one exception to the vaunt, and, strange to say, it is in Queensland of all places. Here is LORD BELMORE's account of the way *free labour* is introduced into that favoured region, from the South-Sea islands:—

"A vessel goes to one of the cannibal islands, thickly populated, and under the control of a chief. The chief wishes to reduce his population, and to pocket the premium the trader is ready to pay for each labourer. He calls his people together and says, 'Here is a chance for thirty or forty of you to engage with this trader.' The number required go on board. They are asked whether they are willing to go away in the vessel; they declare their willingness, and the terms of the law are apparently complied with.

"But they know very well that if they refuse to go they will be killed and eaten. No comment seems to be necessary upon this, if it is true."

We decidedly agree with LORD BELMORE.

No other comment is necessary than that of MR. MURDOCH, of the Emigration Board:—

"No authority short of the Imperial Legislature can put a stop to proceedings of this description, nor would an Act of Parliament be of much avail unless cruisers were employed in the Polynesian Seas to carry it into effect."

Here would be a nice little job for one of MR. CHILDERS's "flying squadron." JOHN BULL would not begrudge the cost of a cruiser to put down this kind of rascality, which is sowing the seeds in Australia of that very curse of slavery which it has cost us, and other nations, so much to get rid of.

Clerical Emancipation.

THERE is certainly one objection to the Bill about to be introduced into the House of Commons for the relief of the clergy from their civil disabilities. By empowering clergymen, who feel themselves unable any longer to hold doctrines upon whose profession they were ordained, to relinquish their orders, it will, if enacted, open a Church door to the exit of perhaps too many of the most conscientious members of the clerical body.

FROM "OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."

PUNCH to the RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN BRIGHT.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I AM really sorry to hear that you are forced by illness to leave London and "the joy of battle with your peers" in Parliament, just as the campaign is opening. You can ill be spared. Not from your office, for I fancy, *entre nous*, that you hate its trammels and its toils, think its minutes a waste of years, feel its red tape tangling your tongue, and its responsibilities damming and thwarting the flow of your eloquence.

There might be some set-off for this, if you could believe in the good of the work your office does. But you don't. If you had your way, you would cut down to nothing its power of interference with Railway Directors, Merchant Ship-owners, Harbour Commissioners, Dock Trustees, Water Companies, and trade adulterations. You would fain leave all these things, like the Trade whose name the office bears, to the workings of the large philosophy embodied in such axioms as "*Caveat emptor*," "Every man for himself," and "Devil take the hindmost;" and as you evidently think small beer of your Office, and are not particularly careful to conceal the opinion, it is probable that the Office returns the compliment, and does not, *quâ* office, think XXX of you as *quâ* official head. As far as that goes, I dare say the Office would not object to see your favourite principle of *laissez aller* applied to you, and would let you go with the greatest equanimity. But if the Office does not want you, you want the Office,—for a reason I will tell you by-and-by.

And then we want you in the Cabinet, where you represent a different force from any there. Not the democratic force by any means. How amused and amazed at the same time you must often have been, my dear JOHN, when short-sighted old Tories assailed you as a democrat, a leveller, and a destroyer. Of course I know better—that there is no man who more thoroughly recognises the inequalities of human lots, the varieties of power, whether power of money, power of tongue, power of culture, power of organisation, or power of rule, and the inequalities of privilege and position, which they draw after them.

I know no man, my dear JOHN, who, in all he does and says, more consistently asserts the wholesomeness of every man having his place, and knowing it—or, if he doesn't, being taught it. I know no man who has more respect for things established, more reverence for rule, more passion, may I say, for precedent. I sometimes think, my dear JOHN, you are the most genuine Tory of my acquaintance—the politician, who of all our leading political personages, is most anxious to find a precedent for everything, and having found one, to follow it—about the most determined "stander upon old ways," in the British Parliament. Birth I know you don't, or rather won't, believe in, and you don't much like high culture; and "society," with its rules and restraints, rather bores you. I must confess I don't wonder at your preferring a cigar, and a volume of *Goethe* to a white choker and Belgravian small talk; I do myself. I cannot help laughing when I think of you and ODGER, side by side in the House. I fancy I can see the look you would give him. But you and I know how little way these things go to the making of a democrat.

No; what you represent in the Cabinet is not the democratic idea—it is an idea quite different from the democratic. It is the wish to have the mass of men, women, and children in this country better taught, better clad, better fed, and better mannered. A very different thing, and, between ourselves, my dear JOHN, a much better thing, than wishing to have them admitted to power which they are not fitted to exercise, which is the wish of your true democrat.

What you represent in the House is the same wish, clothed in a pre-eminent power of plain yet splendid, masculine yet mellifluous, eloquence.

Your weakness has always been the difficulty you have in believing that other people might wish this as earnestly and honestly as you did, and yet take different roads to the same end. You have been in the habit of looking on those who differed from you in politics, as Dr. JOHNSON did on foreigners, when he said to BOSWELL, "For all I have ever been able to see to the contrary, all foreigners are fools." You have been apt to think that, to attain the objects you desired, it was enough to will them sincerely and strenuously; and that the slow progress of good legislation was owing to the folly or *fainéantise* of men in office.

All this your late experience of office has, I am glad to see, done much to correct. I congratulate you on the visible fruit of that experience in your late speeches at Birmingham and elsewhere; on their unfamiliar tolerance, reticence, caution, and comprehensiveness. That is why I should be sorry to see you leave the Board of Trade.

If your Office has not benefited much by you, you have benefited immensely by your Office; and whatever you benefit by, my dear JOHN, the country benefits by, in the long run; for you are a power, and deserve to be one; and the wiser, more tolerant, and thoughtful of others a power is, the better.

The *Times* expresses an earnest hope that you will retain office, even if you are not able to resume its labours forthwith. I echo that hope—but for *your* sake, as I have said, rather than that of your Office; and for the country's sake and Parliament's that looks for and listens to your words.

I hope you may retain Office, because though you do not believe in the good it does, it does *one* enormous good—it helps to school you, and to transform you from an Orator into a Statesman; from a mighty speaking power of the platform and the Parliament, into a shaper of England's future, an agent in the elevation of her people, a strengthener of her power for good at home, and an ennobler and extender of her influence abroad.

Thus thinking, my dear JOHN, you will not wonder at my regret for your absence and its cause, and my anxiety for your return to Parliament, and above all, for your retention of Office. May you soon be restored to strength by the pure and bracing air of Scotland, should you go there. You fish, and good speed to your salmon-fishing.

As you slacken line to the plunge of some lively fifteen-pounder, may you be reminded that the surest way to lose your fish is to "give him the butt" too soon, and that the heaviest weight may be landed with the lightest tackle by one who knows when to let go, and when to "reel" in. It is the lesson, my dear JOHN, you most want; and I don't know that a Scotch salmon-river is not about the best school for teaching it.

And as "no play and all work" will make even JACK BRIGHT "a dull boy," take a good holiday when you are about it, and come back to us like a giant refreshed. Believe me, no one will more rejoice on your return than your old and faithful friend,

PUNCH.

BRIDGEWATER AND ITS ELECTION.

"Between the candidate and voters there was a body of brokers or agents, similar, on a small scale, to those gigantic 'rings' that infest American legislatures. * * * Out of thirteen elections, since 1832, not one has been other wise than corrupt, thanks to the happy morality of the Bridgewater constituents, and the ingenious operations of the clique who turned it to account."—*The Pall Mall* on "Bridgewater Morality."

AFTER the revelations brought about by the Bridgewater Commission, there can be no doubt that, for illustrations of design in the natural history of Electioneering, as in that of Creation, we cannot go to a better source than the "Bridgewater Treaties" between bribers and bribes in that now indignant and immaculate borough.

A SONG ON FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

THE rights of Woman who demand,
Those women are but few:
The greater part had rather stand
Exactly as they do.

Beauty has claims, for which she fights
At ease, with winning arms;
The women who want Woman's rights
Want, mostly, Woman's charms.

Consolation.

WE hear that CHANCELLOR LOWE has got in his Assessed and Queen's Taxes wonderfully. Never were so few arrears known, though the ingenious ROBERT has been screwing out of us two years' payments at one and the same operation. Fortune favours the brave. It may have been a Lowe dodge, but it has brought in a high figure, and has enabled us to pay for the Telegraphs without a loan. JOHN BULL may have been what the sporting men call "wired" in the transaction, but it is a comfort to think he hasn't been "milked" into the bargain.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.

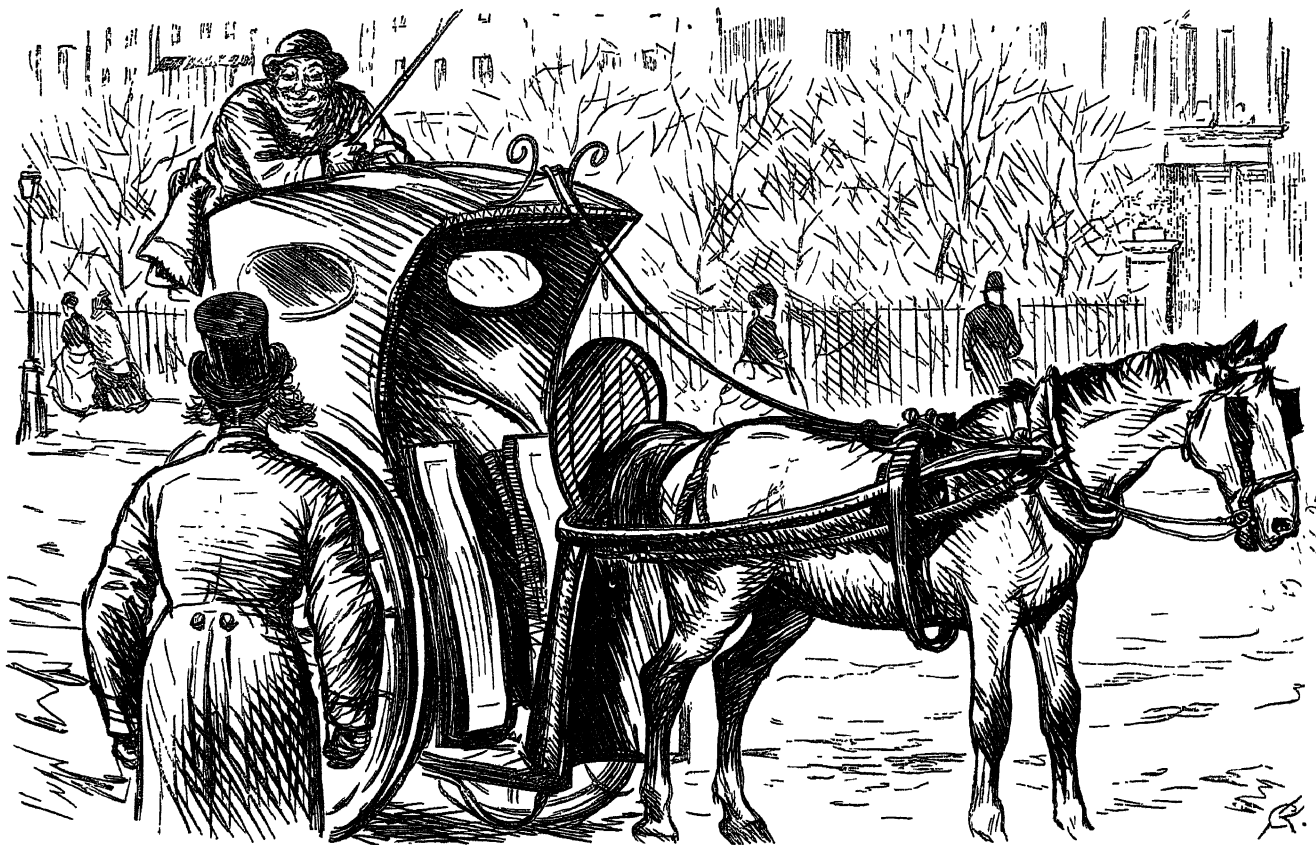
A DYSPETIC Gentleman said he thought he must be suffering from the foot and mouth disease, arising from having overnight *Walked into a Heavy Supper*.

THE TREASON-MONGERS OF TIPPERARY.

Trade Motto of O'Donovan Rossa and Co.—Small Profits on Quick Returns.

FALSE ALARM IN CONVOCATION.—Great fear was felt in truly serious quarters for the safety of the Church of England. But our TEMPLE has not caved in!

SMOKER'S PROVERB.—It's an Ill Weed that blows nobody any good.



"LET WELL ALONE!"

Swell. "AH—WHAT'S YOUR FARE TO HAMPTSTEAD BY THE—AH—NEW LAW?!"

Cabby. "OH, I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' 'BOUT NO NEW LAWS, SIR!—SAME OLD FARE, SIR—'LEAVE IT TO YOU,' SIR!"

ROCHEFORT AND REVOLUTION.

No; History does *not* repeat itself. For CAMILLE DESMOULINS she gives us ROCHEFORT; for *L'Ami du Peuple*, the *Marseillaise*; for the Attack on the Tuileries, the Barricade of Belleville.

If History repeated itself, why was the Revolution of 1830 so different from that of 1789? that of 1848 so different from that of 1830?

Does not all this show that even France, ready as she is to "descend into the street," is gradually learning the folly of flying to anarchy as the escape from misrule, and declines to help the triumph of a ROCHEFORT, even though it may be the downfall of a LOUIS NAPOLEON? In '89 the Revolution cost the lives of a Royal Family, the best blood of the nation, and a European War, and needed a NAPOLEON THE GREAT to end it. In 1830 the Revolution cost three days' street-fighting, and was closed by a LOUIS PHILIPPE. In 1848 the Revolution was set up by a *coup de main*, and put down by the Nephew of the Uncle.

It looks like it.

ROCHEFORT has been sentenced, and Order continues to reign in Paris.

ROCHEFORT has been arrested, and LOUIS NAPOLEON still sits at the Tuileries.

Armed Insurrection can find no better head than half-witted FLEURENS to flourish his sword-cane, and fire off his revolver at nobody in particular. No stronger hands but those of the few score gamins who threw up sham-barricades for the police to take, and scampered before the sticks and small-swords of the Municipal Guards.

It has not even needed the *presence* of soldiers to put down this feeble fiz of revolutionary effervescence.

France definitely declines to borrow ROCHEFORT's *Lanterne* to look for her honest man by.

She accepts OLLIVIER, and his coadjutors, and the substitution of Parliamentary for Personal rule, as more beneficial means of restoring

her to the self-government she has been content for a time to abdicate, and for which she can not better show her fitness than by her contempt for such *ménieurs* as ROCHEFORT, and such organs as his *Marseillaise*.

A RISING FAMILY.

UNDER the heading "A Pluralist" the *Times* enumerates the good things that fell to the lot in life of the REV. T. H. SPARKE, son of an ex-Bishop of Ely. Here is the list:—

"In 1818, as soon as he was of age to be admitted into priest's orders, he was 'collated' to a prebendal stall in his father's cathedral, appointed to the rectory of Strettham (value £756), and the sinecure vicarage of Littlebury, Essex (value not known); in the next year his father bestowed on him the vicarage of Cottenham, Cambridgeshire, the value of which is given in *Crockford's Clerical Directory* as £770; in 1824 he was nominated to the Chancellorship of Ely Cathedral; in 1827 to the rectory of Leverington, Cambridgeshire (value, according to the same authority, £2100). According to "*Crockford*," his stall in Ely was of the annual value of £307, which he held for upwards of fifty years; and for nearly thirty years he was also rector of two other livings, Gunthorpe and Bale, near Thetford."

Can we have a better illustration than is furnished by such a List of the proverbial tendency of "Sparks" to "fly upwards?"

On Taxation.

A TAX on powder is fair. Those who use powder as a luxury won't mind paying their shot for it. The tax is only on powdered footmen: babies, when powdered, don't come under the Act.

To Correspondents.

PLAIN ENGLISH.—There will be no departure from the announcement made in No. 1356, and to which all Correspondents are referred.



ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

Artist (to Old Fellow-Student). "AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THESE YEARS—WHAT ARE YOU PAINTING?"

Swell. "OH, I GAVE UP PAINTING, MY DEAR FELLOW—THEN I TOOK TO TEACHING! BUT YOU CAN'T FIND PUPILS IN GENIUS, YOU KNOW, SO NOW I GO IN FOR ART CRITICISM! I KNOW I'M STRONG IN THAT! DID YOU SEE MY ARTICLE IN THIS WEEK'S 'NOW A DAYS?'"

ROCHEFORT IN HIS PLACE.

M. ROCHEFORT is not the right man in the right place. M. ROCHEFORT is in prison—he ought to be elsewhere. A telegram from Paris, the other day, told us that:—

"M. ROCHEFORT has written a letter to M. SCHNEIDER, proposing that the Ministry should be impeached for inciting to civil war."

Instead of being immured in a French prison, M. ROCHEFORT ought now to be figuring in a British theatre. The face of M. ROCHEFORT should be overlaid with white paint, patched and streaked with scarlet. His eyebrows should be enlarged, and his head crowned with a cockcomb. His attire should consist of a frock and knickerbockers of motley, clocked stockings, and red-morocco shoes. Thus equipped and embellished for the excitement of mirth, M. ROCHEFORT should be engaged nightly at one of the theatres in affording amusement to the youthful part of his spectators, in particular making a point, when collared in a street-row, of upbraiding the police with having created the disturbance.

"I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl,"

—says SHAKESPEARE'S *Richard III.*, and so M. ROCHEFORT might say if he were a person of *Richard's* dramatic dignity; but, being what he is, he would act more in character with himself by playing another character, and in the language of that character, at one of the stage wings, taunting a guardian of the public peace with the cry of "Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, naughty Bobby!" round a corner.

SOMETHING LIKE CONVERSION.

TALK of Missionary work! BOB LOWE is the man for it. He is going to convert the New Three per Cents and the Reduced to Consols!

A MILITARY DISTINCTION.—The French Army is injured by the duel system. The English Army suffers from the dual system.

ANATHEMA SIT.

(See the *Canones de Boelen*, published in the *Times* of Thursday, February 10th.

AIR—"A Hunting We will Go."

THE new-cast canons of the Church,
To load and fire, be bold;
And prove they'll shoot as straight and far
As e'er they shot of old.
As we have power to canonise
The Church's Saints on high,
So, Church's sinners we have power
To doom to endless fry!
Then a-cursing we will go, my boys,
A-cursing we will go!

If any man denies the rights
Of Holy Roman Church,
And holds that stain of any sin
Its head or limbs can smutch;
If any man from any faith
But ours hope Christian seed,
Or Christian fruit, on branch or root—
Let him be double-d'd!
And a-cursing let us go, my boys,
A-cursing let us go!

Whoso maintains that Faith or Works
Salvation can command,
For sinners who beyond the pale
Of Holy Church may stand;
Whoso contends that Holy Church
Can err in will or deed,
That there are sins Priests cannot purge—
Let him be double-d'd!
Then a-cursing let us go, my boys,
A-cursing let us go!

Whoe'er maintains that Holy Church
Can go astray at all—
Be pervert from its ancient rule,
Or into darkness fall;
That Pope or Priest, by evil life
May nullify his creed,
And prove blind guide of blinded flocks—
Let him be double-d'd!
And a-cursing let us go, my boys,
A-cursing let us go!

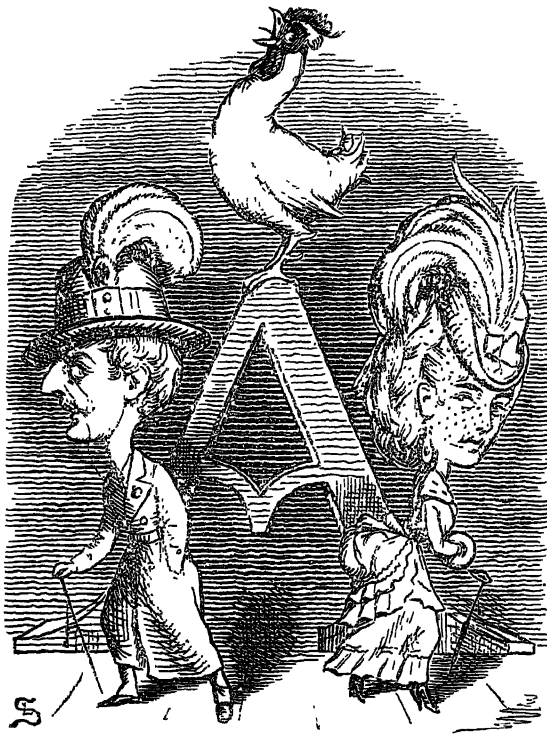
Whoe'er denies that Holy Church
By right divine holds rule,
O'er consciences and coin of men,
Bodies and souls to school;
That PETER is the Church's head,
The Popes his lineal breed,
Viceroy of Heaven to bind and loose—
Let him be double-d'd!
And a-cursing let us go, my boys,
A-cursing let us go!

Whoe'er supports a Public power
On which the Church may frown,
Or sets not, *jure ecclesie*,
Tiara over Crown;
Who holds that Church's law and State's
To divers ends can lead,
Or that *this* doth not rest on *that*—
Let him be double-d'd!
And a-cursing let us go, my boys,
A-cursing let us go!

Whoever dares to feast or fast
Save as Church fasts or feasts;
Whoever dares to call his soul
His own, and not his Priest's;
Whoever does, or says, or thinks,
Save as Church has decreed,
Per Canones Ecclesie—
Let him be double-d'd!
Then a-cursing let us go, my boys,
A-cursing let us go!

A NEW ANNIVERSARY. (NOT A VICTORY).—Wednesday, February 16th. The Battle of WATERLOW!

WOMEN'S WORST DISABILITIES.



LDERMAN COWEN, the other day, presented to the House of Commons a petition from Newcastle-on-Tyne, "to remove the disabilities of women." It is to be wished the House of Commons could. Women are subject to disabilities other than political; and what a blessing it would be for them, and those who are charged with them, especially for men of moderate circumstances in the higher and middle classes, if Parliament could remove those! The POPE is often ridiculed for his continual use of an expression declaring disability in the sense of inability; want of power to do a thing. But women in general (not you, sweet readers,) are in the habit, much more frequently than his Holiness is, of saying *non possumus*. "I can't take exercise," "I can't touch that horrid medicine."

"I can't go about in those old things." "I can't dress under so much a year." "I can't do without a carriage." "I can't live any longer in this house." "I can't manage without so many servants." "I can't eat this." "I can't drink that." "I can't do"—anything whatever that implies the least degree of self-command. Unhappily no legislation can relieve women of their most grievous disabilities; those which all come under the general head of disability to act in

any way against the bidding of their unreasoning inclinations. If it could, and the House of Commons would pass an Act to abolish all those female disabilities, poor Paterfamilias would immediately have the pleasure of seeing his wife and daughters, habitually independent of cabs, walking to the theatres and to evening parties as the *Pall Mall* suggested the other day, in sensible short dresses and mud-proof goloshes of India-rubber.

EIGHTY MILES AT A STRETCH.

THE following paragraph, extracted from a contemporary, must be supposed to have originally appeared in an American paper:—

"A MATCH.—Two daughters of a thrifty farmer in Illinois, fifteen and seventeen years old, completed on the 17th of January the task of walking eighty miles within twenty consecutive hours for a prize of 100 dollars. They had one hour and thirty minutes to spare."

Never be satisfied with driving your nail through your board ever so far. Clinch it. The statement that two girls under eighteen walked eighty miles within twenty hours running (as we may say without Irishism) is a good whack with the hammer. The assertion that they had one hour and thirty minutes to spare is a clincher.

One would like to know the name of the "thrifty farmer in Illinois" whose daughters are said, as above, to have shown themselves such wonderful pedestrians.

If they are truly said to have done so, and take after their father, he is appropriately named if the name he bears is that which was borne by the author of the *Pronouncing* and the *Rhyming Dictionary*. It is a name which, at any rate, the foregoing story of a long walk will have occasioned many men to pronounce on reading it—WALKER.

A Long Step in the Right Road.

PUNCH begs leave to congratulate the Right Honourable W. E. FORSTER on his bold, wise, and comprehensive Education Bill. He has taken a longer stride, by that Bill, towards securing the schooling of every child in England than two leagues—or seven leagues either.

RARE NEWS FROM ROME.

THE lively Correspondent of the *Post* at Rome, describing certain ecclesiastical evolutions performed by the Fathers on their way to the Council, presents us with the following brilliant sketch in pen-and-ink:—

"Groups are thus formed of endless variety, both as to attitude, expression, and colour, for the flaming Cardinal kneels down (on a cushion presented by a sumptuously liveried flunkey) beside a snuff-coloured unattended Capuchin (on the bare stones), and a gorgeous Nestorian, with pictured robe and flowing locks, groups well with a Hungarian patriarch, a couple of French bishops, and an Irish Dominican abbot."

This is a vivid picture, and comprises one peculiarly striking object: the "gorgeous Nestorian." He is a lion indeed, a lion lying down with lambs, unless he may rather be considered a wolf in the fold, but then how can the sheep-dogs let him remain there? Perhaps, however, the Nestorians, heretics ever since the fifth century, have quietly renounced their heresy within the last few months, and squared it with the Holy See.

A Lesson for Ireland.

SOME ignorant Irish, old England to fire,
Elected O'DONOVAN ROSSA, ESQUIRE;
But this Fenian bold is a felon *de se*,
And, civilly dead, has no life as M.P.
'Tis a maxim, the truth whereof each one allows here,
That you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear:
Of a similar truth, too, there needs no debater,
That you can't make an M.P. out of a traitor.

A Liberal Measure.

MR. PLIMSOLL, M.P., wishes to compel all Railway Companies to provide hot-water bottles for Third Class passengers. A working man, not yet in Parliament, says that he would move as an amendment, that after the word "hot" be inserted the word "brandy."

LITERARY SMASHERS.

ANOTHER villainous case of word-coining is reported from America. A person there is spoken of as having "suicided." The coiner of this verb no doubt belongs to the vile gang who lately issued the word "burgle," meaning to commit a burglary, and the still more hideous terms "excorted" and "injected," which have recently been suffered to pass current in the States. In the same false mint, we doubt not, have been coined such words as "cabled," "wired," "donated," "deputed," "interviewed," "orated," "reliable," "rendition," "walkist," "eatist," and the like, with which the Queen's English has lately been in Yankeeeland defaced. Such wretched counterfeits as these for genuine sterling English are, with scarcely an exception, first uttered in the newspapers; and if editors declined to pay for any article wherein they detected this false coinage, the literary smashers would be literally smashed.

NEW STYLE.

THE *Times*, in its notice of MR. BELLEVUE'S *Hamlet* (to which Mr. Punch heartily wishes much success), has the following remark:—"There are so many persons in this country who run after everything theatrical, save a theatre itself, that this approximation to a theatre, which may be compared to the position of an asymptotic curve, may prove powerfully attractive to a large class."

"An asymptotic curve!"

If this sort of writing is coming into vogue, it will be necessary for us all to go through a course of mathematics before attempting to master the dramatic criticisms in the papers.

An Uncertain Title.

So confused and complicated were the interests involved in the recent litigation about the revenues of St. Paul's School, founded by DEAN COLER, that it had at last come to be described as the *What-d'ye-Coler* foundation.

LA MODE AND LA MISÈRE.

HUNGRY reader—still more, cold and hungry reader—if *Punch* counts among his readers any so vulgar as to be cold and hungry, would you be comforted? Read here—and warm yourself in the winter garments of your betters.

La Misère, allow me to introduce you to La Mode!

"Toilettes de visite appear to have arrived at the last stage of magnificence, the richest stuffs being now garnished with the richest trimmings. Take, for instance, a robe of golden brown velvet, and warm grey satin made with a long train au manteau de cour, the satin jupe having two flounces coquillés, the uppermost of satin trimmed with a delicate interlacing passementerie, the lower one of velvet edged with a gathered border of black lace. The velvet train is trimmed all round with bands of rich passementerie, that gradually widen towards its extremity, headed by ruches of grey satin."

Or this—

"An equally elegant costume is in violet velvet and satin of a lighter shade, the under jupe of velvet being trimmed round the bottom with a deep entredeux of black velvet on white satin, bordered above and below by a floss silk fringe. The upper jupe à traine is in satin, and raised at the sides behind coques of violet velvet and black lace. Long basques trimmed with rouleaux of velvet, bordered with deep black lace, hung from the back of the corseage, and, joined together at their ends, follow the sweep of the train. The tight sleeves have puffs on the shoulders and slashes of white satin veiled with black lace."

Is it possible you are still sad and sick and shivering? Then put this on your back and warm you:—

"One toilette, entirely of velvet of a warm violet shade, is made with a short jacket bordered with chinchilla fur, a band of which is arranged to form a small simulated pelerine behind. The cuffs of the tight-fitting under-sleeves, together with the openings of the loose hanging sleeves, which droop almost level with the knees, are trimmed en suite. The perfectly plain tunic has a fur border, and the under jupe has a deep band of fur some few inches from the bottom. A velvet muff bound with fur and a velvet toque trimmed with a grey feather, secured with a large gold buckle, complete a costume the elegance of which rivals its simplicity. A toilette in Carmelite velvet, trimmed with twisted silk cord, the under jupe of which has a deep flounce with heading, has its upper jupe raised at the sides by interlacing cords and tassels; while the jacket, which is open behind to accommodate the slight bouffante, has a couple of pointed basques falling down rather low in front and a vaporous-looking lace frill at its open collar."

There! Isn't that nice wearing!

And as one good turn deserves another,

Let me next introduce *La Mode* to *La Misère*, a seasonable acquaintance in this fine bracing weather.

Here is an inquest at Charing Cross Hospital last Wednesday, on JOHN SUTTON, aged fifty-three, coach-wheelwright, sober and industrious—out of employment the last four months—supported a sister while in work—nothing to eat for the last few weeks but dry bread and weak tea, procured by pledging clothes and furniture. MARY LOVELAND, a widow, called on the brother and sister last Thursday—seeing the man was ill for want of food, she asked the parish doctor to come to him. Doctor's assistant came and saw him, and said he had better come into the house on the following day. But the story loses by condensation. Let MARY LOVELAND tell it "to the bitter end," in her own way:—

"At the request of the assistant she went in the afternoon to the surgery of the workhouse for some medicine, when she told the doctor the man was dying for want of food, and asked him to give her an order for some beef-tea or some oatmeal. He said there was no oatmeal in the house, but made no remark about the beef-tea. He said the deceased had better come to the house the next morning. He did not say anything about sending a conveyance. On Friday morning the deceased had a small piece of dry bread to eat, and at 11 o'clock he left home with witness and his sister to go to the workhouse. He had got but a little way, when he fell down in the street insensible, and was taken to the hospital in a cab by a policeman. The cab-fare was paid by Mr. RICHARDS, a draper in Ann Street, who saw the deceased fall. Mr. MITCHELL, house-surgeon, said deceased was admitted into the hospital about 12 o'clock on Friday morning last. He was insensible, and in a most exhausted state. Every attention was paid to him, but he never rallied, and died at 10 o'clock in the evening. The result of a post mortem examination showed that deceased was suffering from inflammation of the lungs, the other organs being healthy. There was no food in the stomach, nor a particle of fat on the body, which was much emaciated. The want of food and exposure to the cold had accelerated the inflammation of the lungs, which was the immediate cause of death. After some deliberation, the following verdict was returned:—"That the deceased died from inflammation of the lungs, produced by exposure to the cold and the want of food."

This is one of four inquests in the same coroner's district on the same day, ending in effect in the same concise verdict: "Death from want of food, and privation." And there has been no day this last week without several such inquests.

No wonder the St. Pancras Guardians the other day got angry with the aggravating medical man who would persist in giving the sick poor certificates of "exhaustion from want of food." As if that was

a disease! As an acute Guardian said, "for a Doctor to give such a certificate was no better than washing his hands of the patient altogether"—and flinging him "dead" on the rates.

Ah—there's the rub! There wouldn't be so much harm if the doctor would only wait till the pauper's dead before flinging him. But unfortunately you can't always hit it so exactly as you did in the case of JOHN SUTTON, where the man died within eight hours of his admission to the House, and never cost the parish a meal. The St. Pancras Doctor needn't be in such a hurry—if he wasn't bent on spitting the guardians!

PAUL PRY AT ST. PETER'S.

It seems that a jackdaw in ecclesiastical peacock's feathers has really, by the complicity of a Roman tailor, contrived to creep into the Œcumenical Council. Who is he? Perhaps some contemporary's Own Correspondent. Having been found out, he was sent to prison, where he remains. Suppose he is a British subject. Shall we have to fit out an expedition for his release, dealing with *Pio Nono* as we dealt with *THEODORE*? We could do it without fear of an European war. NAPOLEON would be only too glad of an excuse for leaving the Pope to fight any battles which he might provoke as a King by the exercise of his temporal sovereignty over representatives of foreign Powers. Nor need a Roman expedition cost the Income Tax-payer ten millions. We might make it pay its expenses by plundering the Vatican.

But "No Admittance Except on Business" is the rule at the Papal Council; and his HOLINESS has a right to enforce it. And should we say that a Briton is everywhere *Civis Romanus*, the Holy Father may shut us up as well as our countryman. He can say that he perfectly agrees with us, regards that prying British subject precisely as a Roman Citizen; and has served him accordingly. Which nobody can deny.

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE.

ILL-served Lib'ral cause! Who in Southwark has brought her low? Settle it, ODGER, between you and WATERLOW.

Who to LATARD's old home brought a high Tory lodger?

Settle it, WATERLOW, 'tween you and ODGER.

Punch won't judge betwixt you, which should have giv'n way,

But, that one of you should have, is clear as the day.

If 'twas WATERLOW, hang him, a selfish old codger!

If it wasn't, then all I've to say is, hang ODGER.

At pelting the pair *Punch* will join in a breather,

But it's not fair to fling all the dirt upon either.

CARVING HIS WAY TO DISTINCTION.

"A new weekly Journal is announced—*The Knife and Fork*—to be conducted by 'FIN-BEC,' the Author of '*The Epicure's Year Book*.'"

A PIECE of news that makes the mouth water, but we should like to have a little more information about this new Magazine for our table. Will *The Knife and Fork* appear with plates? If so, how many cuts will each number contain? Will it be published in the Edgware Road? "FIN-BEC" is a man to play a capital *Knife and Fork*, and knows how to handle his subject thoroughly well, so we may expect from him a perfect feast of good things, served up in first-rate style, for which we shall be very willing to fork out any reasonable sum. But is there not a rival in the dining-room, in the *Food Journal* advertised as also about to appear?

COLD AFTER CANDLEMAS.

WITH ice-bergs floating down the Thames in February, after a cloudy Candlemas Day, we must modify the old Leonine verses relative to that festival, and may say:—

*Sol se condebat, Mariâ purificante;
Nec minor est glacies post festum quàm fuit ante.*

We may also reform our old vernacular doggerel on the same subject, as thus:—

Last Candlemas Day was dark and foul,
But the winter by no means did go last Yule,
If Candlemas Day should be bright and clear,
That may or may not be the case next year.

A Good Round Sum.

A GENTLEMAN has offered a bet of £500 that the earth is not rotund, as it is generally supposed to be in the best circles, a Fellow of the Geographical Society has accepted it, and "the editor of an old established London paper has been chosen umpire."—*The Globe*, of course.



HORRIBLE REVELATIONS.

"THAT'S AN OUT-AND-OUT GOOD HORSE OF YOURS, CABBY! I WAS NEVER DRIVEN SO FAST IN MY LIFE."

"THANK YOU, SIR!—YES, SIR! HE WAS PRECIOUS NIGH GETTIN' THE UPPER 'AND OF ME COMING DOWN 'AMPSTEAD 'ILL, I CAN TELL YOU! LOOK WHAT HE DONE TO MY SPLASHBOARD, JUST AFORE YOU GOT IN! KICKED IT ALL TO PIECES. I DON'T BELIEVE HE WAS EVER DROVE BEFORE TO-NIGHT! TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I'M RATHER NEW TO THE BUSINESS MYSELF! I WAS BROUGHT UP A CARPENTER! YOU'RE MY FIRST FARE; YOU, AND YOUR GOOD LADY! AND I 'OPE YOU 'LL BRING ME GOOD LUCK !!!"

EFFECTS OF THE IRISH LAND BILL.

No more agitation! Righteous legislation
With pacification blesses Erin's Isle;
Changes gloom and sadness into joy and gladness,
Hushes Fenian madness—makes the scowl a smile.

On prophetic vision dawning, plains Elysian
Follow the decision of the Tenant's Right.
None their landlords "tumble;" farmers don't e'en grumble;
Like bees, high and humble, Irishmen unite.

Bogs are disappearing 'mid vociferous cheering;
Busy hands off-clearing all the peat are seen;
Companies gregarious turn it into various
Things, oils multifarious, and naphtha, and paraffin.

Fields of corn and clover hill and valley cover,
Kohl-rabi, moreover, turnips, peas and beans,
There is also mangold, hops around poles tangled,
Meads with king-cups spangled, kail and other greens.

And in proper places, potatoes, though their space is
Less than now the case is; but what potatoes those!
And there's grass for mowing, and there's cattle lowing;
And tobacco, growing, blossoms like the rose.

Flax is likewise thriving, linen is reviving,
Irish drapers driving all a roaring trade.
Irish hands are clipping, and of their wool stripping
Sheep as fat as dripping, mutton to be made.

Ireland's Pig is sharing progress, better faring;
Barley-meal, not sparing, peasants him supply

With an ample shovel; he, that used to grovel
In a human hovel, has a decent sty.

Parson wed, priest single, talk and whiskey mingle,
And their glasses jingle with harmonious ring:
And the prosperous PADDY, TERENCE, TIM, and THADY,
Grateful to their GLADDY, the British Anthem sing.

'WARE, CABBY, 'WARE.

"It is stated that the HOME SECRETARY has authorised the appointment of a Chief Inspector of Public Carriages. INSPECTOR WARE, of the A Division, is named as the new Chief Inspector."

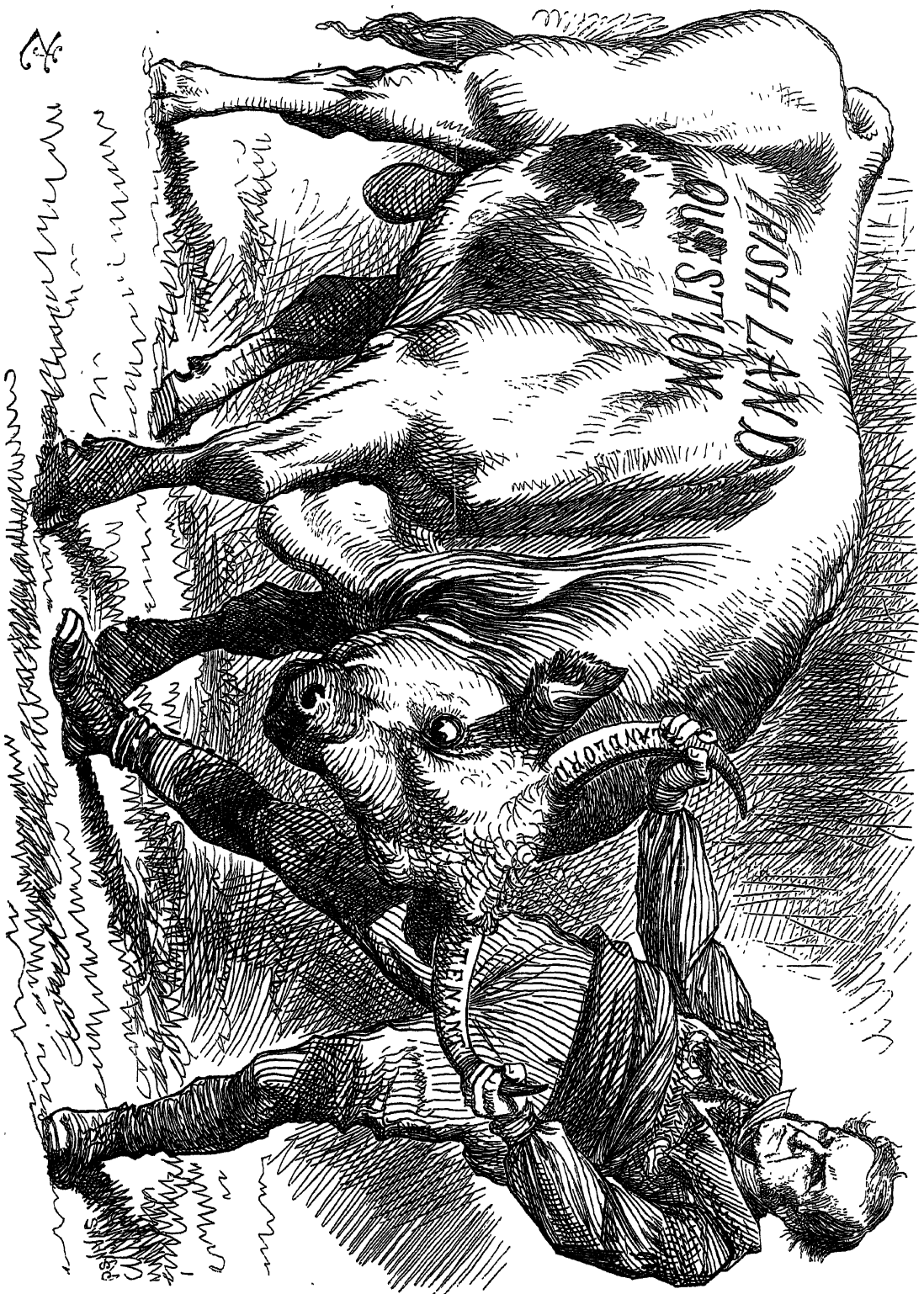
We are glad to hear it, and hope the new Chief Inspector will keep a Wary eye upon our comfortable and luxurious cabs and omnibuses. May we ask for another appointment to be made? A Chief Inspector of Public Crossings. Such a functionary would be very useful now that the season is commencing, and by his supervision might enable many persons to perform the journey without danger to their lives—and boots. But perhaps, as regards our boots, the Shoe-black Brigades have vested interests with which no interference can be permitted.

Invidious.

CYNICAL and republicanly minded people, seeing how the PRINCE TECK fattens and flourishes in the home of his adoption, insist on calling him the "PRINCE DE BR-TECK."

May his shadow, and that of his kindly and pleasant Princess, never be less!—says *Punch*.

A TIDY DRINK.—Neat Brandy.



TAKING THE (IRISH) BULL BY THE HORNS.

BETTER DAY, BETTER DEED.



needs public grants to pay for, and CAPTAIN COOKS, SIR JOSEPH BANKSES and SIR JOHN HERSCHELS to carry on, we have the annual transit of Venus, which is observed by the whole corps of letter-carriers, at the cost of the pennies of the million, and that is the passage of love-letters through the post on the 14th of February.

SECRETS IN THE AIR.

AN ingenious member of the Royal Irish Academy, DR. GEORGE SIGERSON, has been using the microscope to make the air we breathe give up its motes. He has analysed in this way, "sea breeze," and "country air," and "drawing-room air," and "city air,"—if the name must be given to the foul mixture of mucus, granite-dust, quartz spiculae, cotton fluff, soot particles, epithelial scales, and crystals of ammonia, which the wretched inhabitants of cities are forced to inhale by way of lung-pabulum.

No air, we find, but may be made to render up its secrets. The sea breeze shows us its health-giving crystals of chloride of sodium and sulphate of magnesia, its visible traces of iodine and bromine, if we push our questioning far enough. The country air reveals to us its fragrant treasure of daisy pollen and fungus spores, its plant crystals, its moth scales, its spermatozoids of ferns, its ova of animalcules, its very dew-drops, one, says DR. SIGERSON, "with a lively monas disporting in it," within two hours of its gathering in its leaf-cup."

The idea is worth developing. Why, if the ordinary microscope can show us all this in the material motes of the air we breathe, should not a more powerful instrument, and a more delicate analysis, carry us a stage further, and enable us to detect in the air its subtler qualities—say the proportions of weariness, worldliness, and worship, that make up the air of Church; or the elements of patriotism and compositeness, vanity and verbosity, the filaments of red tape, and the dry dust of precedent, that blend in the air of the House of Commons? How interesting to have the air of Convocation analysed, before and after BISHOP TEMPLE's explanation, for a determination of its quantities of *odium theologicum* and latent zeal-heat, or to reduce the atmosphere that gathers like a fog over Exeter Hall platform into its chief constituents, bitters of bigotry, and dust of declamation, and to have made palpable, through all these, that small modicum of salt of Christianity which keeps the mixture sweet enough not only for bare breathing, but even for supporting healthy existence, and propagating good works. Think of the value of an analysis of the air of a St. Pancras board-room, side by side with one of a St. Pancras sick-ward—the embodied emanations of guardian selfishness and penny wisdom by those of pauper sluttiness, starvation, and suffering!

Surely, we might all learn something to our advantage from such a making visible of that which goeth out of us, such a palpable manifestation of what spirit we are.

From Leicester Square.]

HARD Frost. No hunting! The Eccentric Statue in Leicester Square got a severe fall some weeks ago in attempting, it is now said, to leap the railings. The poor gentleman has entirely lost his nerve, and cannot be persuaded to remount.

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

IF it is a weakness, it is a pardonable one, which leads us to regard with interest the little personal articles, of use or ornament, that have belonged to the great men and great women whose works we admire and whose memory we worship.

Who can survey, without emotion, POPE's toothpick, which, bequeathed by the poet in the last codicil but one to his Will, to ARBUTHNOT, free from legacy duty, is now amongst the most treasured possessions of the College of Dentists in Glasgow? What are our thoughts when permitted to handle the penwiper MALTHEUS used the morning he completed his *Essay on Population*, within sight of the towers and steeples of Bethnal Green; or to take into a reverent palm NEWTON's tobacco-stopper, formed out of a fragment of the apple-tree under which he was sitting in September, when the Yorkshire codling fell at his feet, and unfolded to him his grand discovery of the laws of good society?

MRS. BARBAULD's goloshes, worn by her that memorable and rainy evening when she accompanied her step-father to drink tea with his stockbroker, who was afterwards in reduced circumstances, and there heard the news of the capitulation of the Island of Formosa to the allied fleets, under the command of COMMODORE TRUNNION, C.B.; the shoestrings COWPER tied the day the thought first struck him, as he was watching the company leave the London Tavern, of writing his best known poem, *The Flea*; the only pocket-handkerchief of MILTON's extant, which after remaining as an heirloom in the family of his laundress for many generations, was parted with by her sole surviving descendant, under pecuniary pressure, to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington; Fox's brush, now in the Hunterian Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields; MRS. SIDDON'S favourite false tooth, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN's egg-boiler, JOHN WILKES's roasting jack, MISS EDGEWORTH's garden-roller, FANNY BURNES's curl-papers, BURNES's shoehorn, the tassel of JOHNSON's nightcap,—these and a thousand other cherished relics and mementoes, to be found in our various public and private collections, can never cease to be objects of veneration alike to the dwellers round St. Paul's and the Wrekin, and the enthusiastic pilgrim who bends his steps hither, with letters of introduction and a return ticket, from the weltering shores of the Mississippi or the blue waters of the far Hydaspes.

The unaccountable partiality of great writers for those of their works not held in the highest estimation by the best Judges (including the Courts of Law now sitting) has often been the subject of wondering remark. It was not his *Inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful*, nor his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, nor yet his *Speeches*, that filled EDMUND BURKE with just pride, but the little *Cookery Book* to which he devoted all his leisure moments, when permitted to retire to the villa near Wolverhampton, where REYNOLDS and SIR JOSEPH BANKS found him, in a nankeen suit and wide flapping straw hat, feeding his turkey poults with Indian corn, at luncheon time.

Similarly SMOLLETT was indifferent to the praises bestowed on *Humphrey Clinker* and his other novels, but tell him of your admiration of his *Suggestions for the gradual diminution of the National Debt by Hydraulic Pressure*, and you found your way to his heart and his dinner-table immediately.

Amongst our poets, the extraordinary preference shown by GRAY for his *Ode on the Vanity of Testamentary Expectations*, over *The Progress of Pottery*, the *Elegy written in a Country Workhouse*, and all his other compositions, is a matter of history; and the same strange bias led DRYDEN to depreciate everything he had done in exaltation of his *Rake's Progress* and *Don Cesar de Bazan*.

Simple in his tastes yet careful of his personal popularity, penurious in his habits yet always ready to lend an ear to operatic music, sound in his understanding and on his feet, of great discrimination in the choice of friends, but without the least discernment of the different joints of butcher's meat, pleasant and pock-marked, garrulous and garish, with nothing false about him but his teeth, and no expectations from distant relatives, that amazing scholar, ISAAC CASAUBON, with his corpulence, his industry, his indifferent digestion, his universal knowledge, ranging from the private life of the Troglodytes to the curative properties of sarsaparilla, never passed a day—no not even in the busiest period of his life, when engaged on his greatest work, *De Gustibus non disputandum*, which has elicited the eulogiums of such rival scholars as the great SMECTYMNUS and the incomparable BENZENE—without taking refreshment.

Great Cards.

THERE are certain clever folks performing at Drury Lane called the VOKES Family. The name of VOKES suggesteth Jokes. If they were all bad whist players, they might be called the Re-vokes family.

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS' TALE BY THE HOME SECRETARY.—Acabby and his Wonderful Lamp.



A SAVAGE PASTIME; OR, THE MORALITY OF FIELD SPORTS.

Cruel Old Countryman, to Heartless Destroyer of Foces. "PLEASE, SIR, I HOPE AS YOUR HOUNDS 'LL GET RID O' THAT ERE FOX] TO-DAY. MY MISSIS SAY SHE CAN'T KEEP UN IN DUCKS AND EGGS NO LONGER, AND THIS ERE BE LAST O' TH' HENS!"

ROME AND RAMSBOTHAM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

It's a curious fact, but true, that the POPE has no Navy, although all Roman Candlesticks profess great reference for the bark of PETER, and of course all the Carnivals and every Roman all over the world glories in being in the same boat. My nephew, who belongs to the Ulster Riddleist party in England, and is almost a Candlestick himself, says the bark is holy. "Well," says I, "then how about the leaks?" which quite upset his arguments.

I can't write much now, as I have been laid up this week with Romeytism in the wrist, which I couldn't use at all if I didn't rub in imprecations every night. Some people suggest using appledilod, but I prefer the above remedy. One medical man recommends a peculiar sweet ornament which he has repaired; but on asking a lyrical chemist he gave it as his opinion that the complication which was his invention was only hearthstone-and-oil after all.

Well, Lent is now coming on, and we shall soon be in the season of pennants and fortification. Adieu.

Yours ever,

LAVINIA RAMSBOTHAM, JUN.

A National Criminals' Act.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA, in his Speech from the Throne addressed to the North German Parliament, expressed his "great gratification" on account of the completed preparation of a penal code for North Germany. That, no doubt, is a good job, and one not concluded too soon for North Germany and the Prussian Sovereign. Before a penal code had been devised for North Germany, Denmark had been robbed of her Duchies.

TOTAL ECLIPSE.

M. LIEVIERIER has been dismissed from the Imperial Observatory, Paris. M. LIEVIERIER's star is clearly not in the ascendant.

CUT IT SHORT.

WITHOUT pretending to be weather-wise, we may venture to predict the speedy commencement of a long season of drought. The newspapers, for months to come, will be full of prolix Parliamentary speeches on the question, already settled in everybody's mind, of the Irish Land Bill. We must also expect to be bored with an enormous quantity of dreary jaw on the immensely important, but equally dry, subject of Education. Why can't the measures of Government, respecting both this and the other thing, universally approved of, be passed without gabble? If our representatives will spare us their customary talk, they will enable Ministers to get through the work which MR. GLADSTONE and his colleagues want, and the country wants them, to do; and will preclude an awful massacre of Innocents. When it is clear that a Bill must pass amid tremendous cheering, Members might as well say at once to Ministers—"We will leave it to you, gentlemen."

High Notes.

"A few voices of refinement wanted (ladies and gentlemen only), for a really aristocratic choir."

THE wording of this invitation leaves it doubtful, whether by "refinement" is meant the quality of the voice, or the "quality" of the vocalist. Until this uncertainty is cleared up, we shall not give the "really aristocratic choir" the advantage of our splendid organ. And a voice of such power as ours would be of immense assistance to them, for of course they can never intend to sing anything low.

Hard to Accomplish.

WHEN, from time to time, we read in the *Court Circular* that So-and-so was introduced to HER MAJESTY and delivered up his "stick of office," we invariably find ourselves wishing that some one would deliver us from those Sticks in office still to be found in the Public Service.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

I FEEL that I *ought* to be dreadfully, unbearably, hot, but I'm not. There seems, as I lie on my back, bound down by sheets under a huge feather bed or two, to be a sort of infernal jingle of a rhyme in my head.

I ought to be hot,
But I'm not, I'm not.
I will if I can,
Like Der andere Mann.

Who is this Andere Mann? I've never seen him. Perhaps he is in the next cell to me. Wish I could sleep. Should like to, but mustn't; at least CASPAR says it's bad to do so. Must stay in for forty minutes. Impossible to read, even if one had a book. Why don't they invent some plan of fixing up a book before you? Wish FRIDDY were here: she'd read to me. Devoted wife, reading to vapour-bathed husband. I am *not* very warm. Wonder if it's doing me good? or harm?

Bath-man looks in. He takes a towel, and wipes my forehead: apparently without any satisfactory result, as he is more disgusted with me than ever.

"*Nein*," he says, "*nix varm*." Then in a tone of expostulation, "*Der andere Mann much varm: sweat der andere Mann*."

I am getting angry: I feel it. I am annoyed. What do I care about Der andere Mann's state of heat? I wish I knew the German for "comparisons are odious." I'd say it. All I do is to restrain my impatience, and merely say, "Oh, very odd. Twenty minutes," by which I mean that in that time I will leave this bed, whatever happens, much varm or not. Begin to think I've had enough of it.

Ten Minutes after the above.—Interval of thinking of nothing, except trying to recollect poetry, and failing. Bath-man enters. He is puzzled by my comparative frigidity.

"*Der andere Mann*," he begins again, "*much varm: sweat, der andere Mann, much sweat*." This in a loud tone, and as if at a loss to find terms to make me comprehend the admirable conduct of this infernal Andere Mann; "but," he goes on, more in sorrow than in anger at my utter failure, "*you, nix varm, nix sweat; nutting*," and he consequently comes with towels rather before his time, having decided upon giving me up as a bad job. He shakes his head dejectedly, as he goes through the mere formality of wrapping me up, and rubbing me down, to preserve me from sudden chill, and soon leaves me as unworthy of further attention, probably to report my extraordinary conduct to the Andere Mann, and to praise him in fulsome language for his exemplary bearing in and out of the vapour bath.

"Try again another day," I say to Bath-man, as I leave. But he has no reply for me: he is dejected. There are only two men, who, now the season is over, come to these baths. One is myself, and the other is Der andere Mann, and the first is, in the Bath-man's opinion, beneath contempt as a "Dampf-shifter."

English party here, small by degrees, and beautifully less; which quotation also applies to the gouts, and rheumatisms, and other ills the flesh is heir to, under DR. CASPAR'S treatment and application of sulphur waters.

System in my case undergoes a change. Besides the vapour bath, where after several ineffectual attempts I never can come up to the temperature of Der andere Mann, I am now *douched*.

The Douche.—The Doucheman, I mean the man who gives you the douche, appears dressed in a sort of nightgown and nightcap. I get out of his way at first, under the impression that he is an elderly lady, who has mistaken her compartment in the bath. He beckons me. I hesitate, under the above-mentioned impression, naturally. He smiles, and beckons me again.

Happy Thought.—Not unlike *Hamlet's Father's Ghost*. "His custom always of an afternoon."

Another Happy Thought in the same line.—"Lead on, I follow." He does lead on, and I do follow. To a cell with bath, similar to the others, only with a large water-pipe in it, coming down the back wall, above where your head would be if you sat under it.

We are both silent. He shuts the door. There is something unpleasantly mysterious in these movements. Feel that I must be on the defensive. (Nervous system a little out of order, or else why be afraid of a Doucheman, who, I know, will not do me any harm? Shall refer this to CASPAR, who will feel my pulse, which of itself is an operation that disturbs me considerably until the Doctor speaks, when I invariably feel relieved, whatever he says.) Doucheman suddenly takes off his bathing-gown and appears something like an acrobat who is going to support another acrobat on a pole. I am the other acrobat. Wish I knew the German for "acrobat." He speaks French, so I try "Acrobat." I say, "We are two Acrobats," pleasantly. He nods (he is now standing in the bath, doing something with the mouth of the pipe), smiles, and turns the water on to himself, just to see how he likes it before he tries it on me.

He is satisfied with the waterworks, and again imitates the *Ghost* in "*Hamlet*." I descend the steps. "Speak! I'll go no farther."

He speaks; "*plus bas*," he says, whereupon, after thinking for a few seconds what he means, I take up my position one step lower. I can imagine a very nervous man being thoroughly frightened by the next proceeding, which is to take you, quite unawares, by the leg. Somehow it's the last thing any one would think of. It seems to me that the Doucheman has no settled plan, but that after considering the patients for a few minutes, he is suddenly seized by a—

Happy Thought.—"Take him by the left leg" (*vide* poem about the infidel Longlegs) and pummel his foot.

The noise of the water rushing through the pipe on to my leg prevents conversation (it is Niagara in miniature), otherwise I should like to talk to him about the art of douching, and what is *his* idea of the particular benefit to the subject. In a moment's pause, that is, before he gets hold of my other leg, I collect myself for a question in French, "Why do you do this?" It sounds piteous, I fancy, as if I had added, "I never did anything unkind to you!"

He answers that it is "*pour faire rouler le sang*," and begins kneading my instep.

Happy Thought.—A kneaded friend is a friend indeed, or, a friend who kneads is a friend indeed.

Think it out, and put it down to SYDNEY SMITH.

Douche on my hands, arms, chest, everywhere.

Happy Thought.—All round my hat. Happier thought, on expanding my chest to the full force of the water, "All round my heart," Niagara on my back. Squirt, rush, whizz, sky-rockets of water at me. I am catching it heavily over the shoulders.

Happy Thought.—Should like to turn round suddenly, and see if the Doucheman is laughing. I daresay it's very good fun for him. Sort of perpetual practical joke. Capital employment for MILBURN if he ever wants a situation.

In twenty minutes it is all over.

Happy Thought.—Write a description of it all in some cheap form. Call it "Twenty minutes with a Doucheman." Telegraph the idea to PORGOOD AND GROOLLY. They haven't replied to my other telegram.

Fresh water is turned on up to 30° Réaumur, and I sit calmly meditating on the stirring events of the last half hour in the tranquillity of the ordinary bath, the Doucheman having resumed his nightgown and wished me *bon jour*.

Happy Thought.—"Oh that a Doucheman's draught should be," &c. Sing it myself. Stop on remembering that if Der andere Mann is in the building, this will encourage him to begin his operative selections.

Back in my Room at Hotel.—Never felt so well. Premonitory symptoms of gout have come out and gone. Telegraph to PORGOOD AND GROOLLY. Say, "Premonitory symptoms gone. How about theory—origination? Will you? Wire back."

A QUESTION OF THE DAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

EDUCATION is the Great Question of the Day. Contemporaneous history is a part of education. This is partly obtained by the study of the newspapers. But, Sir, in the interests of morality, in the interests of true civilisation, would it not be better if the full reports of the Divorce Court could be reduced to the very minimum of information?

Publicity in such cases as come within LORD PENZANCE'S jurisdiction, is, as experience teaches, no deterrent from crime, but may, too often, suggest precedents for the avoidance of discovery.

Yours thoughtfully, PETER FAMILIAS.

A GOOD LOOK-OUT FOR LODGERS.

HERE is an earthly Paradise for Lodgers—at least, so the Advertiser very likely thinks:—

APARTMENTS FURNISHED, to be Let. * * Close to Railways and Omnibuses. Terms moderate. * * No cat.

Considering the screams and screeches they emit, proximity to railways may be questionably pleasurable. But what a world of comfort, and what saving of one's marmalade, cigars, odd coppers, and cold mutton is to the lodger's mind implied by those two little words—"No Cat!"

A Very Serious Plague.

EVERYBODY has his pet plague of Irish land tenure. *Punch* has an idea that the great curse of landed property in Ireland is the slugs. In other countries they destroy the green crops, in Ireland they destroy the landlords.

AN IMPORTANT DISTINCTION.—The unmarried woman is rated herself. The married woman's rating falls on her husband.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

FANCY STUDIES OF CERTAIN PEOPLE WRITING "TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES."



MR. ROBERT SMITH WRITES TO STATE THAT HE IS NOT THE GENTLEMAN OF THAT NAME WHO WAS CHARGED AT BOW STREET WITH HAVING ASSAULTED FIVE POLICEMEN, AND BEATEN THEM BLACK AND BLUE WITH HIS FISTS.



MISS JANE ROBINSON, THAT SHE IS NOT THE LADY OF THAT NAME WHO (AS AN ANONYMOUS FRIEND INFORMS HER) BRINGS AN ACTION AGAINST A CORNET IN THE DRAGOONS FOR KISSING HER AGAINST HER WILL IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.



MR. PERCY JONES, THAT HE'S NOT THE PERCY JONES WHO WAS CONVICTED OF HAVING FRAUDULENTLY OBTAINED GOODS FROM VARIOUS WEST-END TAILORS BY PASSING HIMSELF OFF AS THE HON. PERCY PLANTAGENET DE HOWARD.



MR. ADOLPHUS BROWN (GOWER STREET), THAT HE IS NOT THE AUTHOR OF AN ARTICLE OF FOUR COLUMNS IN THIS MORNING'S PAPER, CALLED "WORKHOUSE REFORM," AND SIGNED A. BROWN; IN WHICH "THAT GENTLEMAN EXPRESSES HIMSELF VITUPERATIVE AND PERSONAL RELATIVE TO THE ST. PANCRAZ BOARD OF GUARDIANS."

COMPETITIVE CABMEN.



Why should not cabmen be selected by public competition, as well as other civil—perhaps, not too civil—servants? Free trade has failed at present to improve them or their vehicles, as we fondly hoped it might. Where are the new nine-penny-a-milers we were promised, with their drivers dressed in livery, and handing us a ticket with their numbers and their fares? We may as well expect to find an oyster in a cabbage as a ticket proffered to us when we jump into a cab. Yet what is possible in Paris may be surely done in London, if Parliament so please. Repeal the Act of last year, which is virtually valueless, and give more power to the elbows of inspectors and police. Refuse to license rickety hansoms and ramshackle four-wheelers, such as now for dirty night-work prowl about the streets. Encourage conscientiousness, civility and cleanliness by every practicable means.

Give rewards for all the articles, especially umbrellas, which are brought to the Lost Office when left in any cab. Dismiss all drunkards, and extortioners, and users of foul language, upon the first well-proved offence. Encourage competition for every vacant drivership, and choose the right man for the place by the test of an examination paper such as this:—

1. How long have you studied the topography of London? And to what points of the suburbs does your knowledge now extend?
2. Describe the shortest cut from Highbury to Houndsditch; and state by what routes you would drive a countryman, a foreigner, and a London lawyer's clerk; and what would be the fare demanded in each case.
3. When you are asked to carry luggage from your cab into a house, whereof the door is opened by a footman in plush breeches, do you or not consider you are privileged to grumble, unless paid a shilling extra for saving him the job?
4. Under what provocation do you deem yourself entitled to call a man "no gentleman"? Would you do so for his giving you a trifle less than double what you know is the right fare?
5. If you found left in your cab a purse of coin, an opera-glass, a packet of sandwiches, a cigar-case, a portmanteau, an overcoat, a pocket-book, a flask of sherry, an old walking-stick and a brand new silk umbrella, which of these articles, if any, would you take to Scotland Yard?
6. If you were hailed simultaneously by a gentleman with a small hand-bag and a gentleman with three ladies and a quantity of luggage, by whom would you consider that you were first engaged?
7. Under what circumstances do you think it pays to be insulting to a lady?
8. With what per-centage of excess upon the proper legal fare do you consider yourself satisfied, after candidly professing utter ignorance of distance, and humbly saying to a swell that "you leaves it to his honour"?
9. Do you consider yourself privileged to smoke inside your cab? And if so, what excuses can you invent for doing so?
10. How much short of half a sovereign would tempt you on a wet night from Regent Street to Hampstead?
11. Suppose a swell in Piccadilly were to tell you to drive him to Whitechapel, in how many miles and hours would you reach your destination? What amount of fare would your honesty of conscience permit you to demand? And, in case of a dispute, what vehemence of language could you adduce to back your statement that "the streets is most all hup, and so we 'ad to come a bit sirskewertous"?
12. When hired by the hour, has your wish to give good money's worth ever lured you to such speed, that you have felt yourself in danger of a fine for furious driving?

THE QUEST OF THE HOLY POKER.

(A Fragment overlooked by the Poet-Laureate.)

THUS ebb'd and flow'd the ocean of small talk
Between us twain, we wending, till, at length,
We neared the yawning chasm but newly bridged
By Cyclopean art, too fondly deemed
Omnipotent; since steps of restless men
And thundering wains had rent the granite piers
That bore the mass. We passed to where the wand
Of magian deft had smit down Middle Row
And given Holborn to the smile of Dax
And MARTIN: turned the angle of the street
Where CHATTERTON, indignant, spurned the world;
When lo, upon our gaze monastic piles
Flashed suddenly; and many a sad-robed priest
And spinster, habited in garb of eld,
Sped ever to the shrine. Awhile we stood
Musing of Time's mutations, as we marked
How strangely showed the ways of Moyer Age
Cropping above this nineteenth century.
So found I then a voice: "And deemest thou,
Young neophyte, the object of thy search,
The Holy Poker of Mosaic fame,
Lies yonder in St. Alban's sanctuary?"
He, wondering, spread abroad his cloak of serge,
Wrought in correctest shape by Cox & Co.,
And underneath his wide-rimmed billycock,
Showing a face all wan with pious fasts
And lengthened macerations, thus unbosomed
His ardent hopes.

"Was it not yonder priest,
The holy HERIOT, who, in former days,
Led, to the blazing of five hundred dips,
The faithful in procession? Was't not he
Who, when the Arches Court forbade to kneel,
Fell back on genuflexions, splitting hairs?
And, when he "elevated," drew the line
At the low limit of his proper cranium?
Is it not here that every olden rite
And custom banished by the advancing tide
Of common sense (so-called) yet liveth still
With feline immortality? Then here
We well may deem, if doomed at all to find
The relic, that success shall crown our quest."

So saying, we sought the cloister. Yet before
Its ponderous gate clashed on our entering steps,
A passing minstrel, fresh from Leather Lane,
Of garb Italian, tuned his organ-pipe
To accents of contagious melody
Sung nightly by the bards in Weston's Hall:
And from the circling crowd, one little voice,
Clear as the shrill pipe of an Echo-boy,
Took up the sweet refrain—Act on the Square.

SONG.

I.
"O ye who seek to find, yet, seeking, miss
The seeker's goal, and crown of all success:
If seeking, still ye search—Act on the Square.

II.
Fain would ye hear the words from friendly lips
Fall like a benediction 'All serene?'
Be this your motto still—Act on the Square.

III.
O sparrow, sparrow, sparrow, flying south,
Or east, or west, or north-north-east-by-east!
Be this thy chart of flight—Act on the Square."

Deeming the words prophetic of our quest,
We left the world behind the gate, and passed.

A Suggestion for Mr. Scudamore.

THE Clerk in the Government Telegraph Office that really wants cashiership is the Clerk of the Weather. He has been a general nuisance lately, and has done all he could to upset the new system, with only too much success.

A LAW SUIT.—Wig, Gown, and Bands.

THE REAL BRIDGEWATER CANAL.—The Voter's Breeches-Pocket.



DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

Comic Man. "HERE! WHO'S GOT A CORK-SCREW? I CAN'T DRAW MY MUZZLE-STOPPER!"

LOOK AT THE CLOCK.

(*A Hint to the Bench.*)

THE Dublin Church Convention has been a characteristically stormy one—especially on the question of the episcopal veto. The Bishops wanted an absolute power of saying no to any proposal, lay or clerical. This has been refused them point-blank. Then the DEAN OF CASHEL proposed that when two-thirds of the lay and clerical orders agreed, and the bishops opposed, the whole Convention should vote, and might pass the measure over the bishops' heads. On this LORD ABERCORN moved an amendment that a concurrence of seven bishops should be necessary to give effect to the episcopal veto. There seems to have been a sad muddle in the conduct of the voting on these propositions. GENERAL DUNNE objected, first, that the amendment was put after the hour for adjournment. Then, that several speakers were unfairly stopped from speaking on the resolution; finally, that the President-Primate declared the amendment carried, though a division was called for.

The Primate, after explaining that the Church, in its present destitute condition, "had not been able to establish a clock," threw the blame on his watch, which he said, like many other things, was out of order. It had lost a quarter of an hour, and when its owner thought it was only five o'clock, it was, in fact, a quarter past. The Primate is not the first dignified Churchman who has trusted an untrustworthy dial, and found himself "behind the times" in consequence, by a good deal more than a quarter of an hour. Thanks to disestablishment, the Irish bishops are beginning to find out the time of day, even without a clock. Their brethren of the English bench still trust to the clock of the House of Lords, and have not yet been forced by bitter experience and hard facts to "realise" the discovery how very much too slow is that antiquated time-piece.

QUESTION BY OUR LITTLE BOY.

"Svs" is Latin for pig, and "cædæ" means to kill. Please, then, may a pork-butcher be said to commit suicide, when he kills a pig?

RECIPROCITY.

(*Chorus of Neo-Protectionists.*)

TUNE—"Country Dance."

YOUR statesmen many a speech
Have made with much verbosity,
Wherein Free Trade they preach,
But don't preach Reciprocity.
Their words may sparkle and glow,
But what good's luminosity,
Unless good cause to show
Why there's no Reciprocity?
Against Free Trade we bear
No jot of animosity,
But think it isn't fair
If there's no Reciprocity.
Our imports so exceed
Our exports, 'tis monstrosity
To talk of Commerce freed,
When there's no Reciprocity.
And how the nation gains
We can't see, from callosity,
Perhaps you think, of brains;
But we want Reciprocity.
Mere buying cheap is well,
You say, with speciosity,
Though we in turn mayn't sell:
Then where's the Reciprocity?
Such argument's all chaff,
Proceeding from jocosity.
It doesn't make us laugh,
But cry for Reciprocity.
Don't prove us in the wrong,
Don't waken our ferocity,
The burden of our song
Is "Give us Reciprocity!"

Very Needful.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER seems to think that Government might undertake the insurance of our lives. There is one way, certainly, in which Government might do this with great advantage—by obliging Railway Companies to take better care of them.

THE CAB OF NO COLOURS.

A GOOD many cabs are now seen surmounted with the flag specifying their fares, prescribed by the HOME SECRETARY. Not a few, however, remain unprovided with any such ensign. Wherefore? Not necessarily from mere contumacy on the part of the cabman or his employer. In general, probably, because Cabby, having no idea of any definite mileage, or charge per hour in his mind, feels really unable to hoist any standard of terms. He means to leave his payment to spontaneous munificence, or to parsimony exalted into munificence by grumbling and sarcasm. How to tabulate this proposal of fares he does not know. Therefore he cannot tell what flag to order. Let a proper one be provided for him, to hand. It must display no figures, only an inscription. His flag should be charged with the legend, "Leave it to you, Sir." That is the banner which the now bannerless Cabby would like to drive under.

POSSIBLE PUBLICATIONS.

If it be true that nothing succeeds like success, we may expect that certain novels which have lately been successful will, ere long, be succeeded by successors like the following:—

On the Box: a 'Busman's Story, written by the Author of *Beneath the Wheels*.

What his Eye Saw: a Companion Story to the tale of *What her Face Said*.

The Golden Ophicleide: Variations on the tune of "The Tin Trumpet."

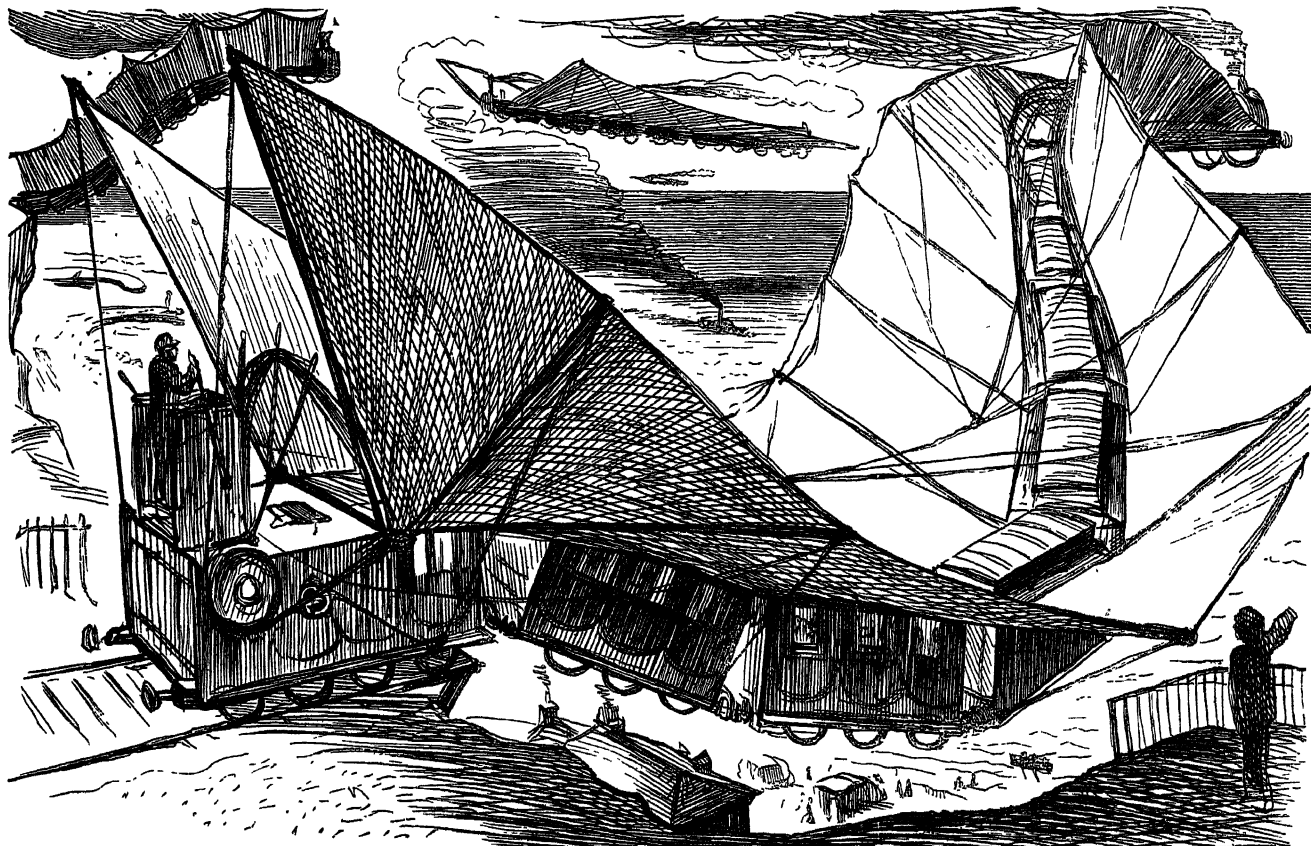
The Brains of Bernard: by the Author of *The Tallants of Barton*.

Next Week, a Tale of To-Morrows: being a Sequel to *Hitherto, a Story of Yesterdays*.

Goeth Down like a Skittle: a Novel by the Author of *Cometh up like a Flower*.

ONE UNCOMMON FEATURE ABOUT THE LAST NOTTINGHAM ELECTION.—Lamb without Mint Sauce.

STRAIGHT THROUGH FROM LONDON TO PARIS.—A SUGGESTION TO MR. JOHN FOWLER.



WHY SHOULD NOT A TRAIN BE MADE TO RUN SO FAST THAT BY MERE VIRTUE OF ITS ACQUIRED IMPETUS ACTING ON THE SQUARES OF THE DISTANCE, MULTIPLIED BY THE HYPOTHENUSE OF THE INCLINED PLANE, &c., &c., &c.? (WE DON'T PROFESS TO BE PRACTICAL ENGINEERS, BUT HAVE NO DOUBT THAT A GLANCE AT THESE DESIGNS WILL SUGGEST VALUABLE NOTIONS TO THOSE WHO ARE NOW DEALING WITH THE VERY DIFFICULT QUESTION OF THE PASSAGE ACROSS THE CHANNEL.)

A PUZZLE FROM PARIS.



OUR intelligence is puzzled to make out this fashionable morsel of intelligence:—

"Imagine a skirt of *groseille faulle* ornamented on the front breadth *en tablier*, with a band of old Bruges guipure, framed as it were with a double *bouilloné* of velvet, of the shade called *prune de Monsieur*. * Bodice with a point in front and a *basque* at the back, made of *prune de Monsieur faulle*, cut low and square in front, and trimmed with a band of Bruges guipure arranged as braces."

By the aid of a French dictionary, we learn that "*groseille*" means a gooseberry, and "*faulle*" a fault, or excavation; that "*tablier*" means a chessboard, and "*bouilloné*" a bubbling. But this knowledge only serves still more to puzzle and perplex us, and confuse the picture which our strong imagination is challenged to conceive. We also find that "*prune de Monsieur*" simply means an Orleans plum; and

we may admit that the colour of this fruit is certainly a plummy colour for a dress. But how can we imagine a lady wearing articles so masculine as "braces," unless, indeed, she does so in a figurative manner, with certain other clothing, which indicates the grey mare to be the better horse?

FREE AND EASY VERSIONS OF THE CLASSICS.

It is not only at Rome, it appears, that Latin is at a discount. The advice given by *Punch* some weeks since, in reference to the prelates assembled at the Oecumenical Council, "Look up your Latin," may be applied nearer home. MR. BELLEW's librettist, who has interpolated the Hymn of St. Ambrose into *Hamlet*, thus freely, not to say wildly, translates *Gallus arguit canentes*: "The cock scolds those lying in bed!" On the dissected "crib" principle so popular with small schoolboys, we presume the words would run thus: *Gallus*, the cock, *arguit*, scolds, *canentes*, those lying in bed. This reminds one very forcibly of the student's rendering of οἷος πένανθ' ἔσθ' in the *Agamemnon* of ÆSCHYLUS: "O dear, I'm blowed!" *Punch* is tempted to append a few "tentative renderings" on this free and easy principle:

1. *Arma virumque cano*. A classical expression of the adage "Spare the rod, and spoil the child." Translation: *Arma*, our arms, *virumque*, and our strength, (are) *cano*, in the cane.

2. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. "Always be off with the old love before you are on with the new." Literal translation: *Ne*, let not, *sutor*, the sutor, (go) *ultra*, beyond, *crepidam*, the last.

3. *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*. HORACE's tribute to his Papa's worth. A beautiful sentiment. Translation: *Mori*, the character, *pro patriâ*, of my father, *est*, was, *dulce et decorum*, sweet and gentlemanly.

4. *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus*. Scientific. *Apparatus*, an apparatus, *persicos*, for dispersing, *puer odi*, the pure Od force.

5. *Stat magni nominis umbra*. The explanation of a very common loss. Translation: *Nominis umbra*, no man's umbrella, *stat magni*, stands for much (i.e. is worth much).

6. *Judeus damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*. Applicable to the Clerkenwell Court. Translation: *Judeus*, the Judge, *damnatur*, uses strong language, *cum*, when, *nocens*, no sense, *absolvitur*, is talked by counsel.

Should MR. BELLEW propose introducing "Ritual Music" into his next reading of *John Gilpin*, or BARHAM'S *Babes in the Wood*, Mr. *Punch* will be happy to do the translations for the libretto.

Justice for Ireland.

PEOPLE have been disputing the truth of that famous saying of DAVIES, KING JAMIE'S Attorney-General (latey quoted by MR. GLADSTONE), "that no nation so loved indifferent justice as the Irish." It is quite true. What justice can be so indifferent as "the wild justice of revenge"?

A FINE HEAD OF HUMBÙG.

WHEN will it become impossible for a respectable newspaper to publish the advertisement of a parcel of fibs such as that which we proceed to quote? It has been appearing for nearly the last two months:—

BEAUTIFUL HAIR FOR 1870.—Renew your Youth with the New Year. Get at once a bottle of ———'s WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. See how surely and quickly it does its work."

Paralysis? No, let us hope. But yes, if it contains lead. Pour into a small wineglassful of the "World's Hair Restorer" a few drops of solution of iodide of potassium in water. If the mixture turns deep yellow, the "World's Hair Restorer" does contain lead. But the work which you are invited to see how surely and quickly it does is that stated as follows:—

"Grey hair restored (not dyed) to its original colour, gloss, and beauty, the thin hair thickened and new growth promoted."

Any application whatsoever which changes the colour of grey hair surely and quickly must be a dye.

It must be a dye,

That stuff that you buy,

Like a fool that you are for believing a lie.

The remainder of this puff of the "World's Hair Restorer" may be said to contain a certain amount of statement which, to be sure, is not the reverse of fact:—

"No pomade or oil is required with it."

That may be. But as to the assertion that:—

"It is sure, safe, and reliable."

Its sureness, simpletons may need to be told, can depend only on its chemical action, which makes it inevitably stain the hair; if it is sure, it is surely a dye. Its safety depends on the questionable point, whether it contains lead or any other poison; say mercury—calomel for instance. Try it for calomel. Shake a little of it up with an equal quantity of lime-water, and see if it turns black.

"Reliable" the "World's Hair Restorer" may be, equally with the great majority of allegations to which that American vulgarity is commonly applied.

As to the assurance that:—

"No one can be disappointed with its effect, and with the New Year youth and beauty can be renewed."

—it is only necessary to say that the "World's Hair Restorer" is not advertised by anybody who professes to carry on the business of MADAME RACHEL, pending her incarceration under sentence of penal servitude, and, as her representative, to continue making hugs "beautiful for ever."

Thus much is true, and more than true enough, as to the World's Hair Restorer.

"Sold by chemists and perfumers only in large bottles, 6s."

It is too true that the "World's Hair Restorer" is sold; that there are people, and perhaps a good many, who are fools enough to buy it at 6s. a bottle. Let any one who has bought it get it analysed, and see if it is worth as many pence. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*. This stuff, however, selling at 6s. a bottle, *non vili venit*.

The site of the "Depot," where the "World's Hair Restorer" is sold, is one point more in which the advertisement of it can be believed, concluding in a piece of information which we need not proclaim.

BOUNDING ON THE STAGE.

Galignani says that MADAME GANDON, "who seems to be a bright particular star of the St. Petersburg Opera, has got into a scrape for being too demonstrative in her dancing. She has been regularly tried" for that misbehaviour, "and the Court fined her eighty roubles for gestures out of all bounds." Bounds, such as those of a fawn or a kangaroo, certainly ought to be the limits of choreographic display. Our own British sylphs of the ballet, as fashionable society is well aware, are accustomed to confine their feats of agility and grace to pirouettes, capers, and steps of which none exceed the bounds of elegance.

Worth Knowing.

PERHAPS it is not generally known that one of the greatest improvements in photographic portraiture can be traced back to the celebrated French philosopher—DES CARTES.

PLAYING AT DRAUGHTS.—The Ventilation of our Law Courts.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

OUR *table-d'hôte* party is very select. There are two gentlemen in a state of progressive convalescence, who compare notes as to health across the table. A nervous person, who eats preserved peas with a knife, and has a jerky way, like an automaton-diner, with his fork and a bit of bread when eating fish. There are two Naval gentlemen, one a Commander and the other a Lieutenant. The Commander has been all over the world, and has a great story about a Mongoose. No one has heard the end of it, as he generally forgets a date or somebody's name essential to the *dénouement* of the Mongoose. Always thought till now that a Mongoose was humbug, like the Phoenix. The Lieutenant contradicts the Commander on most naval matters, but has never seen a Mongoose. There is a charming old gentleman who has translated *ÆSCHYLUS* and *EURIPIDES* into English verse: he has been complimented by the greatest scholars of the day, and his publishers have just sent him in his bill for printing, and a letter to know what the deuce they shall do with the first thousand. We talk together about Greek poets.

Happy Thought.—Take up Greek again. Read HOMER. Old gentleman quotes passages. Of course I remember, he says to me, the passage in the *Iliad* commencing "*Dinamēnos pōtē*," &c. Of course I don't.

Happy Thought.—To encourage him, say, as if cogitating, "Yes," dubiously, "I fancy I recollect the gist of the passage." "Ah!" he replies, "and what would you make of the epithet there: an epithet used only once, as I believe, in that sense by HOMER, or any later Greek poet?" I can make nothing of it, and leave it to him. What does he make of it? "*Thāt*," he returns, "has always been his difficulty." Don't like to ask what epithet he means.

Happy Thought.—To quote carelessly "*Poluphoisioio Thalasses*," and say with enthusiasm, "Ah, there's an epithet! How grand and full is the Greek language!" Luckily at this moment the Commander asks me if I've heard what he was telling the Doctor about the Mongoose, and the waiter hands the sauer-kraut (excellent dish!) to the translator of *ÆSCHYLUS*.

When we sit late and have Champagne, as is the case on Sundays or on the departure of a friend or a birthday, we all get into philosophical discussion, all except the Commander and the Lieutenant, who nearly come to high words (invariably) on points of seamanship, as to whether it is better or not, in a storm, to rig the boom taffrail, or pay out the gaff. The Commander appeals to our common sense in behalf of the boom taffrail, and the Lieutenant observes scornfully, that "Any one who knows how to sail a vessel would immediately pay out the gaff."

Happy Thought.—To say, conciliatingly, "Well, I suppose it doesn't much matter."

They retort, "Oh, doesn't it!" and explain. More Champagne. The Commander afterwards takes me aside and depreciates the Lieutenant's theories in confidence. The Lieutenant takes DYNWELL apart, and says he should be very sorry to be sailing under his (the Commander's) orders. DYNWELL observes, "That both the nautical Cockalorums have been going on the scoop, and are slightly mopsy." By which we understand him to mean, that the two naval officers have had as much as is bad for them.

Happy Thought.—A naval officer half-seas over. (Think this out, and put it down to SYDNEY SMITH.)

First Day of Fourth Week at Aix.—I am quite well. Three more douches, two vapours, and four ordinary baths will settle the question.

Happy Thought.—Present DR. CASPAR with a testimonial; say the first volume of *Typical Developments*, when it appears, with plates. "Anatomy" (under A) will interest him.

Letter from FRIDY. I must come back, she says—

Happy Thought.—Nice to be written to affectionately.

I turn over the page: she continues, "*—or send a cheque.*" It appears I've stayed away longer than she expected. The baby is less rashy than he was. Regret that I must go home before I've got on with my German.

A German Lesson.—My Professor of languages is the most amiable, patient, and persevering gentleman. He is much tried by CAPTAIN DYNWELL, to whom he has been for some time giving lessons. DYNWELL invariably salutes him—he is Doctor-of-Law or some degree or other, and a man with whom anyone of a philosophic turn would at once commence discussing German metaphysics or deep and interesting psychological questions; but DYNWELL invariably salutes him with a slap on the back, a hearty slap on the back, or with a pretended lunge of his walking-stick into the professor's fifth rib, making him wince but smile, and addressing him as, "Hullo! old Cockalorum! *Sprechen-Sie Deutsch?*"

At first I ascertain the Professor went home and looked out "Cockalorum" in the dictionary—he is a great man for roots and derivations, and knows BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, MASSINGER, SHAKESPEARE, and most old standard authors by heart. Not finding Cockalorum in any known glossary, he gets near it as a probable genitive plural of Cock-a-leekie, and humbly sets this down to his

ignorance of Scotch dialects. Later on, he determines, after a night's deep thought, that it is a corruption of *Custos Rotulorum*, and announces this as an interesting philological discovery to DYNWELL, who receives the information with his glass in his eye and the remark, that it's "Whatever you please, my little dear, only blow your nose and don't breathe upon the glasses." To which he gives an air of authority, very confusing to the Professor, by adding, "hem! SHAKESPEARE," which causes the good Herr another sleepless night in his library.

Happy Thought.—Explain DYNWELL to him.

We have an interesting discussion on ancient and modern slang. To assist me in reading German, the Professor kindly takes me to his Club; an excellent social club with a reading-room full of newspapers, German, French, and English.

I take up the something *Zeitung*, and am helpless. End by reading the *Times*.

Commence German Lesson. Read and translate out of German into English, and back again. The principal characters in the exercise are the shoemaker and the tailor, and, of course, my father and my mother. DYNWELL is satisfied with this sort of thing, and copies out reams of examples.

Happy Thought.—Make my own examples and gradually compile a new exercise book. My Professor is pleased with the idea as original. I make selections on paper, modelling them on AHN'S *La Langue Allemande*.

Examples for the Use of Students (might include these in *Typ. Devel.*)

—The shoemaker is sad. The father of the shoemaker is fat. The wife of the gardener has given an umbrella to the shoemaker. The mother of the carpenter was often in my garden. Will you fight the gardener? No, HENRY will fight the gardener, because the shoemaker is ill (*krank*). Here is FERDINAND! Have you washed your boots? Yes, my mother, I have also washed the boots of the gardener.

For more Advanced Students.—At what hour do you sup? I sup at nine o'clock with the wife of the shoemaker. Have you seen my brother? No: but I have written to my uncle and my aunt. Will you eat some ham? No: I will not eat some ham. The lion is ill. The shoemaker laughs at the gardener's aunt (*i.e.*, the aunt of the gardener). Your cousin was looking for his hat while the merchant was dancing. The hound is not so fat as the cat (*als die Katze*).

I dance better than you, but you do your exercises better than I. Your father was playing in the garden with your uncle when the lion came. The industrious schoolboy is loved by everybody. My neighbour has sold his chickens to the lion. The coachman is eating plums and apples, and we have wine and beer. Give me some soup, some wine, some beer, some sugar, some vegetables, and some ink, and do not call me till four in the morning. The tailor is here, so is the shoemaker, but the lion has eaten the gardener.

Happy Thought.—(Finishing sentence to the exercise.) The big lion has eaten the tailor, the shoemaker, the gardener, their aunts and uncles, the brothers and neighbours, and also the ink, the sugar, the tea, the cream, the ham, the plums, and the boots.

Happy Thought.—To astonish FRIDY with a letter in German. Write home and say, "*Meine liebe Frau*, I am not *krank* now, but very much *besser*; in fact, quite well. *Hast du mein cheque-buch gefunden?* *Ich habe mein bad genommen. Ich habe mein cheque-buch nicht. Bist du krank?*"

Capital exercise the above.

DR. CASPAR compliments me on being thinner. I feel pleased.

Note that generally every one is pleased at being thinner.

Go and get weighed at MISS HELENTHALEK'S tobacconist shop. Every one gets weighed here. Wonderful how MISS CATHERINE, who keeps the shop, speaks English perfectly without ever having been in England. Wonder if I should ever speak German without going to Germany, or even *with* going to Germany.

Note.—A writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, whose article I see here, describes two gardens as existing at Aix. One, he says called after the faithless spouse of MENELAUS. There is no such place. There is the Elisa Garden, and there is MISS HELENTHALEK (*i.e.* MISS CATHERINE), who is much amused at being called a garden.

Happy Thought.—Write to *Daily T.* and correct mistake.

Happy Thought.—Leave it alone.

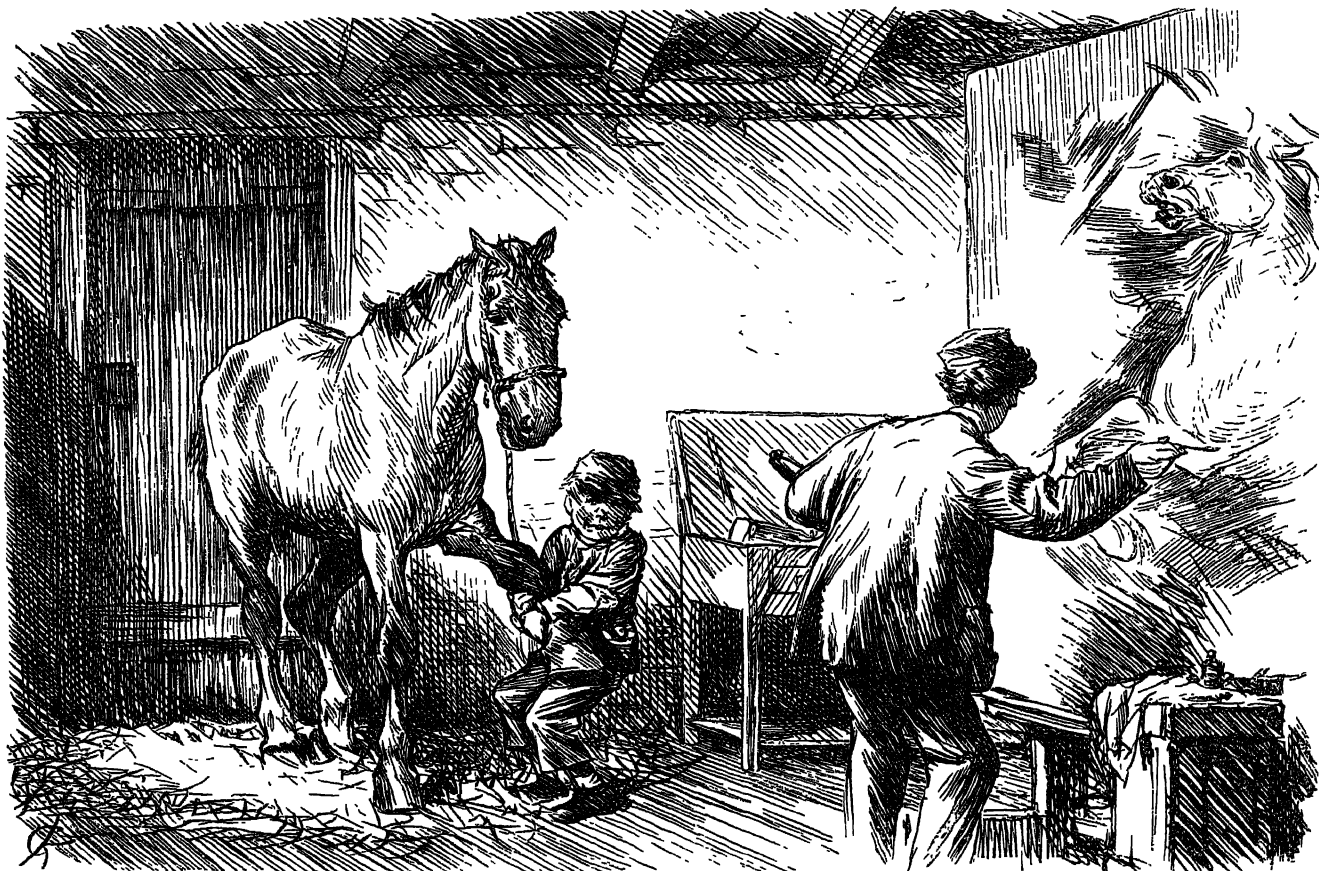
I shall be sorry to leave. The longer one stays in Aachen, the more you learn of the people, the pleasanter it is.

But POGGOOD AND GROOGLY call; or rather, as they haven't answered my telegrams, I really must go and see what's the matter.

Happy Thought.—Return home by Paris. Ask FRIDY to meet me there with her mother. On thinking this out (nothing like thinking a thing out, decide that it's better (*besser*) not to ask her. Shall like a few days holiday in Paris.

Happy Thought.—Celebrate my convalescence by a dinner given to the Professor, CASPAR, and DYNWELL.

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION OF THE IRISH LAND BILL.—The clamour of the National Press against it.



A TARTAR!

“*** IN TRUTH HE WAS A NOBLE STEED,
A TARTAR OF THE UKRAINE BREED,

WHO LOOKED AS THOUGH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT
WERE IN HIS LIMBS—”

[Our Animal Painter has to make the best of his Model!

LAY OF LICENSING AMENDMENT.

SCENE—*Rural. The Queen's Highway.*

“OH, dear, Papa! Look, Papa; tell me what can
The matter be, there, with that labouring man?
By turns, right and left, see his footsteps incline;
He walks in a zigzag instead of a line.”

“That peasant, that rustic, deplorable sight,
Is what we call ‘screwed,’ my boy, SAMUEL, ‘tight.’
The reason which makes him unable to steer
Is, no doubt, his having partaken of beer.”

“Of beer, Papa? But, Papa, we drink beer too,
And never on us does it work like a screw;
Beer doesn’t make you and me reel to and fro,
And stumbling along, like that countryman, go.”

“No, SAMUEL, no, my son; no, but we should
If we were to drink for us more than was good;
We both the same spectacle then should display
As that man pursuing his devious way.”

“How much, now, Papa, should you say he has had?
No doubt a great deal to have made him so bad;
I dare say a gallon—or two do you think?—
To be so affected as he is with drink.”

“Ah! SAMUEL, yes, one would think it would need,
Ere getting like that, one should greatly exceed.
But what he has taken was probably small
In quantity; one pint, I dare say, was all.”

“Papa! Why, I’ve seen you drink two pints, or three,
And no worse than if you had drunk so much tea.”

Then how can it be, having only had one,
That poor man we see so done up, or undone?”

“Bad beer, SAM, bad beer; ullage: beer-engine’s waste,
Bedoctored and drugged to impose on the taste.
Bad beer, sold at beershops to carters and clowns;
At low public-houses to workmen in towns.”

“Papa, don’t you think that a very great shame?
And then does it not give good beer an ill name:
So much so that some silly people propose
All places, where beer can be purchased, to close?”

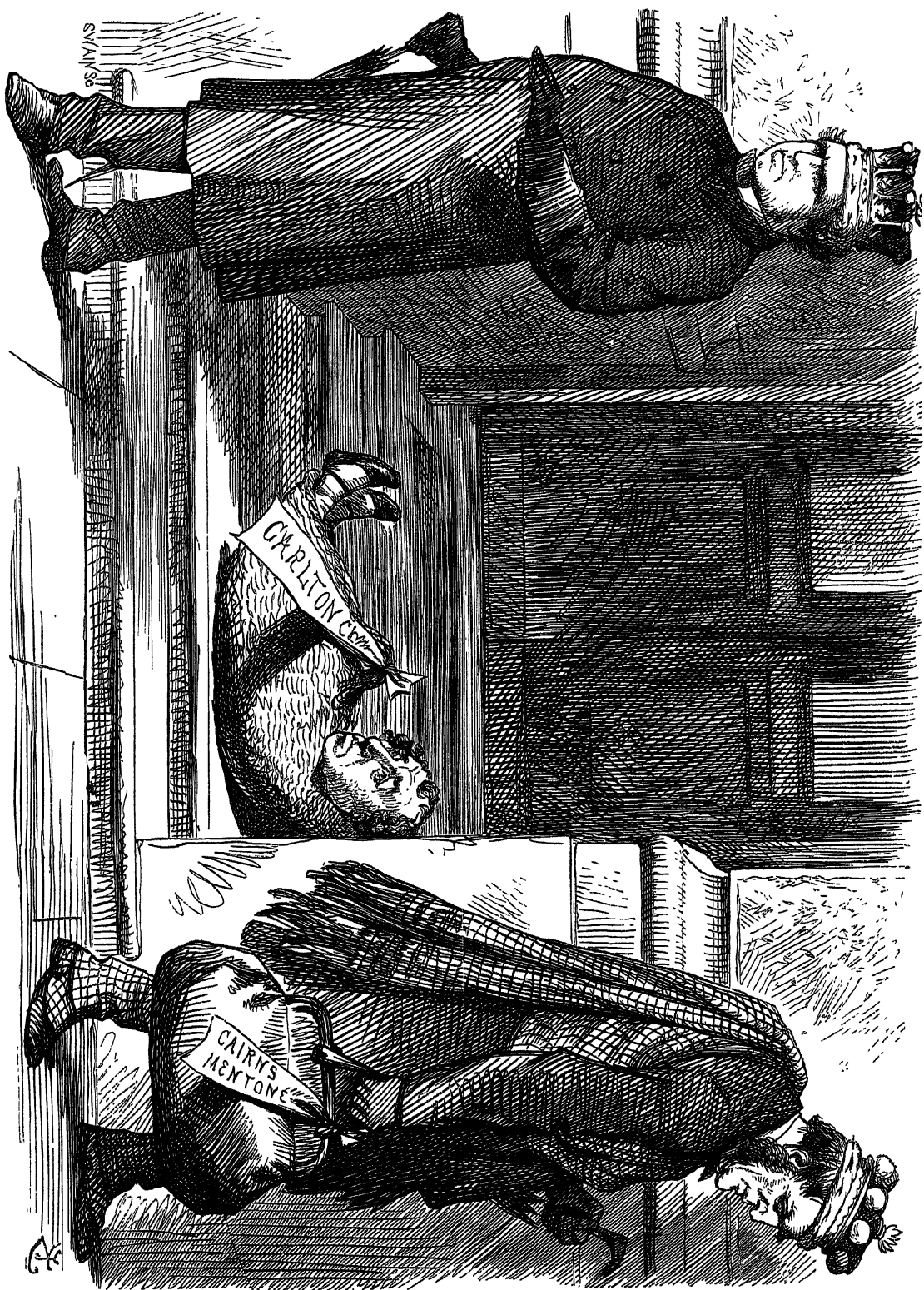
“Yes, SAMUEL, yes, I am sorry to say;
To make people sober, they go the wrong way.
Our ancestors, bless them, the right method knew;
Trounced all rogues bad liquor that dared sell or brew.”

“They had an Ale-taster at every court-leet
Papa, had they not, to take care drink was meet?
An Ale-conner likewise, in London, to see
The pots and the measures were what they should be?”

“They had, SAM; whose places, for Temperance’ sake,
Now let WILFRID LAWSON and DAWSON BURNS take.
On truly good liquor few mortals get queer;
The law should stop, simply, the sale of bad beer.”

A Quotation that has Lost its Flavour.

THE gradual disappearance from table of the favourite wine of our fathers suggests the reflection, that if a poet of the present day were, in writing of Britain, to speak of “the lords of human kind,” he would hesitate to distinguish, as GOLDSMITH does with confidence, their “Pride in their port.”



DESERTED!

THE IRREPRESSIBLE SUNDAY BILL.



other dealers, whose interests are threatened by that project of Sabbatarian legislation, very justly remarked, touching the promoters of interference with the liberty and enjoyments of the working classes on Sunday, that :—

"They did not dare to attack the railway interest, because the railway companies possessed ninety votes, but the small tradesmen had not a single member to represent them directly."

It would be worse than quoting an old *Joe Miller* to remind LORD CHELMSFORD that people cannot be made religious by Act of Parliament. Of course he knows that; and has no idea of making them. He simply wants to prevent the poorer inhabitants of Whitechapel from hurting his own and other gentlefolk's feelings of decorum touching Sunday observance. But, without perpetrating a platitude, it may be suggested to the noble and learned lord, that it is very possible to make people irreligious by Act of Parliament; and that an Act which imposes restrictions on their liberty in respect of Sunday, whilst it allows the richer classes to drive about in carriages, luxuriate in clubs, and practically do just whatever they please, is about the best statute that could be devised for that purpose.

A CAPITAL INVESTMENT.

"WHAT shall I do with my money?" is a question which may puzzle those who have more wealth than wit. Such people should be thankful for being shown the way of spending money usefully,—as, for instance, by subscribing to such charities as this :—

"The Parochial Mission Women's Association has, for a charitable undertaking, this most unusual merit,—that it gives nothing away in charity. Its avowed object is to help the poor only by teaching them to help themselves. The duty of the mission woman is to go about among the poor . . . for the purpose of persuading them to exercise a little forethought, and save a portion, no matter how slight, of their daily or weekly earnings, until they have got enough together to purchase some useful article."

People with more money than they know how to spend may here find for their spare capital a capital investment. Such missionaries as these, who help the poor by teaching them how they may help themselves, assuredly well merit to be helped in their good work.

"It is in fact a sort of savings'-bank, co-operative store, conversation class, school and church, all rolled into one, with the additional advantage that these institutions are brought, as it were, to the doors of the poor, since the poor will not go to them."

These mission-women, mind you, are poor persons themselves, and are thoroughly acquainted with the ways and means of those among whom they are sent. The advice which they can offer, and the helping hand which backs it, are given in a kindly way, and never interfering, and have the weight which years, experience, and sympathy, can add. Self-help is the chief lesson that needs teaching to our poor; and the teachers here employed are the best that can be chosen, and the likeliest to be listened to by those who need to be taught.

The Heat of Debate.

THE House of Commons should be careful of entering into discussions about foot-warmers in railway carriages, lest, after going on so far in the Session pretty comfortably, they get into hot water.

FROM COLWELL HATCHNEY.

DURING the coldest weather this winter, the Collegians of Colwell Hatchney ran races. The united Heats amounted to 227° above the level of the thermometer.

ON THE WRONG GROUND.

If the hand-working men who aspire to Parliamentary representation of their class wish to retain the sympathy and support of the head-working men in their struggle, they should be very careful in their choice of fighting-ground. Fight where they will, they will have a hard tussle; but they may double or halve their strength as they choose their ground well or ill. At Maidstone they chose it as badly as possible. What room was there for a working man's candidate in a contest where the Liberal champion was SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, whose claims to Liberal support are not a whit over-stated in the *Spectator's* description of him, as, at once, "an able banker, an accomplished economist and financier, a man of the widest and deepest scientific culture, a thorough physiologist, a good geologist, an original writer on pre-historic times—one who combines practical and intellectual power rarely united in one man?" Surely members of this calibre are at least as rare in the House of Commons, and should be as precious there, as the most horny-handed and hard-headed of working men. It is true that MR. APPELGARTH, the working man's candidate, retired before the final struggle, finding—according to his own statement—"that he was too late in the field to make headway against the popular feeling in SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S favour!" He had better have said, "Finding that he had no business ever to have come forward." What right, *Punch* asks him, had he, or any man who wishes to see the best wisdom of England in the House of Commons, in the field which SIR JOHN LUBBOCK had occupied in advance of him? All working men, who are worth their salt, must admit that no claims that could be set up on behalf of their order could stand a moment's comparison with those of SIR JOHN LUBBOCK on the support of the best and broadest Liberalism. Let them choose constituencies where they will have to fight pseudo-Liberalism and genuine Toryism, and welcome. But in the name of their cause and ours, don't let them put stumbling blocks in the Parliamentary path of such men as SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, or they will only do what they have more than once done already—make way for the fox, while the lion and the bear are worrying each other.

A HINT FOR THE ACADEMY.

TO MISTER PUNCH—HONNORED SIR,

I SEE it hev been stated in the noosepapers which we reeds em reglar in the Suvnts All that the recent Xhibition of Old Masters hev proved a great suxess & in the interests of Hart we ought to cry Hangore to it. With all my art say I, but I shoold likeways like to see a Xhibition of Old & Young Missuses as well as them Old Masters of whom we ears so much. Speaking as a phootman I can say as our Young Missuses deserve to be exhibited, for they continually are making exhibitions of theirselves. I'm shaw if the Akedemy was to show em up in their true colours, which I don't mean there dyed air, the Exhibition would be found igstremely poplar with the public, & avink the support of all we suvnts, who in course would phlock to see it, you may take your Alfred Davy it would be a great peccoony suxess. Apollo Gyresing for the libaty of begging you to publish my Hidea, i remane yours most obedient to command

JOHN THOMAS.

P.S. I ear that some of our old Masters is now pretty nearly beauties without Paint. Well you can't say that exackly of some of our Old & Young Missuses.

Restless Robert.

No keeping that boy BOB quiet!

First, he made us pay all our assessed taxes in January, and so did the tax-payer out of five quarters' tax in a year, pocketing by the dodge three millions in advance. Now, he insists on the Bank's paying dividends quarterly, and so makes the fundholder a present of a quarter's interest, or something very like two millions in all.

Does he mean us to set the *douceur* against the *do*?

Unluckily, we *all* pay taxes, but we don't all draw dividends.

A Professional View of Things.

WHEN our Schoolmaster, who is fond of pedestrian exercise, sets out for a walk of several miles, he always says that he is going for a good long Spell in the Country.

GOING AHEAD!

BULLS are not generally considered intelligent creatures, but in America they are trained to such perfection that they can Toss a Pan-cake on Shrove Tuesday.

IN THE LADIES' GALLERY.—MRS. MALAPROP is unable to understand why in the House of Commons they talk of their Eyes and their Nose. She says she was brought up to say Noses.



SHOCKING RESULT OF DARK VEILS.

WE HUMBLY BEG THIS YOUNG LADY'S PARDON (WHO IS REALLY RATHER A PRETTY GIRL), BUT, BEING SHORT-SIGHTED, WE POSITIVELY TOOK HER FOR A LADY OF COLOUR!

COMING LEGISLATION.

It is generally understood that if the Bill which has been introduced into the House of Commons, requiring Railway Companies to provide hot-water tins for third and second class passengers in severe weather becomes law, it will be followed up by other measures equally necessary for the comfort and convenience of the public.

The following are a few of the Bills stated to be in active preparation:—

A Bill to oblige Railway Companies to have the Doors of their Carriages closed quietly and gently, and not slammed with the Noise and Violence now annoyingly customary.

A Bill to compel Omnibus Passengers to pay their Fare before they leave the Conveyance, or at least, to be ready to tender it when they alight; and not to detain the Vehicle while they feel in all their Pockets for their Purses, or request change for Half-a-Sovereign.

A Bill to restrain young Persons under Twelve from driving their Hoops along the public Pavement.

A Bill to prevent Women wearing Colours unsuitable to their Complexion, and generally from adopting such prevailing Fashions in Dress as are not becoming to their Age and Appearance.

A Bill to put down Encores at public Concerts and Entertainments.

A Bill to abolish all Fees and Gratuities at Theatres and other Places of Amusement, and to regulate and restrict Calls before the Curtain.

A Bill to make compulsory the Presence of a Railway Director or High Official in every Passenger Train.

A Bill constituting it a punishable Offence to introduce a Manufactured Article as Wine, under the designation of Port, Sherry, or Champagne, when it is not Port, Sherry, or Champagne.

A Bill to disestablish the Weather as a Topic of Conversation.

A Bill for the Introduction of a new Set of Figures in the Quadrille.

A Bill for the better Regulation of Wedding Breakfasts, and for the more rational Observance of Christmas.

TEMPLE DIVIDED AGAINST HIMSELF.

"It seemed to me that what was allowed to FREDERICK TEMPLE might not be allowed to the BISHOP OF EXETER."—*The Bishop of Exeter's Apologia pro Vita sua.*

CAN a man cut himself in two—
Array one half 'gainst 'tother;
And call on his discreeter half
His bolder half to smother?
From broad paths, that as presbyter
He trod, his foot withdraw,
For the strait ways where Bishops move,
Like ACAC, o'er the straw,
That tells us of confinement
To the bounds of holy awe,
Of horror of disturbance,
And submission to Church law?
Old liberties in humble pie
Was it well done to dish up,
And what's allowed to Schoolmaster,
Own not allowed to Bishop?

Such creed of self-dismemberment
Proclaimed in deed and word,
By tutors, priests, and schoolmasters,
New mitred, we have heard.
Have seen, in haven of the Bench,
Shut out from tides and gales,
Explorers of high latitudes
Furl their adventurous sails;
Seen souls that chafed 'gainst articles,
Content in narrower pales;
Seen nice ex-weighers of the truth
Wink at false weights and scales:
Known old foes glad old feuds to patch,
Old fictions glad to fish up,
And own what's safe for Schoolmaster
Is dangerous for Bishop.

But those who felt such compromise
Matter of shame and ruth,
Hoped that at length the Church had found
A Temple vowed to truth!
Where Faith had but one lot of weights,
Belief one set of measures;
Where Conscience was too stiff to bend
To church- or lay-men's pleasures;
Where Truth was key of corner-stones,
And Duty first of treasures;
Where Exeter held Rugby's rod,
Time-serving souls to swish up,
Who preached that right in Schoolmaster
Could e'er be wrong in Bishop?

Alas, not e'en *his* strength was proof
Against that mitred crowd—
The chill of those averted eyes,
That horror deep and loud!
The back that we deemed duty-steeled
To bending hath been brought;
He we thought champion to the death
Of free speech and free thought,
"Happy dispatch" episcopal
Upon himself has wrought!
For a Right Reverend, still, in vain
We offer prayer and wish up,
Who'll hold what's right in Schoolmaster
Can ne'er be wrong in Bishop!

Well Done, Waterford!

EVERY week we have returns relating to the public health, the public revenue, the number of paupers in the metropolis, the number of visitors at the South Kensington Museum, &c.; but this last week there has been a welcome addition to the usual list, which has given Mr. Punch particular pleasure—the return of MR. BERNAL OSBORNE to the House of Commons. By whatever epithet this Session of Parliament may be distinguished, there is now no fear that it will be known as the Dull Session.

HIBERNIAN ORDER.—An Irish correspondent informs us, that in Tipperary tumult is the Order of the Day.

CON FOR COLD WEATHER.—When is a man like a foal? When he's a little ho(a)rse.



DELIGHTFUL POSITION.

JONES GETS INTO A NARROW LANE. THE HOUNDS ARE RUNNING BEFORE HIM, SO ARE SOME COWS, WHICH HE CANNOT PASS, AND MISS SCRAMBLE IS LAUGHING ON THE BANK ABOVE HIM.

PENNY TRAINS AND PASSENGERS.

Enter WILLIAM PUTTY and JAMES FILER, meeting.

James. Why BILL, old feller, 'ow ar yer? I ain't a sin yer since I don't know when.

William. Well, no, yer see, JIM, now I lives out o' Town. Them 'ouses where my crib was 'ad to come down for the new Railway; I was forced to cut and run. Couldn't get ne'er another place in the neighbourhood but wot was too high; nothin' nigher than six mile off. So then I beat a retreat into the subbubs.

James. And now, I s'pose, comes up by rail?

William. No; 'tis too fur; can't afford the train. Walks up to my work six mile and six mile back, twelve mile every blessed day.

James. All that blessed way before and arter your work! Don't yer feel it blessed fatigun'?

William. Don't I just!

James. Warn't there a talk of petitionin' Guv'ment for cheap workin' men's trains?

William. A penny a ride of ten mile within certain hours. Yes; there was a deppitation about it to JOHN BRIGHT at the Board o' Trade.

James. What did he say?

William. Seemed to say he thought the Railway Companies would be agreeable, providin' we'd agree for our families, in case of any on us getting killed on the journey, not to demand more compensation than a hundred pound a head.

James. By that arrangement the Companies seems to reckon that a good many of us would be smashed. And BRIGHT in course must think so too. Well; no doubt but what compensation for killed and wounded at the present rates allowed by juries would be 'eavy? But what would any charge for compensation signify if there warn't no accidents to compensate? There never wouldn't be none if they'd only take proper care.

William. Ah, but then they're afeared the expense o' doin' that would be as bad, if not wus. 'Twouldn't pay.

James. Is that JOHN BRIGHT's opinion too?

William. Well; seemingly. Howsomedever, he says as how he believes "no Company has an accident arisin' from what may be termed intentional neglect."

James. No; and I should say e'er a company as did 'ave sitch a accident if fatal ought to be hanged.

William. Intentional neglect sart'nly's a rum ixpression. How can neglect ever be intentional?

James. When you knows precious well wot you ought to do, and, with your eyes wide open to the consequences, as is like to 'appen, neglects doin' of it.

William. If Friend BRIGHT means to say no Railway Companies never does that, Friend BRIGHT can't never have read no inquests on Railway massacrees.

James. Unintentional neglect we understands. When a overworked and underpaid unable pintsman or signalman, for instance, makes a blunder, or hingineer loses 'is 'ead.

William. And if anybody's killed through the mistake—that's found manslaughter.

James. By Crowner's quest law.

William. Whether unintentional neglect is manslaughter or no, wot's intentional neglect? Neglectin' safety of human life to cut down expense o' wages?

James. Malice prepense.

William. Well, and wot ought to be the werdiet upon workin' men killed by riskin their lives in a intentionally neglected cheap train?

James. "Feller de se."

William. Anyhow "Temporary Insanity."

James. Wot we wants is trains that's intentionally made as safe as ever they can be.

William. At a penny a mile.

James. To make up for the inconvenience the Railways has put us to.

William. That's it. That is wot we wants Friend BRIGHT to manage for us.

James. Then he'll be a Friend, indeed.

William. And no mistake. Got a light?

James. Here.

[Kindle their pipes and exeunt smoking.]

A RITUALIST REDOUBT.

ACCORDING to the *John Bull*, "an ordinary meeting" of the English Church Union took place the other day at the Freemasons' Tavern. The lodge, however, of the English Church Unionists, was not tiled; for the *John Bull* reports their proceedings, and the speeches made by some of them, with reference to the late ritual judgments in the Court of Arches. Notwithstanding these, in moving a resolution—

"The REV. SIR H. BAKER . . . said that . . . he had not yet given up altar-lights. . . He regretted exceedingly the decision as to the north side of the altar."

The north side of the altar appears to be a position of great importance to the Ritualist Division. Though pronounced untenable, it has not been evacuated. Another reverend speaker, the REV. R. T. WEST, observed that—

"He should like to see the position of the priest at the altar tried again, and he certainly should not give up the north side at present. . . He thought the Union would be prepared to try the question of the north side again, but nobody had any faith in the integrity of the Judicial Committee, and their judgment would not be regarded as binding by anybody."

So MR. WEST still holds the north side of the altar. But how this post is to be defended, the occupants of it have hardly determined. Would a Moncrieff Battery answer their purpose? Or would an iron-clad stationed north of the side of the fortress attacked be more appropriate? Perhaps; for MR. WEST spoke rather as a sailor than a soldier of the Church Militant, in saying:—

"He was almost determined to adopt the altar-lights again, but should not do anything without consulting his brethren; for he believed in 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.'"

This may, indeed, be supposed to be an article in every seaman's belief, although there is no such clause contained in any other creed.

It is, however, at any rate clear that these Church Unionists mean fighting:—

"The REV. C. J. LE GEYT was glad that no immediate action was intended."

This declaration is warlike, if Fabian. They do contemplate going into action then, by-and-by. With what enemy? Apparently the body named by MR. WEST, when he said:—

"It was greatly to be regretted that MR. PURCHAS had dragged them through the mire as he had done; for he thought that if they had been quiet and unobtrusive in their services, they would never have been troubled by the Church Association."

Hence it seems that the Church Association is the foe by whom the north side of the altar is threatened—thanks to the too loudly demonstrative proceedings of MR. PURCHAS. The Church Union would not have brought the Church Association down upon themselves "if they had been quiet and unobtrusive in their services." There is, doubtless, some sense in that observation, and not a little in another:—

"MR. DONALDSON personally thought that the north side was one of their weakest points."

It is not perhaps too much to say, that these two remarks comprise everything sensible which was uttered by the united Ritualists at the Freemasons' Tavern. The north side of the altar is doubtless one of the weakest of the many weak points held by the Ritualists. Their enemies will be all delighted to see them waste their time and labour in the endeavour to strengthen it. Whilst they are busily and bravely engaged in trying to maintain the north side of the altar, they may have the whole Church knocked about their ears. A Church, comprising a Church Union and a Church Association at war with each other, cannot be seriously said to be very unlike a house divided against itself. In the meantime Papists and Dissenters smiling, remark that there is nothing like Unity in the Church.

FOOD FOR FAITH.

FROM a contemporary's Own Correspondent we learn that, at the Roman Council:—

"The assemblies of the 10th and 14th were devoted to the modification of the catechism—'*De novo et uniformi Catechismo edendo*.'"

DR. CUMMING is respectfully informed that the Council intends this Catechism to be published, not to be eaten, except in so far as its contents are meant to be metaphorically swallowed by those who will have to digest them as best they may. It may be possible, however, but is hardly probable, that the Council, about to edit a new Catechism, will eat some of their hard words contained in the old one.

EPITAPH ON A FENIAN MARTYR.

SISTE, Viator:
Here lies a Traitor.

RAILWAY LIMB INSURANCE.

It is to be hoped that the necessity of united action, according to the maxim that when rogues combine honest men should unite—to defeat their schemes—will be suggested by the following extract from the *Observer*:—

"We are informed that a strong combination has been formed among the Directors of some of the leading Railway Companies for the purpose of introducing a Bill into Parliament in the present session on the subject of compensation for accidents. It is proposed to limit the sum to be paid in cases of loss or personal injury, but to give to passengers the right of insuring with the companies for larger amounts for a moderate premium."

The rates of compensation for death or injury sustained from railway accidents are high. But what can that signify if no accidents occur? The expense of taking care they shall not. That, we are afraid, is what the Directors, who want Parliament to limit liability for the consequences of those accidents, object to.

As to Railway Insurance, no men would insure their lives with the Railway Companies except fathers of families, caring about their wives and families uncommonly. None but an extremely small few of the very strongest-minded women would insure at all. No one, having not any survivors to care for, would insure his life, unless he were an Irishman; he would only insure his limbs and living body. But every prudent person would insure those. Railway Insurance would, therefore, require a tariff of premiums, for which, at corresponding charges, the constitution in general, or each member or organ of the body could be insured. This would have to be posted at every station, conspicuously, in large letters, such that they who run may read; an arm so much, a hand so much, a finger so much, a leg, a foot, a toe, so much, an ear, a nose, so much, and upwards. The list ought to include the brain, to be insured against injury causing impaired intellect. Every carriage also should contain a table of the terms of insurance in case of death and all possible mutilations, which, if it made frivolous passengers melancholy, would render a railway journey comparatively jolly for the thinking traveller.

LEARNING FOR LADIES.

HERE is an interesting morsel of intelligence. We learn it from our fashionable teacher, the *Court Circular*:—

"M. J. PRYRITSCH has read before the Academy of Vienna a paper 'On the Morphology of the Umbelliferæ.'"

We wonder what are the ideas conveyed by these fine words to the minds of the fair readers of our fashionable contemporary. Indeed, how much the wiser will most young ladies be, even if we strive to help them to some knowledge of the matter, by digging up the Greek and Latin roots of these fine words? Will MISS SMITH or MISS TOMKINS condescend to avow herself enlightened, if we tell her that "morphology" is derived from two Greek words, the one *morphe*, meaning "form" or "figure," the other *logos*, meaning "word" or "speech"; and that the word "umbelliferæ" is compounded of two Latin words, *umbella*, shade or parasol, and *fero*, I bear or carry? We fear such explanation will but serve still more to puzzle those young ladies, and lead them to imagine that the erudite professor has been delivering a lecture on the figures of speech, or slang, say, of themselves and other ladies, who, being umbelliferæ, all carry parasols.

A SABBATARIAN SAGE.

THE Honorary Secretary of the Licence Amendment League is a sagacious reasoner. Speaking for a deputation of vexatious busybodies, who waited on the HOME SECRETARY the other day, boring him with solicitation to impose still greater restraint than the Government intends on the liquor trade, this philosopher pressed on MR. BRUCE the remarkable argument that, as picture-galleries and other places of elevating recreation are closed upon Sunday, public-houses should be closed also. This is just reversing the logic of our old position that, whilst gin-shops and pot-houses are open on Sundays, picture-galleries and museums ought not to be closed. The Honorary Secretary of the Licence Amendment League has taken up a cudgel the same as ours, and turned it against us, only he has got hold of the wrong end of the stick.

NOTICE.—MR. PUNCH is requested to say, in reply to several complaining letters to the Proprietors of this Periodical, that the persons in the country engaged in obtaining Advertisements for a cover stated to be intended for distribution to the subscribers to *Punch*, are acting without any authority for doing so, and that no such cover is issued in connection with the *Punch* Office.



Little Ada. "I WISH I'D GOT TEETH LIKE YOURS, AUNT LIZZIE, IT WOULD BE SO NICE TO TAKE 'EM OUT TO PLAY WITH!"

PHŒBUS'S PORTRAITS OF THIEVES.

SCENE—*The Slums. A Public-house Interior.* BILL WHEELER and JACK OAKUM.

Jack (taking up a newspaper). Hullo, I say, BILL, here's a floorer! (*reads slowly, with some difficulty*) :—

"PHOTOGRAPHIC PRISONERS.—In common with other Magistrates, the LORD MAYOR has received a communication from the RIGHT HON. H. A. BRUCE, Secretary of State for the Home Department, with reference to the taking of photographs of habitual criminals convicted within his jurisdiction. The letter will be submitted to an early meeting of the Court of Aldermen."

Blow their blessed horbs o' wisdom! Fotogrofe 'abitchial criminals! That's the way they're agoin' to flummux a cove, now then.

Bill. Oh, bless 'em!—they've bin a tryin' that 'ere dodge some time, in places. CAP'N GARDNER, Guv'nor o' Bristol jug, says hever sence '47; and the *Times's* words is as how that system as bin the means o' procurin penial servitood for many pris'ners whose crimes might hotherways 'ave honly bin treated as fust offences.

Jack. "Unpleasant hinfornation." Noozepaper 'eddin, for {that intelligence.

Bill. Werry much so. Guv'nor GARDNER thinks that, through that blessed fotogrofy systim, by interodoosin' of it into hevery gaol, nearly hali the professional prigs will be highidentified, and on conviction—the words I remember is—"receive hadequate punishment." That 's 'is blessed plan. And now, yer see, this here blessed Reform Guv'ment 's a foller'n on it out, wus luck.

Jack. They takes them blessed fotogrofes by means o' the Sun—doan't 'em?

Bill. Yes, the beggars, they do.

Jack. Blow the Sun! As Fenian MIKE says, the Sun's allus a standin' in our daylight.

Bill. MIKE 's right there too. "'Cause night is growd our day," as the song says. I'm a cove o' some readin', though booked R and W Imp., like you. But blow the Sun, I say too, and the fotogrofes and fotogrofes and CAP'N GARDNER and the Guv'ment, and the Beaks, and all the lot o' 'em.

THE TWINS OF TIPPERARY.

WITHIN one bracket it were well to stick 'em—
The "Honest" HERON with the "Gentle" KICKHAM
His rival's name the other's back transfer on;
For HERON, kick him: KICKHAM leave to err on.
For Clonmel's boys, sure Nemesis *must* nick 'em,
'Twixt HERON's faith, and gentleness of KICKHAM:
As wolf in sheep's skin to sheep with wolf's fur on,
Such Convict KICKHAM to Queen's Counsel HERON.

"A wind-bag emptied if you but pin-prick him!
'E'en such," may HERON say with truth, "is KICKHAM."
"Humbug! to Fenian skirts stuck like a burr on!
'E'en such," may KICKHAM say with truth, "is HERON."
Six to one, half a dozen to the other—
Twins of one hideous sire and one weak mother—
Got by Untruth on Itch of Approbation—
Spring of all woes to Ireland's ill-starr'd nation!
Rational voters had given votes to neither:
To Paddy *that* may have commended either.

Two candidates like this—such, and so mated—
What voice but Erin's e'er had nominated?
Yet who but she their merits so had gauged—
Witty e'en at her wildest when she raged—
As to keep these unworthies of her choice
Equal, almost to fraction of a voice?
Though to the seat HERON, as worse, she bore,
'Twas but by a majority of four!

Low Class Legislation.

MR. PLIMSOLL'S Bill for making Foot-warmers compulsory in Railway Carriages, irrespective of class, was thrown out by a majority of 32 in a House of 184.

MR. PLIMSOLL rested his case on the discomfort of the poorer kind of travellers. He should have remembered the proverb, "*De minimis non curat lex*," which we translate: "The Legislature doesn't care for third-class passengers."

MOTTO FOR "POOL."—"Your money *and* your life."

Jack. I've 'eerd there was times when the parsons and pantlers 'ood 'a preached it was wicked for to make the Sun dror likenesses.

Bill. Wish they'd preach so still.

Jack. There ain't no way o' chiselin the beggars that's down upon yer makin' of yer set for your cart der wizzet, wot makes a *aliàs* good-for-nuffin'.

Bill. Tell yer a dodge. Pull a mug. Look spooney and 'eavenly. (*Smiles and turns up his eyes.*)

Jack. Ho, ho! (*laughing*). The werry imidge o' Lord Lovel outside the music-books.

Bill. Or try and look wus than yer are. (*Stoops his head and scowls.*)

Jack. And that 'ood do gallus well for Sam 'All.

Bill. Fotogrofe my face! They may fotogrofe my 'eels. Ho there's plenty o' ways o' disguisin' yer fruntispiece, so as nobody should know yer! So. (*Grins.*) So. (*Winks.*) So, So, So. (*Making a series of faces.*)

Jack. Vell, BILL, blest if yer wouldn't make a fust-rate play-hactor. With sitch means of ixpression as yourn yer might a' most be tempted to cut yer career o' crime for honest industry, and go on the stage.

Bill. 'Feared I shall be druv to 'ard labour anyow sooner or later by that 'ere 'Abitchial Criminals' Bill.

Jack. 'Ow'd this be to set for my potrate as a 'abitchial criminal? (*Squints.*)

Bill. Wouldn't do, yer moke. Would be a comin' of it too strong, The beaks or bobbies 'ood take yer to be larkin'. Regular, 'squintin' 'ood be overdoon' of it. Sad misfortin' by the bye, a cast in the heye for a 'abitchial criminal, particler now 'e's subject to be fotogrofed. There 'll be no mistakin' 'im.

Jack. After once takin' 'im.

Bill. So wherever 'e goes 'e 'll be liable to be took up.

Jack. Witch I calls takin' a mean advantage of a cove's naterral affiotion. Yah!

Bill. The beggars!

[*Scene closes.*]

Look Out!

ENGLISH Girls are not thought to show the white feather when on horseback, yet you may see it any day in Rotten Row.

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.



HOMSON'S *Seasons* were not composed at the periods and under the circumstances which might have been expected to produce them. *Spring* was written in furnished lodgings, in the Poultry, during the poet's recovery from an attack of chicken-pox, brought on by the failure of the Cochinchina expedition under DRAKE. *Summer* he completed whilst

snowed up in a little restaurant amongst the Grampians, in the extraordinarily severe winter of 1727, when several couples of fowls were roasted whole on the Thames. *Autumn*, jotted down on the backs of old tavern bills, occupied him the summer he was cricketing with GEORGE SELWYN on Salisbury Plain; and *Winter*, we know, from documents in the State Paper Office, he dictated to his amanuensis, CHARLES SURFACE, as they lay lounging, and drinking syllabub with BUBB DODDINGTON in the hay-fields near Burslem.

The MS. WARBURTON took one windy night under his cassock to DODSLEY, in Pall Mall, who bought it for what we should think a very small sum; large enough, however, to enable THOMSON to accomplish the object he had all along had in view in writing the poem—the purchase of new stair carpets for his villa at Richmond, where, to this day, they preserve and show (for a small gratuity) some of the stones of the peaches he was so fond of eating in his flowered dressing-gown.

GRAY and HORACE WALPOLE went abroad together excellent friends, but soon quarrelled, and shouted so loud amongst the Apennines that all the neighbours heard them. The cause of their disagreement has never been satisfactorily ascertained, but according to MALONE, CUMBERLAND told BISHOP PERCY that MASON told him that GRAY's black servant, when he thought he was dying, solemnly declared that WALPOLE offended his master by persisting in playing the flute, almost unceasingly, in the chaise on the journey.

The origin of the coolness which sprang up between STEELE and ADDISON was almost as trivial. ADDISON, liberal and munificent as he could show himself to be, had his small economies. STEELE, having occasion to send a letter to his wife to tell her that he should not be home till late, having unexpectedly been called on to take the chair at a meeting of the Philanthropic Society, at the Thatched House Tavern, borrowed fourpence of ADDISON for the postage. STEELE repaid the temporary advance as soon as he was able, but, unluckily, one of the coins tendered in discharge of the obligation proved to be French instead of English. ADDISON discovered his loss when he had to remunerate the link-boy who lighted him home that night from DICK'S; but STEELE was either unconscious of the unfortunate mistake he had made, or thought it too insignificant to rectify, and the breach was never healed.

Those two great naturalists, BUFFON and CUVIER, although professors in the same university, living in the same street, and employing the same laundress, ceased to speak to each other for sixteen years and a half, after having been on terms of the closest intimacy, in consequence of a difference that arose between them at a social tea-party as to the average width of the stripes on the male Zebra. An eighth of an inch made a gulf between these two friends for ever.

From what humble beginnings have some of the greatest names in our annals climbed to fame and fortune! Little did FRANCIS BACON think when he was bird "tenting" at a penny a-day in the pleasant fields of Marylebone, and eating the frugal dinner which his careful mother had wrapped up for him in a blue checked handkerchief, that he should one day become Lord High Admiral of England, a Peer of the realm, and the author of that great work on the Organ, then newly introduced into this country from Nova Scotia, which has made his name immortal.

SHAKESPEARE, the merry black-eyed pastrycook's boy, carrying the tarts on his head to the Stratford bakehouse; BLACKSTONE serving the bricklayers in Chancery Lane and reading COKE by stealth; REYNOLDS taking down the shutters and sprinkling the floor of the haberdasher's shop (doing even that in an artistic fashion) at Newcastle-under-Lyme; MRS. INCHBALD, as a domestic servant, cleaning the door-step in Little Britain; JOHN LOCKE, the alert, obliging ostler at the Elephant and Castle; SAMUEL RICHARDSON, with his cheery face and welcome muffin bell, in the dimly lighted City streets on a dark November afternoon—these and a thousand more such illustrious examples, what admirable subjects do they furnish for the painter, how forcibly do they illustrate the truth of CICERO's noble sentiment (*Pro Consule Planco*, xviii., 7, ed. Trombonius), "*Non insignificantiâ, non imppecuniositas, non obscuri parentes obstant ingenio, neque abilitates distinguosissimas extinguere possunt.*"

SELLING THE ANCHORS!

(By an ancient True-Blue.)

You boast your business-habits,
At dock-yard muddlers thunder,
But here's HAY down on BAXTER
For a colossal blunder:
Here's your out-and-out Controller,
Whom all forms and checks environ,
Selling twelve score service-anchors
For the value of old iron—
And if MESSRS. SHAND AND THOMPSON
Had not behaved like bricks,
They'd have sacked, per ton, the diff'rence
Between forty pounds and six!
And to replace the damage
At BOB LOWE, the National Banker's,
You'd have had to lower your balance,
Or our ships leave without Anchors!
If what you are as store-keepers
Such you are as ship-builders—
Oh, ain't you a nice BAXTER!
Ain't you a precious CHILDERS!

Nor is't i' the dockyards only,
And their administration,
That by the self-same blunder
You've to peril put the nation.
Since Whig hands trusted Radical
All old ways to unsettle,
With anchor after anchor
You've been parting, as old metal.
As SIR SPENCER muddled "obsolete"
With "unappropriated,"
If you saw an unused anchor,
As useless it was rated;
And that First Lord was sharpest,
That Controller the most clever,
Who contrived most to get rid of,
And have broken up for ever.
Till to stay the good ship *Britain*
As she drifts ashore bewilders
Business men as bright as BAXTER,
And First Lords as 'cute as CHILDERS.

Once property made voters,
And with its anchor fixed 'em,
Till our DIZZY and your GLADSTONE
God rid of that betwixt 'em:
And landed qualification,
M.P.'s anchor, is got rid of:
And the House is full of jobbers,
Mere £ s. d. at bid of:
Anchors of birth and breeding
Are in Ministers dispensed with:
From faith's anchor we've freed Parsons,
E'en loose Bishops have commenced with:
Robbed of its family anchor,
All adrift is our diplomacy,
And patrician finds plebeian
In F. O. as much at home as he.
From birch's and cat's anchor
We've loosed services and school:
And our soldiers, tars, and schoolboys
Go to wreck for lack of rule:
And as Holland clutched her stivers
Until she lost her guilders,
So may England, with her anchors
Left to BAXTER's care and CHILDERS.

Contented ignorance you've lost,
Best anchor of the masses:
Stem on, into each other,
Drive swells and working classes.
From the anchor of authority
You've cast loose press and pen:
Flung away the women's anchor,
Of submission to the men.
The anchor of obedience
Is abandoned, e'en for babbies:
From the anchor of a tariff
BRUCE has let loose the Cabbies:
From maiden-modesty's anchor,
Our fast girls are set free:

And in wake of ANONYMA,
Drive, with breakers on the lee.
In short no craft, but, all sail set
From stu'nail boom to spanker,
Drives at twenty knots to ruin,
With, not one in ten, an anchor!
And when comes the day of reckoning,
For the fitters-out and builders—
'Twill be pity of your BAXTER,
And mercy on your CHILDERS!

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

AIX is musical, as musical as Manchester, and much in the same way too. Two excellent bands here; and once, a visit from Herr Something-or-other on the fiddle of world-wide reputation, the Commander informs me, though he's the last man whom I should suspect of knowing anything about it.

Happy Thought.—Has sailed round the world, and met Herr Something with his fiddle everywhere.

DYNGWELL won't join our party to the Concert. He says, if the Cockalorum would give us a "right-fol-iddity, or a chant with a coal-box to it" (he means chorus when he says "coalbox," and the Professor makes a mental note of it, in order to look out this particular use of the word coalbox in the Dictionary) "he would come;" but as there is no chance of his taste in this direction being gratified, he stays in his room and runs through his German exercises.

Happy Thought.—Beer is, the same in both languages. Bavarian Beer excellent. So also the lightest wines; e.g. Zeltinger.

Happy Thought.—Take home a cask of the former and a case of the latter. I point out to DYNGWELL what a saving this will be, and how necessary it is, as the father of a family (one with rashes) to be economical. He sticks his glass in his eye, and exclaims, "Bravo! quite the drunkard!" which was not, on the whole, exactly the encomium I had expected from him.

At the Concert.—Our party consists of the amiable and learned translator of *ÆSCHYLUS*; the jovial, good-natured Yorkshire Squire (who has got well of severe gout, in a week, in consequence of rubbing in his draught, and drinking his lotion by mistake); the Lieutenant, who has come to the Concert in the hopes of there being a "hop" afterwards, which appears to be his one great aim in going to any evening entertainment of any kind; the High Church Anglican clergyman, whose resemblance to a Catholic Priest would be perfect, if there was only the slightest chance of his being mistaken for anything else but an English Protestant Minister; and DR. CASPAR, who knows every one and everything in the place, and is welcome everywhere, and can go anywhere now that Aix is deserted by strangers, and he has time for shaking hands without feeling pulses. Our nervous compatriot does not appear anywhere except at *table d'hôte*, having probably jerked himself into bed at an early hour, and shaken himself into a sound sleep.

Happy Thought.—Perhaps I shall discover who *Der Andere Mann* is. First overture of Concert over. Room crowded. Elegant toilettes; pretty Saxon faces; Prussian officers, in uniform of course. Commander has been listening in rapt attention to the music. We all listen to a part-song critically.

Happy Thought.—To beat time with my head and hand, in order to show that the English are a musical nation. Commander does the same. I ask him which he prefers, ROSSINI, AUBER, or WAGNER. He hesitates. He asks thoughtfully, "Let me see, what was ROSSINI's great work?"

Happy Thought.—(By way of reply, while I think what ROSSINI has written), "His great work! Why, he's written so many."

The Commander says, "He's alive still, isn't he?" I own I am taken by surprise, never having considered the question of his being alive: having, in fact, generally ranked him among the "Old Masters," and got him back somewhere near SHAKESPEARE's time.

Happy Thought.—To laugh silly and say, "I suppose so." If he isn't, and was in SHAKESPEARE's time, I can say I thought he (The Commander) was joking. *Mem.* Read up Musical History: odd, I've quite forgotten it: under "C" (Composers) and "M" (Music) in *Typ. Devel. Part III.* Concert continues.

Herr Somebody on the violin.—Great applause on his appearance. He has long hair, turn-down collar, and a pale face, at least so it seems from this distance. Strange, now I come to think of it, that all great violinists, whom I have ever seen, are always the same, and I always see them from the far end of a room. He plays a melody slowly, with which he appears pleased: so do we. Commander thinks "he must be wonderfully strong in the chin to hold the instrument while his left hand is jumping up and down it." People look round at Commander and say "Sssh!" reprovingly. Herr Somebody takes three decided scrapes at the strings, and then as it were scrambles about the violin

wildly. Three more scrapes; more scrambling; tune nowhere—one, two, three (fiercely); twiddle-twiddle-twiddle-iddley (wildly). Down below like a double-bass, making a sensitive person, like myself, experience a feeling not unlike that caused by the steamboat when it dives in between two waves on a rough passage; then up again, notes running one after the other like mice in a wall, and his four fingers and thumb chasing them nearly to the bridge and not catching them. Back again, in among the screws, up the handle, on to the bridge, hand still trying to seize on something, his eyes watching the performance intently, and chin fixed. An occasional shifting his head a little on one side, just for a second, as if he was ticklish, but liked the sensation. Then a plaintive bit, which seems to make him stand on tip toes, and causes me almost to rise out of my seat. Then short note, still plaintive, which brings him down on his heels again. As I watch him he seems to become all violin and arms. Sudden appearance of a little tune, immediately knocked on the head by the bow. Up and down the chromatic scale, in and out the flats and sharps. Herr Somebody loses his way in a labyrinth; more mystification; at last he's out of the maze; pause, flourish of bow, grand triumphal movement (no tune to speak of, but no mistaking the time), chords crisp, and chords loose. Running up and down the chords; violin swaying as if (so to speak) he'd tumble off it every minute. We hold our breath in suspense. I almost feel inclined to say, "Oh, do stop, Sir! take care! for goodness sake! take care!"

Happy Thought.—A sort of Musical Blondin. On consideration this is a sensational performance.

Flourish, scuttle, scuttle, up and down wildly, chords hard, fast, and marked up the scale full pelt, *whack! whacker!! WHACKBEST!!!* and the exhausted performer is bowing his acknowledgments. A sigh of relief from everyone, audibly, as if we congratulated ourselves, and him, on getting through such a dangerous performance without an accident. He is encored; but only reappears and bows. He will not tempt Providence again. Everyone says Admirable! Charming! Wonderful! "almost equal to JOACHIM," cries DR. CASPAR, enthusiastically.

Happy Thought.—"Yes, almost."

CASPAR is gone, before I can add that I've never heard JOACHIM. I turn to the Commander to ask him what *he*, as a musical man, thinks of it. The Commander is fast asleep.

Happy Thought.—To quote to him when he wakes, "The Rugged Shipboy"—only I forget the rest; but the idea is that the Shipboy sleeps tranquilly through all dangers and tempests on the top of a mast. I have always wondered what he held on by? Will wake the Commander, and ask him to illustrate this passage in SHAKESPEARE. Commander wakes. On being remonstrated with for his drowsiness, he admits confidentially to me, as a thing not to go any further, "that it's not much good his being here, as he doesn't know one tune from another."

After Concert, which is over early (another excellent thing in the Aix arrangements, everything is over early), we adjourn to a *café*, where we each partake of a Wiener Schnitzel, some Sauer-kraut, and a tankard of such beer as won't interfere with your waking in the morning. The Commander commences (with the cigars) his usual story about the Mongoose. The Lieutenant begs his pardon for a minute, and seeing a table in the ante-room vacant, proposes billiards as a wind-up. Billiards, by all means.

We rise, and go to the billiard-room. The Commander is, I see, a little disappointed. At this moment DYNGWELL happens to stroll in with his professorial friend, who joins us in much the same spirit that DR. JOHNSON did BEAUCLEERK and the others, when they got him out of bed for a frolic. It appears they've been to supper (one of DYNGWELL's ingenious methods of doing a German exercise) at *Klöppel's* (I think that's what they call it), and thought, that he (DYNGWELL), and Old Cockalorum (the Professor), would find us here. DYNGWELL opportunely salutes the Commander with "Hallo, old Mongoose!" which puts an extinguisher on all chance of hearing the story from the naval officer to-night. He has been trying to tell it for weeks. He proposes to walk home with the Professor. Has probably hit upon the *Happy Thought* of "Tell him the Mongoose story." Professor says he shall be delighted, only he must speak to a friend first. He does so; to some one at the other end of the room, and is not seen again, except for a second by me, when I catch sight of his hat, which there is no mistaking, as he is making a quiet exit by the front door.

Commander takes a seat between two Germans, with whom he enters affably into such a conversation as his command of the language permits; i.e. at the rate of two words in five minutes, with an occasional *ja* or *nein*. Then he goes to sleep again. Then he wakes up. Then he disappears.

Campbell's Heroine.

WOMAN Suffrage has been established in a territory of the United States—Wyoming. It is pleasant to think that one who has long been famous by her connection with this happy territory will now have a vote—*Gertrude of Wyoming*.



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

Enthusiastic Amateur. "OH! HANG IT, CELIA! NOT READY YET! AND I'VE GOT TO PLAY IN THE FIRST QUARTET... DO LOOK SHARP!"

Celia. "NOW DON'T FIDGET, MY DEAR! THERE'S LOTS OF TIME! AND IF WE ARE A LITTLE LATE, YOU CAN PLAY A LITTLE FASTER, YOU KNOW..."

THE FENIANS' RAGING FURY;

OR, LEGAL IRELAND'S SUFFERINGS.

Ye gentlemen of Ireland
Who live abroad at ease,
A mighty little wonder 'tis
That you are absentees.
Give heed unto the newspapers,
And they will daily show
All the crimes—see the *Times*—
When the crimson drops do flow.

All we that would live landlords
Must bear arrears of rent,
And little though we should be paid,
Or none, must be content;
Or else, a tenant's bullet
Will quickly lay us low;
With a ball he pays all;
Whilst the crimson drops do flow.

The constant fears and terrors
Poor landlords must endure,
By day and night their souls affright;
They ne'er can rest secure.
Their slumber is disturbed
By voices crying "Woe!"
In a dream, with a scream,
While the crimson drops do flow.

With heaps of threatening letters,
Which slaughter doth enforce,
Assailed are they who dare pursue
With rogues a lawful course.

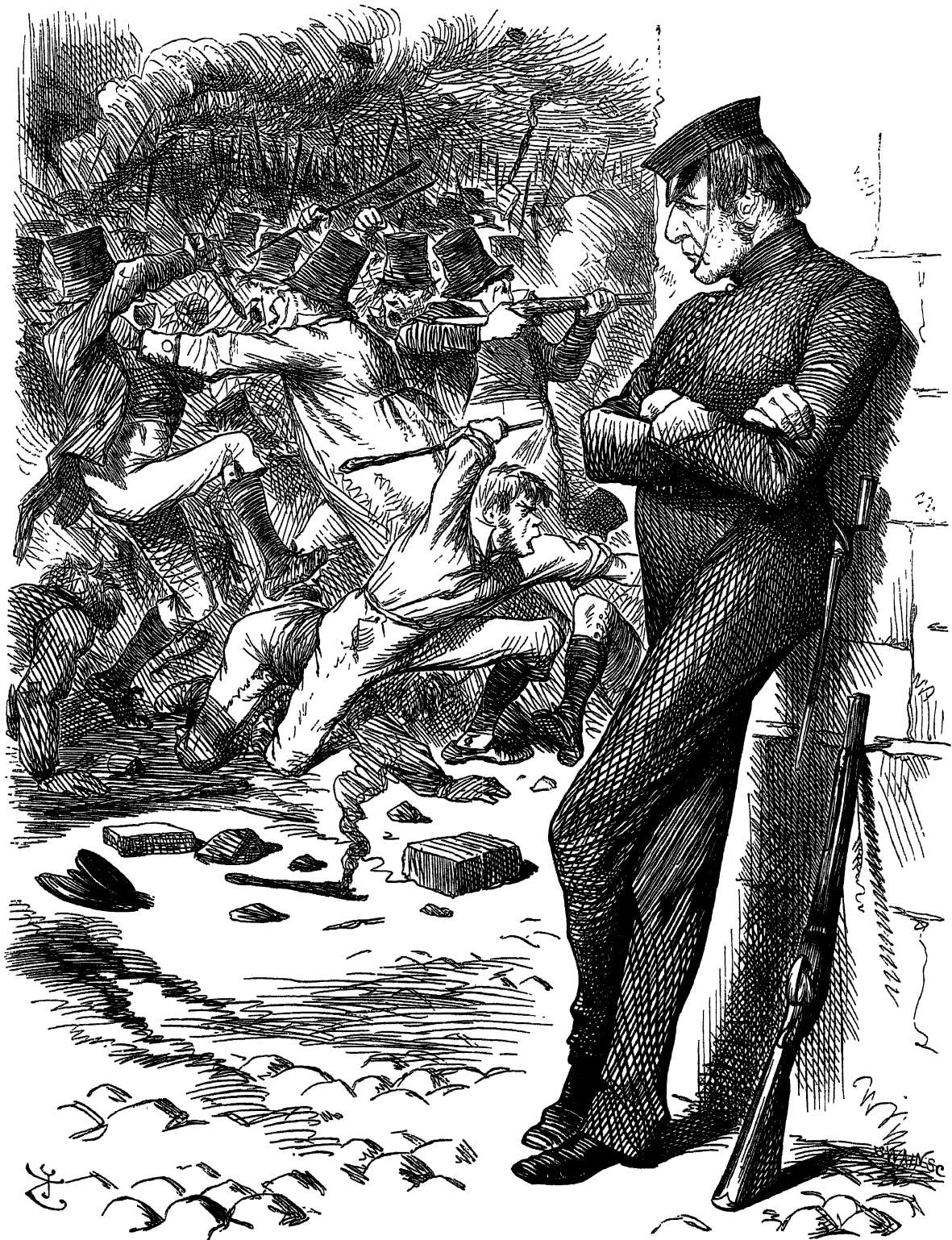
Whence cometh dire distraction,
For death's impending blow,
With a stain on the plain,
When the crimson drops do flow.

Sometimes our Irish villains
A life when they would seek,
To take a skulking coward's aim
Behind a hedge do sneak.
Sometimes their landlords "tumble"
In sunshine's open glow;
In the light, and men's sight,
When the crimson drops do flow.

Not Irish landlords only
Thus live in care and dread;
Their stewards and their agents too
May look to be shot dead.
Whoever makes an enemy
Is very soon let know
What is what, by a shot,
When the crimson drops do flow.

Our Fenian scribes and spouters
Sedition frantic stir;
And mad mobs, with sham funerals,
Dead caitiffs re-inter.
Incendiary raving priests
The seed of murder sow,
Which take root and bear fruit
When the crimson drops do flow.

Just statesmen try kind medicines
To conquer our disease,
But cannot, with their righteous laws,
Our fell Yahoos appease.



“WHERE’S THE (IRISH) POLICE?”

CHIEF CONSTABLE. “H’M!—SHOOTING LANDLORDS!—WRECKING PRIVATE PROPERTY!—BURNING STORES!—SEIZING ARMS!—BREAKING HEADS!—MURDER AND INTIMIDATION!—’PON MY WORD, IF THEY GO MUCH FURTHER I MUST REALLY——DO SOMETHING!!!”

Our savages implacable,
That rampant, roaring, go
Still about, yell and shout,
While the crimson drops do flow.

The lifted arm of justice
Our forsworn juries check,
Foul perjury forbids the noose
To gripe the felon's neck;
A County did a Convict send
To Parliament, and so
Represent what it meant:
While the crimson drops do flow.

If all conciliation
Is wasted, nought remains
But to renew an iron rule,
Stern penalties and pains,
At least empower our magistrates
To cage each public foe,
With the speed which we need
When the crimson drops do flow.

AN AWFUL MALLARD!

WHAT stories are told by the electric wire! Here is one of them telegraphed from Paris the other day:—

"The *Journal Officiel* of this morning announces that all public receivers and collectors of taxes will be allowed to receive payments in Papal coins until the 30th of April next, at the rate of ninety-one centimes per franc."

Referring to this announcement, of course in the belief of it, the *Post* observes:—

"By a curious coincidence we remark that the French Government has just decided on taking no base coin from Rome. The Papal Government had protested that its issue was as good as the French, but the inexorable logic of chemistry has demonstrated that the Roman lira is only worth ninety-one centimes, and not a hundred, and at ninety-one per franc only will it be received in France."

"Did you ever see a wild goose a floatin' on the Ocean?" sings not LONGFELLOW, but another fellow, LONGFELLOW's ebony fellow-creature, and countryman in *Old Zip Coon*. Venturing to parody that mighty line, let us ask,— "Did you ever see a wild duck a flyin' through the air?" The biggest you can ever have seen was a mere teal to the above-cited *canard*.

The Papal lire base coin? Impious aspersion on the Government of Pro Nono! Whopper, as the schoolboys say; set about for the purpose of suggesting analogies as obvious as they are false. We, however, dear DR. MANNING, will grant, and maintain too, that every production of the Papal mint is alike genuine.

If the logic of Chemistry is inexorable, the logicians are excommunicable. Chemistry has demonstrated, by its logic, that the Roman lira is only worth ninety-one centimes, has it? Ah! Chemistry may also persevere in demonstrating that a given object is composed mainly of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon—elementary substances. Chemistry be—anathema!

CHARITY IN THE BALL-ROOM.

At a ball the other evening given by the PRINCESS MATHILDE, to celebrate the "coming out" of the PRINCE IMPERIAL—

"The EMPRESS was in lemon-coloured silk, with a white tunic looped up *à la Paternoster*, in diamonds and emeralds. A Paternoster garniture is made in imitation of the beads of a Sister of Charity."

Imitation is defined to be the truest form of flattery: but we question if a sister of charity would feel herself much flattered at seeing her beads imitated by diamonds and emeralds. A dress begemmed in this manner may clearly be regarded as a very rich costume, but must also be esteemed a very poor imitation.

The Worst of Irish Wrongs.

IRELAND has never thoroughly enjoyed the advantages of *Magna Charta*. Even now trial by jury exists but partially in the Hibernian part of the United Kingdom. The trial, in cases of landlord-shooting, wherein the culprit generally gets acquitted, is almost always a trial by perjury.

THE TIPPERARIAN IDEA.

DIVIL a bit o' the British Monarchy we'll be, me bhoys. We'll be an Irish Anarchy!

A COLLEGIATE CHARITY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

SOME of you may, possibly, be unaware of the existence of an Institution named "The Royal Dramatic College." If cognisant of its existence, you may not be equally acquainted with its nature. Be pleased, then, to know that it is not a School of Preparation for the Stage. The Royal Dramatic College is no such an establishment as any College in connection with the Universities, or the Professions of Medicine and Surgery. It grants no dramatic degrees. On no persons does it confer the distinctions, for example, of Bachelor of Comedy, or Farce; Master of Tragedy; or Doctor of Burlesque. It has no Professorships of Pantomime, can only have attached to itself ex-Professors. But its Members are all of them Fellows, and, for it is a Ladies' as well as a Gentleman's College, they are of either sex. They are all fellows in old age, or at least in superannuation, used-up actors and actresses, who, but for the College wherein they reside and are maintained, would be fellows in want; perhaps even fellows in the workhouse—that place of punishment in which modern British Christianity afflicts the Poor. In the Royal Dramatic College these fellows play out the Fifth Act of the Drama of Life.

In short, Ladies and Gentlemen, the Royal Dramatic College is a sort of secular convent, or, we may say, civil barrack for aged and necessitous members of the dramatic profession, supported by voluntary contributions. Or, call it, if you will, an eleemosynary hotel. It is not a lofty hotel; differs from that style of hotel in one serious particular. It wants a "lift." The *Era* thus speaks of it:—

"THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

"It is with extreme regret that we hear this Institution is much in need of assistance in order to enable the Council to regularly pay the pensions of the residents of the College, and meet other expenses. A meeting of the Council has just been held, to consider the best means of raising ways and means, a series of morning and other special performances being proposed."

You are, doubtless, Ladies and Gentlemen, most of you playgoers, and of course willing to combine with your own amusement the additional pleasure of affording succour to others who, many or most of them, have amused yourselves, and, even in these days of the unintellectual, unideal, and idiotic drama, may perhaps have occasionally elevated your thoughts and feelings. Hear further, then, that:—

"Already MR. CHATTERTON (who has handsomely offered to pay all expenses for the morning performance on the 12th of March,) MISS OLIVER, MR. B. WEBSTER, MR. ABRAHAM, MRS. C. PITT, MR. HOLLINGSHEAD, and other Managers, have agreed to put their houses at the disposal of the Council, an example which will no doubt be followed by others, and a series of brilliant performances may therefore shortly be expected, which, we feel certain, will be well patronised."

And should it be impracticable, for reasons, by any of you, to realise, whilst you help to confer, a benefit in attending any of those projected performances, allow the *Era*, still further, to say to you:—

"In the meantime money is wanting, so we have determined at once to open a special fund, to be called 'THE ERA DRAMATIC COLLEGE FUND,' towards which we shall be happy to receive subscriptions, and which we shall hand over to the Council of Management."

None but the most successful players can possibly save the means of self-support in decent retirement from the stage. Even the very supernumeraries you, Ladies and Gentlemen; would not willingly let starve—or die half-starved in an Infirmary which might be that of St. Pancras. You may help to keep many a meritorious but indigent performer, past work, out of that, or some other lazaret-house nearly as bad, by contributing to the support of the Royal Dramatic College.

PERCIVAL.

Scilla Banks and Silly Customers.

THE Italian newspapers are full of the ruin caused by the collapse of the bubble Banks of Deposit started at Naples by a certain RUFFO SCILLA, at an interest for loans from five per cent. per month upwards. Now the smash has come, nearly £3,000,000 turns out to have been lost at this pretty little game. Those who, in their anxiety to avoid poverty, took this short cut to riches, are left to meditate the well-known Virgilian proverb—"Incidit in Scillam qui vult vitare Charybdim."

THE ALTERNATIVE IN IRELAND.

WHAT must Government do if forsworn jurymen refuse to convict assassins? Suspend the Habeas Corpus, to be sure, as they cannot suspend the Corpus.

THE RIGHT MEDIUM.

WHAT paper should Telegrams be written on? Wire-wave post, to be sure.



NOT IMPROBABLE.

First Banker's Clerk (standing). "BEEN TO SEE THESE PERFORMING MONKEYS, GIBBON!"

Second Banker's Clerk. "YES! BY JOVE, IT'S WONDERFUL. I BELIEVE THEY'LL GET MONKEYS TO TALK AND WRITE SOON."

SEVERITY OF PUBLIC SAVING.

MR. JOHN BULL has a true, faithful, and efficient servant in MR. CHILDERS. "Economy with efficiency!" demands the British Public. "There you are," answers the First Lord of the Admiralty, producing the Navy Estimates. Hear him:—

"When we took office we found that the clerical force in London consisted of 354 clerks and 102 writers, costing altogether £125,242 per annum. At this present time we employ 230 clerks and 142 writers, who cost £93,127. There are therefore employed 124 clerks fewer than last year, and that has effected a saving of £32,115."

No doubt, in getting rid of those one hundred and twenty-four clerks, as likewise of a great many dockyard workmen, the Government proceeded, as MR. CHILDERS said they did, with all possible consideration. They did the work they engaged to do for the British Public as gently as they could. The British Public ordered the work; the Ministry did but execute, in the mildest way they were able to, the British Public's order. The distress they had to cause in so doing distressed themselves. The profit of both their distress and that of the clerks and workmen will accrue to the British Public.

Now then, it may perhaps be deemed not utterly preposterous, absurd, and irrelevant, not altogether idiotically weak, not an absolute fool's entirely inadmissible question, to ask any individual member of the British Public how much happier he feels for the national gain of £32,115, saved by discharging one hundred and twenty-four clerks, and how much misery, on the other hand, has probably been inflicted on each of those clerks by that saving?

Is there any man Jack who can aver that he expects to get so much relief from taxation, and consequently so much joy, rapture, ecstasy, beatitude, by the saving which has been effected in dismissed Admiralty Clerks', and Dockyard Workmen's wages, that he acquiesces in owing it to the beggary to which dismissal has reduced them?

Is it too simply a bray of interrogation to ask, finally, whether the

CHEAP AT THE MONEY.

BIRMINGHAM'S Mayor and Constable MURPHY made bold to "cushion," When he strove to invade the scene Of Irish Church Discussion.

MURPHY demands a thousand pounds Of Constable and Mayor, For putting him into the jug, And keeping of him there.

The jury, by the judge informed, That law is with the snob; The thousand pounds of damages Reduce to forty bob.

The measure thus of damages For quodding him is seen, Who knows what of *not* quodding him The damages had been?

And as, had MURPHY been left free To ply his firebrand trade, Birmingham would have had to pay The costs, as Blackburn paid.

Please, MR. JUSTICE CLEASBY, now He in quod has been thrown, Certificate for costs refuse, And let him pay his own.

IMPROVEMENT ON FURBELOW.

AMONG "Fashions for March," in the course of a "detailed description of a number of dresses suitable for various occasions," *Le Follet* specifies:—

"A costume of black poulte de soie, with a crossway flounce, headed by three rows of velvet."

Flounces, many of them, have for a long time been used to sweep crossings, not however designedly, perhaps. But now we see that some milliner has devised a regular crossway flounce, headed, apparently with a special view to the purpose it is intended to serve, with three rows of velvet. Reason and economy, however, suggest that, instead of being headed by three rows of velvet, this flounce should be tailed with one row of broom.

necessity for immediate retrenchment is so urgent that the British Public cannot afford to let its ex-clerks and ex-workmen die out upon retiring allowances, as it lets its ex-Chancellors, and other ex-Ministers of the Crown? Perhaps there would be even economy in forbearance from some saving, of which no one individual could feel the benefit, in order to go to the expense of treating the under-servants of the State as considerately as the upper, and so conciliate numbers among the working classes.

AIR-POISONING v. AIRE-POISONING.

(Before VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR W. M. JAMES.)

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL v. MAYOR, ALDERMEN, and BURGESSES OF LEEDS.

"This was a Sewage Case, and came before the Court on an information for the purpose of restraining the Defendants (the Corporation of Leeds) from polluting the river Aire."—*Law Report, Wednesday, March 2.*

HAS JAMES no compunction, laying Leeds 'neath injunction?
As if sewers' Black-draught was not wholesomest brewage!
If to poison the Air with Leeds smoke be trade's function,
Why shouldn't it poison the Aire with Leeds sewage?

Dangerous and Expensive "Freaks."

In an action for compensation for injuries received in an accident on the Great Northern Line, the Government Inspector, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, stated that in railway accidents the carriages frequently had "freaks" which it was impossible to explain by scientific means. A statement like this makes one ponder whether there is not another, and still more positive, cause of railway accidents—the "freaks" of railway management, which it is impossible to explain by any means whatever.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AT THE SPANISH-ISLINGTON OR ISLINGTON-SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.



SCENE — The Agricultural Hall, more than half full. A Circus much larger than usual in the centre of the building. The traditional brass band to play the Overture of the Bronze Horse to the Bulls. A mingled perfume of bad tobacco and circus-sawdust pervades the atmosphere. At intervals the popping of soda-water bottles is heard. Three gentlemen, too late for the beginning of the show, enter and inquire the way to their seats.

Reticent Policeman at the door (keeping his right hand in his breast pocket, and staring straight before him at nothing in particular, while he jerks his head to the left as an indication of what he means when he says), Straight on.

Fussy Gentleman (in a tone intended to be heard). Ah! I can imagine the people about Highbury Barn don't get well attended to, if this is their style of Peeler.

[Reticent Policeman looks round scornfully; laughing trio and exeunt towards probable opening. Shouts and applause heard within. Very tantalising as they can't find an entrance.

Languid Gentleman (who has been in Spain, and knows all about it). Quite reminds me of Spain. Just the sort of thing we used to hear there. Untraveller Friend (who wishes for information). Ah! indeed!

[Shouts of "Bravo, Toro!" "Go it, little 'un!" "Now then!" "Wake up!" Clapping of hands, rattling of hats and sticks. It occurs to Untraveller Friend that he's heard much the same sort of thing in a Provincial Circus during the performance of the Courier of St. Petersburg on six horses and changing his dress ten times, appearing first as the Courier, then as Pickwick, and lastly as Cupid, showing probably to what shifts an Imperial Messenger might have been put when steam wasn't invented, if he wished to escape detection.

Fussy Friend. Where the deuce are our seats? (Turns to the left and goes nowhere. Angrily.) Why isn't there some one to—here—I say—(To dirty individual in black) Where's the reserv—? (Dirty individual scuds away.) Confound it! Why the... Oh! (Sees another person in a great coat.) Where are the reserv—?

Gruff Person. How should I know? Ask up there. (Strolls on as if he'd seen the Bull-fight a hundred times, and didn't care what happened.) Official (suddenly appearing at the bottom of a staircase). 'Served seats? Yes, Sir. Here you are, Sir. Up there.

Languid Gentleman (at the top of the stairs). But where are the— Fussy Gentleman. Yes. Look here. I've got 47. Here I say—(to anybody, the Stall-keeper having vanished)—Where's 47? Careless Person (comfortably seated). Take any one.

[The three friends knock down a few chairs, provoke some bad language, and finally descend to their seats. A Matador, a Picador, in a basket horse, and other Bull-fighters are in the arena engaged with Bull Number One.

Shouts (from a lot of people who know something about it). Bravo, Toro! Bravo, Toro!

Untraveller Friend. Who's Toro?

Travelled but Reserved Person (in reserved seat). He's the Bull.

[The Bull-fighters go boldly within four yards of the little Bull, who doesn't seem to know his business. They dare him to the battle.

Matador (with red cloak approaching a little nearer). Saha! Sa-ha! ha! ha! (Stamps his foot fiercely. Bull trots towards him. Circum all Bull-fighters nimbly over the barricade.)

Spanish Islington. S-s-s-s! Yah!

Spaniard (in the gallery). Take him 'ome!

[Bull trots round and examines audience. Bull-fighters leap into the arena.

Another Islington Spaniard (dissatisfied). Now then, yake hup!

[Bull-fighters rush about vaguely with cloaks. Little Bull makes short ineffectual charges at anything, shakes his head, then stands still, and refuses to play any more.

Untraveller Gentleman (to Well-informed Friend who HAS seen the real thing). Is this anything like it?

Well-informed Friend (finding from the conversation of those around him that he is near other people who have also been in Spain). Well—not exactly. I've seen this sort of thing in Portugal. (Nobody is near who has been to Portugal, so he confines himself to an anecdote of a Bull-fight in that place.)

[New movement with Bull Number Two. A Bull-fighter sits in a chair opposite Bull. The Bull is pensive. Bull-fighter tries to distract his attention from the sawdust. Band plays also to distract Bull. Bull listens still pensive.

Spanish Islington (in gallery). Yah! Give 'im some 'ay!

Spanish Costermonger. Get h'up. Stoopid!

[Bull rouses himself, and approaches valiant man in chair. Exit valiant man over the barricade.

Different People (with different opinions). { Bravo, Toro! Bravo, Toro! Yah! Yah! S-s-s-s-s! (Applause.)

Lounger (from the West End.) Doosid slow. (His party agree with him.)

Easily Pleased Person (cheerfully). I think it's very amusing. (This is his opinion after the Third Bull has performed with same exciting incidents as mentioned above.)

Fussy Gentleman. I've had enough of this. I s'pose we shall get a cab somewhere to take us back again.

[Shouts and applause suddenly. The audience are awake, for a few seconds, by the gallant and daring conduct of a Bull-fighter, who has just stuck a rosette on the Bull's neck when he wasn't looking, and has then run away and jumped over the barricade.

Untraveller Person (to his Well-informed Friend). What are these fellows called?

Well-informed Traveller. Well, one's a matador, and another's a picador—he's the picador in the basket-horse—the others are the—dear me—bandilleros or banderillos—and—(becomes again aware that other people who have been to Spain are intently listening to his conversation)—and, in fact, it's puzzling to know what these chaps are. It's certainly more like what I've seen in Portugal. (Confines himself to Portugal.)

Spanish Islington. Where's the Clown?

[The Sixth Bull won't leave the Circus. He won't fight, and he won't go away. Applause. Derisive laughter. Shouts repeated of "Give 'im some 'ay and vater." "Take 'im 'ome," &c. &c. At last the Bull is coaxed back to the stable. Band plays "God Save the Queen." Music by DR. BULL. Bull-fighters assemble and bow. Cheers, hisses, applause, general movement out as quickly as possible.

Travelled Gentleman. Not the thing at all.

Untraveller Gentleman. Well, if that's anything like it—(finishes in a cigar.)

Fussy Person. Hang it, we've got all the way to go back again.

Lounger from the West. Bosh!

Easily-pleased Person (who has paid half-a-guinea for a stall). Well, really, I think it's the best thing I've seen for a long time. (Goes to his Club intending to send everybody to whom he owes a grudge. His advice, there, is)—Haven't you seen the Bull-fight? Oh! you ought to see the Bull-fight! Best thing I've seen for years. (And probably retires to rest chuckling.)

[Spanish Islington disappears into public's Friend (to Proprietor of the Show at Refreshment Stall). I say, these Bulls ain't half wild. No fun. (Several people agree.)

Proprietor (seeing an opportunity for advertisement). Wild! Bless you! You wouldn't be up to much if you'd had such a sea passage as they've had. You just wait till next week; they'll be as wild and vicious as—as—as—(fails in a simile) anything; you'll see some fun then. (Winks confidentially and laughs at bystanders. Left drinking each other's healths.)

WHY SHAVE YOUR SOLDIERS?

WHEN the Army Estimates come next under discussion, we hope that some Economist will move that no more shaving tackle be supplied to soldiers. The annual cost of soapsuds can be no laughing matter, though the matter may seem ludicrous. To this add the expense of razor-strops and razors, of shaving cloths and shaving brushes, and one may calculate what saving would be made merely by not shaving.

Soldiers get into sad scrapes through not being clean-shaven; and while the two regulation inches of the chin must, by order, be kept beardless, it might be well to institute a daily shaving drill, so as to ensure proficiency in the using of the razor. For the instruction of an awkward squad, short and simple words of military command might be shouted by the drill sergeant: such, for instance, as "Draw razors!" "Strop razors!" "Handle noses!" "Quick scra-a-ape!"

LATEST BULLETIN.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has been suffering from indisposition brought on by a cold caught at the theatre. She is now trying Romeopathy.



AWKWARD !

Literal Servant Girl (to Brown, who was calling for the first time on the Dibsworths). "PLEASE, SIR, YOUR CABMAN SAY HE DON'T HALF LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS HERE HALF-CROWN YOU'VE GIVE HIM !!"

OUR OWN MUD IN OUR OWN MOUTHS.

OUR candle manufacturers complain that they can't live because their raw material has run up to such a figure. And their raw material has risen in price because it is wanted for making butter. It is a sober fact. It was but the other day that chemistry taught our manufacturers to consolidate and refine all sorts of oils and greases into the raw material of candles. And now science has gone a step further, and taught us how to turn that, which has but just been made to take form and pressure as dips and moulds, into "prime Irish" and "best Dorset!" No wonder stearine is going up: fatty matters rising to the surface. Everything with grease in it is worth putting under process. Science will compel its precious oils, and extort its fatness. But the last discovery, in this direction, is the grandest. It beats what we had hitherto regarded as the triumph of industrial chemistry—the extraction of Champagne out of petroleum. They have actually found out how to turn Thames mud from Battersea reach into butter! And so the whirligig of time brings about its revenges! We refused to transmute our London sewage into milk on the Maplin sands, through the purifying stages of rye-grass and mangold, and, lo, our sewage, in payment of our stupidity, is coming back to us, *via* the Thames, in all its naked nastiness, as butter!

It is only fair of Father Thames. We poisoned him, and he means to do his best to poison us; or, to put it more pleasantly, we turned our fatness into pollution of his bed, and he is giving us back our filth in fatness, whether we will or no!

Here is a triumph for THWAITES, a chance for the Board of Works, a use for the deposits of Barking, a way of turning to account the hundreds of thousands of tons of sewage now poured weekly from the pumps at Abbey Mills. At present they accumulate as Thames mud, and are complained of as a nuisance. You have but to turn that Thames mud into butter, to extract from it a bonus and a blessing! Write up over the Abbey Mills pumping station "BAZALGETTE, Butterman to the Board of Works!" and let THWAITES and the Board bind themselves to use their own extract as "the best substitute for butter at breakfast!" And in honour of that reach of

Thames where was made the first find of this choice delicacy for the breakfast table, let *Battersea* be re-christened and known henceforth as *Buttermere*.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

IMPROVING this text, the *Echo* is eloquent on the cold-blooded selfishness and cowardly inhumanity of the men who, the other day, stood by and saw a drunken double-murderer at Brentwood cut his wife's throat first and his own afterwards. Another case of the same kind is that of PATRICK JENNINGS, a Black Country ruffian, who beat out with a half brick the little life he had not first jumped out of his wife's body with his iron-clamped boots, in the sight of several men,

"Who didn't think it was their business to interfere, as it was only his own wife he was punching."

The *Echo* wonders how human beings could look on at such acts of murderous brutality without even lifting a hand. Where's the wonder? They are only bettering the instruction of their superiors. What is it but the doctrine of Non-Intervention transferred from public to private life?

In the face of this sickening story, can we wonder that BISHOP SELWYN has thought it advisable to bring over, as his suffragan, a clergyman who was of old his right hand in dealing with the natives of New Zealand? All BISHOP SELWYN's and DR. ABRAHAM's united experience of savagery will not be too much for the work they have before them in the Black Country.

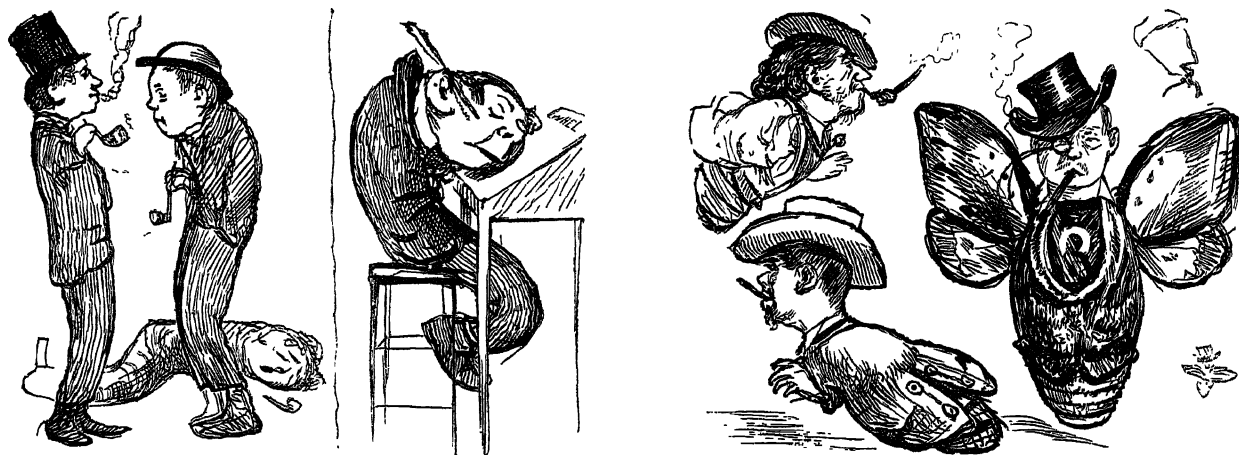
At 7-30.

WHAT terrific sensation will the theatres next bring out? One of them now announces *Twenty Minutes with a Tiger!* This beats the Bull-fights.

THE GAS-FITTER'S PARADISE.—Berners Street.

ENTOMOLOGICAL STUDIES.

SHOWING THE TRANSFORMATION OF THREE DIFFERENT KINDS OF LEPIDOPTERA, FROM THE LARVA OR ATERPILLAR, INTO THE IMAGO OR PERFECT INSECT.



1. THE MUSIC-HALL MOTH, OR NOCTURNAL CAD-FLY (*Bombyx cheapanasticus*).



2. THE SIX-FOOTED *Narcissus Apollo*, OR *Scarlet Sesquipedalian*.



3. THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD BUTTERFLY (*Fuella rapidula*).



THE O'P TO THE O'D.

O'DONOGHUE,
I've had a few
Falls out with you,
When out ye flew,
With rather too
Much hubbubboo,
And filliloo;
But now I do,
With pleasure new,
The conduct view,
Which you pursue;
Your aid unto
The Statesman who

Is carrying through
The Tenants' Due:
Whilst you eschew
The Fenian crew,
Just words and true
Are now your cue.
May peace ensue,
And turtles coo
O'er Irish stew.
Proceed. Adieu!
I fling old shoe.
Good luck to you,
O'DONOGHUE!

SHAKSPEARE AT ASTLEY'S.



Is

THERE any reason why Shakspearian plays should not be played on horse-back? None that I know of. M. JULIEN required a whole stud for his *Peter the Great* at Covent Garden, and TAMBURLIK sang some of his finest tenor airs in that opera, while sticking on, by his knees, to the sides of a cream-coloured charger, that sniffed the blue-fire, the resin, and the big drum from afar off. As the Astleian poet sings, or should sing,

Once more upon my native boards,
my name's Mazzeppa!

Seeing that *Othello* with MR. PHELPS and MR. and MRS. HERMANN VEZIN has been highly successful at the celebrated Amphitheatre, and having been unable to witness the interesting performance (why didn't MR. PHELPS play *Manfred*

on horseback at Drury Lane? or—but no, I'll keep that idea for some enterprising horsey manager, and make at least fifty-two thousand pounds, ten shillings, and seven-pence three-farthings by its representation), I beg to offer a few notes for stage-business, whenever it may seem good to the Undaunted SMITH, Baron of Leicester and Cremona, and Count d'Asnières to "mount" SHAKSPEARE on horseback.

Othello is not, however, a happy selection, for the scene lies in Venice, the only place where riding is a rather superfluous accomplishment. However, by diligently consulting some authorities, and authorities are always to be found for any particular view, the first scene might be painted to represent *Exterior of Brabantio's Stables*.

In the unwonted absence of the groom, *Brabantio* might be asleep in the cock-loft. This must be explained by careful annotations; and a reference might happily be made in the bill to "The Steed Stolen and the Door Locked Afterwards," in allusion to *Desdemona's* flight with the *Moor*. Beyond this indication of horses there is little opportunity in the First Act for equestrian display.

The Second Act is in Cyprus—a sea-port town. We are on the quay. Realise Dover, Folkstone, Boulogne, Calais, Dieppe, Brighton, Biarritz, where you will in fact, only the more fashionable the better, and there you have unlimited scope for horses, mules, donkeys, goat-chaises, carriages, bathing-machines, and bath-chairs drawn by jennets. The place is as brimful of animal life as a rare old Stilton.

Montano should enter riding his own horse. Second and Third Gentlemen (the "Utility" department—*vide Era*) would enter on hired horses. The Second Gentleman, having to exit first, can be perpetually consulting his watch, as if he were afraid of out-riding the hour. This is "business" apart from the text, and would considerably improve what are now necessary, but uninteresting, parts. I will set down certain "cues for business."

Situation. MONTANO, C., well mounted, with spurs and whip. First Gentleman, L.H., poorly mounted; no spurs, whip. Second Gentleman on a different coloured steed; spurs, no whip. Enter to them a Third Gentleman on a cob (14.1. high); he has no spurs nor whip, a single snaffle and an old saddle.

Here follows what MR. DUCROW always called the "Dialect."

Third Gent. "For every moment is expectancy
Of more arrivance."

Enter CASSIO in a light two-wheeled vehicle, of the period of course. While he talks First Gent. dismounts and tightens his girth. MONTANO pats his horse. Second Gent., on hired horse, practises holding his double reins. Third Gent. inspects the length of his right stirrup.

Cries within. "A sail! a sail! a sail!"

Montano's horse plunges violently. Here he displays his horsemanship, but must not say anything, out of respect to the Shakspearian lines.



Enter another Gentleman on a pony. Dialect.

Second Gent. "They do discharge their shot of courtesy."

[Plunging, shying of all the horses. The Three Gentlemen (of Verona) hold on by pummels, and turn pale. Gentleman on pony dismounts, and shortens the curb-chain.

Cassio (to Second Gent., who has been looking at his watch during parts of the dialogue). "I pray you, Sir, go forth," &c.

Second Gent. I shall.

[Pockets watch. Looks at the Church clock, which is visible somewhere, directs silently First Gentleman's attention to the fact that the hour has expired. First Gentleman shakes his head, meaning that he is "not going in just yet," and exit, trotting, Second Gentleman.

When Second Gentleman re-enters, it will be on foot, to show that he has taken his horse to the livery stables, and has paid his three-and-sixpence, with a "trifle for the Ostler, please Sir."

Desdemona can be in a pony-chaise (of the period, *vide* authorities) with *Emilia* and *Roderigo*; or, which is preferable, on horseback in a semi-military costume, so as to fully realise *Othello's* salutation, "Oh, my fair warrior!"

In such scenes as a "Room in the Castle," "Another Room," and so forth, the only chance of equestrianism is to introduce a performing pony no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, to be petted during the conversation. If, for any reason, this is impracticable, then let the apartment be on the ground floor, with a large window commanding a view of the marine parade, and outside, on felt, so as to be inaudible (out of respect to the text) can promenade loungers, equestrians, pony-carriages, &c., &c.

If the at-first-sight-apparently-insurmountable difficulties in the way of such equestrian display can be thus overcome in *Othello*, how easy will it be in such plays as *Macbeth*, and the Historical Dramas?

Hoping that we shall in all this be credited with at least good intentions towards the Drama generally, and SHAKSPEARE particularly, we for the present leave our hints to the consideration of all those whom it may concern.

One Letter Wrong.

MRS. MALAPROP was lately induced to visit a Jewish Synagogue, and, in consequence, has done nothing ever since but talk of the Chief Rabbit.

LENT TO READ?

MESSRS. HOULSTON advertise *Notes on Fasting*. By a Layman. Another title, perhaps, fitting this book, would be *The Autobiography of Emptiness*.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

IN five days I leave this. Sorry; but must get back. DYNWELL thinks, he says, of running with me to the "gay and festive village,"—he means Paris,—and going on the scoop for a short burst of it." I represent to him, gravely, that I can't go on the scoop; to which his answer is, "Never mind, Cockalorum, we'll bustle 'em somehow."

DYNWELL asks me to come and have a chat in his room. We fall into German and French. I propose talking in both languages as a capital plan for foreigners. He says, "Who's a foreigner?" I reply, "We are," which seems to astonish him. He had thought that Englishmen never could be foreigners.

Happy Thought.—Suggest that he was thinking of Rule Britannia and chorus. "Never, never, never, never, never shall be" foreigners.

I say, for practice, will he talk German to me? He won't. For practice, will I talk French to him? I will. He doesn't understand a word I say. He says he catches one now and then. We read French to each other. Getting tired of this, he draws my attention to his exercises, and professes to be getting "Quite the German."

Happy Thought.—To test him and his system. Represent the conventionality of his exercises. Get one of mine (intended for my forthcoming "Method of learning German, French and English simultaneously," if POPGOOD and GROOLY will have it. Wish they'd answer telegrams) and try him.

For Beginners.—I am fat (*gross*). You are poor. We are fat, and poor. Am I fat or poor? Are you ill or fat? He is old and little. Is he little or old? I am rich (*reich*) and fatigued. Are you little (*klein*), and fat (*gross*), and rich and ill (*krank*)?

Next Exercise.—I am not tall. They are short and idle. Is the father good and fat? The mother is happy and tall. The father and the mother are small and polite. My aunt is with the shoemaker, but my uncle is in the garden. The wife of the doctor (*des Arztes*) is in the fat carpenter's garden.

I have seen the tailor's uncle's boots (*i.e.* I have the boots of the uncle of the tailor seen).

This is what DYNWELL says is *his* difficulty; viz., that the verb is (so to speak) round the corner; or comes, as it were, at the end of the book.

Happy Thought.—There are more things in heaven and earth, DYNWELL, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

DYNWELL puts before me *his* idea of our exercise.

Dynwell's German Exercise.—Will the Cockalorum liquor? The old Cockalorum is mopsy. The tailor was hustled a bit by the wife of the Cockalorum. The old cove went on the scoop. The venerable Cockalorum ain't in good form. The shoemaker is a Hass. The carpenter's grandmother was quite the drunkard. The gardener has the papsylals in his great toe. Act on the square, boys, and be quite the c'rrect card, your vashup. The carpenter retired to his virtuous downy. My Aunt and my Uncle. The noble swell was all there. Well, my Lord and Marquis, how was you to-morrow? Hallo! says the Dook. Quite the tittup, says the Duchess. The Cockalorum was on. I'll have your German Exercise!

"Now," says DYNWELL, "get that into real up and down German, and you'll be quite the scholar."

Sunday.—In the Jesuits' Church. Expect, from seeing the crowd, that I am going to see something peculiarly grand. Edge myself as near as possible to the front row of people all standing. A German hymn which I don't understand.

Happy Thought.—Never offend prejudices. Look devotional, and hum as much of the tune as I can catch.

No ceremonial, but a sermon. After the first twenty minutes look round to see if there's any chance of getting out quietly. None. Wedged in. Think of saying *Ich bin sehr Krank*, and getting them to let me pass. Say this to my next neighbour. He shakes his head: either he won't believe me, or doesn't understand. Try it once more and give it up. Sermon lasts one hour at least.

Happy Thought (for any one who doesn't understand the language and is uncertain what service he is going to hear).—Get close to the door.

Day of Departure.—Early in the morning get weighed at Miss CATHERINE'S, I mean Miss CAROLINE'S. Find I'm considerably less.

Happy Thought.—Thinner.

Say good-bye to everybody. DYNWELL will accompany me to Paris. Everybody in hotel suddenly seems to find an opportunity for coming into my room. Waiters, chambermaids, porters, boots and people whom I've never seen before. I call in to see the Bathman and the Doucheman. They receive their gratuity sorrowfully, being puzzled at the non-success of the vapour-bath in my case as compared with that of Der Andere Mann.

The Commander appears at the hotel door. He is also coming to Paris. "Capital fun, we three," he says. He promises that he'll tell us the story of the Mongoose in the train.

MADAME DREMEL lends me a triumphal car in the shape of a magnificent carriage and pair, and coachman in livery (looking, on the whole, something like a foreign ambassador's equipage in Hyde Park), and DR. CASPAR is determined to see the last of me. It's a long journey to Paris; ten hours.

Happy Thought.—Take light wine, chicken sandwiches, and French literature to prepare for the gay capital. Get DYNWELL to talk French all the way there. Good practice.

Happy Thought.—Ask DYNWELL and Commander to get light wine and sandwiches, *also*.

DR. CASPAR'S interest secures us a carriage to ourselves—not to be disturbed on any account.

Happy Thought.—As invalids.

Before going, take the names and addresses of every one I leave behind. Will write to them; must see them; will all meet again, jovially—somewhere. We all mean what we say: at the time.

"Here's old Cockalorum!" shouts DYNWELL, catching sight of our good-humoured, kind-hearted Professor's hat. I ask him to watch for the first volume of my *Typ. Develop.* He says, "He will do so, with the greatest possible interest."

Happy Thought.—Paid the Bill.

Happy Thought.—Less than I'd expected. *Grand Monarque* excellent and moderate.

In making this note I feel as if I was doing it for a Guide-Book. Winter is beginning. Can't help looking forward, away from the German stoves, to the wood fires of France and the roaring logs and coal of England. Good-bye, sulphur waters! Farewell, Miss ELISA!

Impromptu in my Pocket-book:—

Fairest of all Aachen's daughters,
Thou who gav'st me sulphur waters,
See, I go to winter quarters;
Medical adviser
Says I may, so fare thee well,
What I feel I cannot tell,
No, nor in thy language spell,
Pretty Miss ELISA.

DYNWELL says "ELISA" is pronounced "ELSA." Oh, is it? very well.

Happy Thought.—Think of rhymes and settle DYNWELL. *LESA*—Please, Sir—teaser—greaser—tea, Sir—she, Sir—we, Sir—Pisa, &c.

*To my Friend * * * **

"Youthful friend, say, have you quaffed
At her hands the sulphur draught?"
"Whose hands, if you please, Sir?"
Then I answer, "She the nymph
Of the boiling sulphur lymph,
Lovely Miss ELISA."

What's "Lymph?" says DYNWELL.

Happy Thought. To say, "My dear fellow, I suppose you've never read any poetry?" DR. CASPAR draws our attention to the Station. (If DYNWELL's going to be unpleasant on the journey, I shall travel in another compartment with the Commander.)

Once more, adieu. Tickets. Luggage.

Happy Thought.—Booked through, and change nowhere; so whatever they say to us in German, French, or Dutch, we don't stir.

Where is the Commander?

Train in motion. Farewell. *Au revoir*. Hands to hats. The last hand, the last hat, I can just see; and also sudden appearance of the Commander, too late. He had stopped behind to tell the Professor the Mongoose story (I hear afterwards) and was obliged to leave in the middle. Aix, farewell!

Happy Thought.—To be prepared for everyone, beginning with MILBURN in London coming up and saying, "Well; left all your *Aches* behind?" on my telling him that I've just come from Aix.

Happy Thought.—Shall simply observe I've been staying at Aachen. Telegraph to FRIDOLINE from Paris. "Home, sweet Home! Wherever I wander, there's no place like Home!"—that is, of course, when the drains are not up, and the Inspector of Nuisances is not bothering about the grounds. *Via* Paris to England.

An Unlucky Question.

WATERMORE is a strict teetotaler (and just a little bald on the top of his head). Imagine, then, his horror at being asked, the other day at THOROFIT's by the assistant who was cutting his hair, whether he ever applied stimulants to it!

"FICTILE IVORIES."—False Teeth.



O YE FAIR!

BE WARNED IN TIME! "*Pœna, pede claudō*" (THAT IS, RETRIBUTION IN THE SHAPE OF A DEFORMED FOOT) WILL OVERTAKE YOU ALL WHO WEAR HIGH HEELS AND NARROW BOOTS; FOR SOON THE FEMALE TOOTSICUM IS TO BE WORN BARE AND OF ITS NATURAL SIZE, IN THE MANNER WE HAVE ENDEAVOURED TO DEPICT ABOVE.

SENSE FROM THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

HEAR LORD SHAFTESBURY. He speaks on the subject of biblical revision, in a letter sent to the *Times*. Therein, at least the following passage will be heartily applauded by all men, except the quacks, and humbugs, and snobs:—

"And I will mention that a rude and sudden descent from the majestic and touching tones of our wonderful version to the thin, Frenchified, and squeaking sentences in modern use would be an irreparable shock to every English-speaking man who has drunk in the old and generous language almost with his mother's milk."

Yes. Fancy the Authorised Version of the Old and New Testament re-written in the phraseology of advertising puffs. And it would be if, in so far as it was re-written, it were re-written in such phraseology as that of modern devotion; that, for example, wherein occasional services for thanksgiving and fasting days have of late years been usually composed. Fancy the sacred text, possibly befouled even with the word "reliable"!

But then, there is no reason why mistranslations, here and there, in the Bible, should not be corrected in sound English. And surely all such mistranslations need to be corrected with every care. Take another text than that of Holy Writ; the next to it in value with most "English-speaking" men. No doubt the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY has read SHAKSPEARE—at least BOWDLER'S *Shakspeare*. Although SHAKSPEARE'S great works are plays, doubtless LORD SHAFTESBURY has at least read them. He knows that they contain disputed passages, doubtful words, and indubitable blunders. He never would dream of questioning the expediency of endeavouring to restore, as faithfully as possible, SHAKSPEARE'S original text. He must be desirous of its restoration if he venerates SHAKSPEARE, and the more desirous the more he venerates him. May it please his Lordship, therefore, to consider whether his desire to get SHAKSPEARE'S text genuine would not be increased rather than lessened by the knowledge that interpolations and false readings, therein abounding, gave occasion to sceptics for questioning the authenticity of the divine WILLIAMS?

But honour to the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY for his declaration on behalf of the good old "well of English undefiled," and against the vile modern sink of Frenchified and fine English undeodorised.

Fancy SHAKSPEARE in fine English:—

Falstaff *log*. HENRY, I am no less astonished when I consider the localities in which you are accustomed to employ your leisure, than amazed in reflecting on the associates by whom you are surrounded. Because, whilst on the one hand it is undeniable that a familiar medicinal herb extends its growth with a rapidity proportionate to the pressure it receives from passing footsteps, it is on the other equally certain that juvenility, the greater the measure in which it is dissipated, the more speedily does it experience the effects of friction.

Railway Economy.

OUR Railway Directors decline to provide For the public foot-warmers in chill winter-tide. They contend that such comforts would cost them too dear, And their shareholders' grumbling and growling they fear; But this is at best a lame, feeble excuse For refusing what elsewhere are widely in use. In hot water so oft they've been found, we suppose They dread burning their fingers while warming our toes.

National Defensive Provision.

THE *Times*, in a leader, timeously asks, "What is the true function of the Militia? Is it to feed the Line, or to provide a permanent protection for these shores?" The latter, certainly. Let the Militia provide a permanent protection for these shores, and we can trust the Commissariat to feed the Line.

THE HEIGHT OF SEEDINESS.—Coat-collar more shiny than boots.



THE IRISH "TEMPEST."

CALIBAN (RORY OF THE HILLS). "THIS ISLAND'S MINE, BY SYCORAX MY MOTHER,
WHICH THOU TAK'ST FROM ME."—*Shakespeare.*

ASCLEPIUS HIS DAUGHTERS.



PUNCH.—If you please, Sir, I mean other ladies than PANACEIA, HYGEIA and AEGLE.

In a paper read before a meeting over which the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY presided, at the Architectural Gallery, Conduit Street, on the subject of "Medicine as a Profession for Women," DR. DRYSDALE said:—

"They were on the eve of a great revolution in medical politics, and it was hoped that a bill would be introduced this Session making it necessary to pass only one state examination for the three kingdoms in order to obtain a licence to practise. He suggested that ladies should petition to be permitted to go up for this examination, and, as our Government was a most

liberal and ^{wise} one, he thought this might be granted."

According to a report of the speaking which ensued:—

"MISS FAITHFULL urged that the supporters of this movement ought not to be subjected to the opposition they received, inasmuch as they were not advocating an idea which was novel, but were only desirous to return to a work which was essentially womanly, and which was practised by the sex in times long past."

Then spoke another lady, with the advantage of a special knowledge of the subject in hand:—

"MISS GARRETT addressed a few observations to the meeting in favour of every encouragement being given to women who desired to enter the medical profession. She cautioned them, however, that, to become proficient in the healing art, they must devote many years to perseverance and study."

The necessity, Sir, of persevering study will, alone, we may be sure, suffice to keep all women out of the medical profession, but a very few. There is therefore no sort of occasion for the opposition to the movement on behalf of their eligibility to be members of that profession, offered, conceivably, by no men out of it but fools, and by none in it but trades-unionists; men of narrow-minded views and Broadheaded principles. Assuredly, *Mr. Punch*, rather, every encouragement should be given to women desirous to enter the profession of medicine. Paterfamilias is a goose if he do not encourage any daughter of his, endowed with intellect, industry and resolution, who may evince a turn that way. No daughter can Paterfamilias get so thoroughly off his hands as a self-supporting one. Open the door of every secular profession to every woman qualified to enter it. Open the bar even, forensic as well as tabernary, only insist on the wig and gown—the regulation gown—let the law of judicial vision be the same for female counsel as for male. Why should not QUEEN VICTORIA have a regiment of Amazons as well as the KING of DAHOMEY, or his MAJESTY of SIAM? Only because if she might have them she would probably not get them. Fighting women are very exceptional, though a late pugilist, now in Valhalla, used to boast that he had a wife who could beat any man of her weight in England. What law exists to prevent women from good chimney-sweeps?—but there are not any. Nobody, even in the good old times, ever heard of a climbing girl. Only fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and women, all but very rare mad-women, fear to tread the rough ways they are unfitted for. We, Sir; you, and I, and MR. DISRAELI, are on the side of the angels.

But medicine is not one of those rough ways for a female practitioner, except now and then when its path is the way across country; she having been called up at night.

Women are no more unfitted to practise medicine than they are to practise music. True we have no female HANDELS, MOZARTS, and BEETHOVENS. Neither are we likely to have a female HARVEY, HUNTER, or ABERNETHY. Women do not originate things. But it is quite possible we may have a female SIDENHAM, or HALFORD, or even a female ASTLEY COOPER.

The medical science, *Mr. Punch*, acquired by a lady-doctor here and there might prove a leaven which would leaven the whole lump so to speak, with apology for calling the fair sex a lump. And the lump sadly wants leavening. When it had got properly leavened there would soon be an end to advertisements of "corsets," cosmetics, and ways of being made beautiful for ever; also an end of low dresses in high life and high latitudes. The death-rate from bronchitis and consumption would largely decrease.

There would likewise be an end of Daffy and Dalby, and all manner of domestic quackery in those upper regions where future men and women make the noises which pious AENEAS heard, the first thing, in the lower. Moreover, we should hear much less of those noises.

And mark. Whilst the medical profession would be a resource for a

clever girl, who, having to live somehow, would like to live single, or at any rate, having a soul of her own as well as a body, would hate to sell herself in the marriage-market, it would by no means debar such an one, matrimonially disposed, from matrimony. For what young medical man wanting a partner, could do better than choose a medical lady duly qualified (in every respect) for partnership? And every non-medical man thinking to take a wife, would find his account in taking a doctress who would know better than by continually breaking the natural laws, to let herself in for everlasting headaches, faintings, hysterics, and other ailments, rendering herself a perpetual plague to a husband, and running him up doctor's bills. Finally, the father of a family of children, whose mamma was a medical gentlewoman, would enjoy the advantage, instead of suffering the expense, of having a doctor always in the house.

That the Legislature will compel the Medical Council to grant a diploma to every lady who can satisfy their examiners is the hope of

Yours truly,

CELSUS EXCELSIOR.

EN VOILA BIEN ASSEZ.

COMPARE Creuzot with the greatest and best-managed English iron-works. Look at the state of the workmen and their families in the light of such statistics as these—which have not been contradicted even by M. ROCHEFORT, or any other of M. SCHNEIDER's bitterest enemies:—

"To begin with the accommodation provided for the workmen; we are assured that there is for every man, woman, and child a space equal to 11 metres superficial, or 32 cubic metres—considerably more than the inhabitants of Paris enjoy. No fewer than 700 gardens are let by the Company, at the rate of two francs per annum. The Company have constructed nearly ten miles of streets and over two miles of boulevards; they have provided public fountains yielding 500 cubic metres of water per day. MESSRS. SCHNEIDER have founded five commercial and industrial schools, 15 free schools, and 16 nurseries for children of tender years. These establishments have received in one year 4629 children, and only 29 who have not profited by these opportunities remain in ignorance. The school fee is 75 cents. per month for the children of workmen, and a franc-and-a-half for other children, but some 700 children are received gratuitously. The education given comprises reading and writing, French, history, arithmetic, geography, drawing, geometry, mechanics, physics, and chemistry. The adult schools are attended by about 500 workmen, and there are four special classes for smiths, turners, finishers, and modellers. A library of some 2300 volumes, comprising all kinds of works, has been provided. Two Catholic churches have been built by the MESSRS. SCHNEIDER, who have also provided for Protestant worship. The smallest wages earned at Creuzot amount to 3*fr.* 45*c.* per day. In 1848 the sum was 2*fr.* 50*c.* A grown man may rise to 8*fr.* in the workshops, and 13*fr.* in the blacksmiths' shop. The population in 1836 was but 2700 souls; at the last census 28,872, showing a rate of increase four times as great as the average of France. The number of convictions for offences of all kinds is considerably less than the average; and for offences against morality the ratio is less than half the average. The savings' bank contains the deposits of 1770 workmen, amounting in all to eleven millions of francs. A further sum of two millions is invested in the works by 540 workmen, but can be withdrawn at any time. No fewer than 450 workmen having ceased to labour, possess among them no less than three millions of property, which, if invested in land or houses, at Creuzot, realises something like 7 per cent!"

And then say whether the late strike is not indeed best described by help of the name of the agitator who is said to have been at the bottom of it—ASSI. A more asinine quarrelling of workmen with their bread and butter it would be difficult to conceive.

Echo Œcumenicalis.

SCISNE aliquid de Jesuitâ?—*Ita.*
Habetne fidei thesaurum?—*Aurum.*
Sed magnopere amat divinum.—*Vinum.*
Haud æstimat terras.—*Erras.*
Reipublicæ est utilis atque bonus.—*Onus.*
Plus alio est affectuum dominus.—*Minus.*
Sed veritatem ex profundo fodit.—*Odit.*
Judicium tuum nimis est severum.—*Verum.*

A Game Chicken.

Fast Girl (to Sporting Gent.) I say, DICK, the Colonel has won the Grand National by a neck. You owe me a pair of gloves.

Gent. I do. What sort?

Girl. Boxing gloves.

O IMITATORES, SERVUM PECUS!

OWING to the popularity gained by *Cometh Up as a Flower*, some simious writer will perhaps produce a tale under the title of *Cometh Up as a Fungus*.



WELL—NOT VERY.

Miss Tearaway (who has had a fall, and is getting rather cross). "GREAT NUISANCE THIS RAIN. I'VE A NEW HAT ON, TOO."

Miss Scramble. "GOOD GRACIOUS! A NEW HAT!"

Miss Tearaway. "YES, OF COURSE IT IS! DOESN'T IT LOOK LIKE ONE?"

TALE OF A CHAIR.

"There are very funny stories going about the new workings of the Public Works Department. . . There is a capital account of a certain castor which was lost off an arm-chair, and which entailed requisitions, correspondence, inspections, visits, &c., day after day, till a van with two horses and three men came to take off the arm-chair in triumph—and the castor came off the day after the chair was returned!"—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

JOHN POUNCER was a gentleman
Of limited renown,
A Government official he,
A Servant of the Crown.
The room where he his country served
Had not received much care,
But POUNCER, as its chief, enjoyed
A comfortable chair—
A chair with padded arms and back,
Its legs on castors raised,
Made in the dear old times before
Economy was praised.
There he had covered many a sheet,
Drafted, perused, and signed,
And sometimes when the sun was hot
There he had eke reclined,
Till on a day—the date you 'll learn
By writing to the Board—
One of the useful castors broke,
And POUNCER almost floored.
The reason of this sad mishap
Research has failed to find:
Perhaps it was the work that weighed
Too heavy on his mind,
Perhaps some secret, subtle force
Had influenced the brass,

Perhaps—but speculation fails,
So let the puzzle pass;
And rather tell of what was done
The mischief to repair,
Of all the efforts that were made
To reinstate the chair;
Of formal requisitions sent,
Of letters and replies,
Of the visits and inspections
To which the loss gave rise;
The hopes and fears, delays and doubts,
That seemed to have no end,
Before the Board of Works resolved
The furniture to mend.
At last they sent a roomy van,
A van with horses twain,
And three men to remove the chair,
And bring it back again.
The necessary work was done
With no intemperate haste,
The chair returned to POUNCER's room,
The castor was replaced;
For one brief day, to be to him
All that he could desire,
Or by the busy, laden desk,
Or by the cheerful fire;
Then to come off anew, afresh,
The next ensuing morning,
Without a hint of what it meant,
Without a moment's warning;
And so excite in POUNCER's mind,—
Where now suspicion lurks—
Anger—against the chair? Oh, no,
Against the Board of Works.

BILINGUAL UTTERANCES.

I—ANACREONTIC.

1. *Eis lóran.*

To my Cremona.

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας
 A classical bard I shied as;
 θέλω δὲ Κάδμον ᾄδειν
 Tried Tupperry strains to trade in:
 ἃ βάρβυτος δὲ χορδαῖς
 But my fiddle of me the lord is,
 ἔρωτα μόνον ἤχει
 And for all but love sounds squeaky.
 ἤμενθα νεῦρα πρῶην
 I tuned him, and kept him goin',
 καὶ τὴν λύρην ἥπασαν
 Till he bellowed like bulls of Basan,
 κα' γὰρ μὲν ἔθλους ᾄδον
 For Hercules' toils I gee'd on,
 Ἡρακλέους, λύρῃ δὲ
 The result was uncommonly seedy,
 Ἐρωτας ἀντεφώνει
 And I simpered lovesongs on'y.
 χαίρουτε λοιπὸν ἡμῖν
 So now good-bye to dreamin'
 ἤρωες ἡ λύρῃ γὰρ
 Of gents with pipe and ségar,
 μόνους Ἐρωτας ἔδει.
 Let's go serenade my lady.

2. *Eis éautón.*

To our noble self.

Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες
 What seems the girls to strike is
 Ἀνακρέων, γέρον εἰ
 "Dear *Punch*, you're a *very* old crony.
 λαβὼν ἔσοπτρον, ἔθρει
 Your head in a photograph try,
 κόμας μὲν οὐκ ἔτ' οὐσας
 It's grizzled like ancient mouser's,
 ψιλὸν δὲ σευ μέτωπον
 Or white as your chin, with the soap on."
 ἐγὰρ δὲ, τὰς κόμας μὲν
 "Dear creatures, who far surpass men,
 εἴτ' εἰσιν, εἴτ' ἀπῆλθον
 Your chignons may be the real *ton*,
 οὐκ οἶδα, τοῖτό δ' οἶδα
 Of wigs I am ever avoider,
 ὥς τῷ γέροντι μᾶλλον
 And gaily my course I sail on
 πρέπει τὸ τερπνὰ καίγειν
 You see, though it seems surprisin',
 ὅσῳ πέλας τὰ Μοῖρης.
 The older, the brighter my fire is!"

3. *Eis τὸ δεῖν πίνειν.*

"Bibendum est!"

"Drink, boys, drink!"

Ἡ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει,
 The earth drinks raindrops tiny
 πίνει δὲ δένδρε' αὐτήν
 And the trees, when showers they're caught in.
 πίνει θάλασσο' ἀναύρου
 The sea bolts rivers enormous,
 ὃ δ' ἥλιος θάλασσαν
 The sun in the sea keeps splashin',
 τὸν δ' ἥλιον σελήνη.
 The moon drinks sunlight sheeny.
 τί μοι μάχεσθ', εἰσάρτοι,
 Then why should you cry me fie, boy,
 καὶ τῷ θέλοντι πίνειν;
 If I'm bibulous after dinin'?

Manchester's Medical Charities.

MANCHESTER, ever forward in works of beneficence, is now making a strenuous effort to free her Medical Charities from a rather appalling debt of between £5,000 and £6,000. A Committee of upwards of 200 principal Merchants, under the Presidency of MR. WILLIAM AGNEW, has been formed for conducting a Dramatic Festival, MR. KNOWLES, of the Theatre Royal, having most liberally placed all the resources of his establishment, free of any charge, at the service of the Committee. If the result does not exceed the Committee's most sanguine expectations, Mr. *Punch* knows nothing of Manchester.

MADMEN AND THEIR MURDERERS.

MY DEAR WHALLEY,

You have not been on your legs so frequently this Session as your wont has been in sundry others I have Essenced. Is your sedentary posture the result of your reflecting that a Session means a sitting? Or is your mind so harassed by the Council at St. Peter's, that you cannot take a part in the councils at St. Stephen's? I miss you, my dear WHALLEY; for I love a hearty laugh, and I rarely fail to get that, when you are pleased to speechify.

What has just now specially recalled you to my memory is the reading of a recent trial of two ruffians, indicted for manslaughtering a patient in a madhouse. They, his keepers, were convicted upon the clearest evidence of causing this poor wretch's death by kneeling him, and kicking him, and knocking him about, so that they broke a dozen ribs of him confided to their keeping. For this they were awarded seven years of penal servitude, although a brace of precious doctors took their solemn oaths and swore that the ribs *might* have been fractured by a tumble out of bed, which, a better judge than they, the Judge, did not think probable.

Now is not this a case for you, or any other man, to bring before the House, as a ground whereon to move for a Committee to inquire into the keeping of poor lunatics, with a view to the more careful inspection of asylums? Fractured ribs and broken breast-bones are, it seems, a frequent cause of death among our madfolk; and though evidence in such cases is difficult to get, their frequency alone is something more than accidental, and is certainly suspicious. By jumping knees down on a patient, ribs and breast-bone may be broken, without much outward sign of bruising; and in this way brutal keepers may knead a man to death, without much danger of detection. You may call them friends in knead for freeing him from other sufferings in life to which his ailments might expose him; but I think such friends in knead are fouler ruffians in deed than many other murderers whom Jack Ketch makes acquaintance with.

You will doubtless say that nunneries ought to be inspected, as much as any other lunatic establishments. I may not quite agree with you in classing nuns with lunatics; but I think, wherever folks are segregated from their fellow-kind, they need to be looked after by the optic of publicity. Human nature is the same in nuns, and Agapemonists, and keepers of asylums, and cruelty is commonly a part of human nature. If convents and asylums were inspected as they ought to be, not at set and stated times, and by blind, owlish boards of guardians, but by paid, haphazard visitors, whose pay should be increased for every fault which they detected, we should no longer hear of nuns scrubbing floors by way of penance, or of madmen dying foully with ribs broken by their keepers.

On this hint you may speak, with a good chance of being listened to; and for this unusual pleasure you may thank your old friend,

PUNCH.

ITALY'S HOPE AND FEAR.

A NOTE from Rome, in the *Pall Mall*, creates some misgiving by the information that:—

"The Vatican boasts that new adhesions to the dogma of infallibility have reached the Holy Father from Bishops incapacitated by age and infirmity from attending the Council."

This is more intelligible than satisfactory. One understands what view bishops in their dotage would be likely to take of Papal infallibility. The same view is unlikely to be taken by Members of the Council in full possession of their faculties. It is therefore to be feared that infallibility may fall through. So much the worse for the hope that France will cease to uphold the Temporal Power, and that Rome will become the capital of Italy.

THE OLIVER PARTY.

THE neat little theatre in Dean Street is about to change its manager. Dolphins before they die turn many brilliant colours, and the present Manageress of the Royalty is determined to leave her pretty house with brilliant colours flying and with honours thick upon her.

"Susan of the Black eye," has been revived by the exertions of the fair Lessee, the graceful MISS CAROLINE PARKES and the careful MISS KATE BISHOPP, and goes as freshly as when it first saw the footlights. We wish MISS OLIVER every success for the future, and thank her not only for giving us some clever comedies, but for taking care of that rather fast party Burlesque, by not allowing it to insult its betters, and keeping a careful eye on its wardrobe.

A THOUGHT IN THE CORSO, ROME.

BETTER to be dis-comfited in the Carnival than in the Benemical Council!



ENCOURAGEMENT.

Rustic (with his soul in the Chase). " 'OUNDS 'A BEEN GONE BY ABOUT THREE MINUTES. NOW THEN, SIR! 'OVER YOU GO!"
(But it's Bucklesbury's first Run, and he doesn't know about that.)

CHIESA BUFFA, HOLBORN.

THE performances at the Theatre Ritual, St. Alban's, Holborn, still continue without alteration, notwithstanding the monition issued against the Manager of that establishment by the Privy Council. Certainly that gentleman is to be credited with a vast deal of the quality which in a good cause is called perseverance. According to a contemporary:—

"On a former occasion the petition was that MR. MACKONOCHE had not obeyed the monition as to the elevation of the consecrated elements and as to prostration before them. He was directed to pay the costs, and warned as to the alleged prostration. The petition to their Lordships now is on the ground that he permits by his curates such elevation and prostration, and it is submitted that the monition of their Lordships has not been obeyed."

What power has the Privy Council to enforce its monition against the Manager of St. Alban's? That reverend gentleman may be in a position to set the Privy Council, as he sets the Ecumenical, whose rites he burlesques, at defiance. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN, perhaps, could effectually deal with him, and might therefore be applied to by persons who are displeased by the St. Alban's exhibitions with a petition to interdict them. That his Lordship surely must have power to do, on the ground that being adaptations of the Roman Catholic Mass and other offices, played in character and costume, with spoken dialogue, and music, they come within the description of theatrical entertainments, enacted in a building not duly licensed for the purpose.

From a Bookworm.

How useful it is to know something of bibliography! If GANDERSON had possessed but a smattering of it, he would have been saved from making the unlucky remark, that he was convinced great collectors opened very few of their books to read them, because he had noticed that the catalogues of their libraries, when offered for sale, contained numerous "uncut" copies.

IMPERIAL ECONOMY.

We live in wonderful times. Only look at this:—

"It has been remarked that the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE this year sometimes appears twice in the same day in the same dress, which was never the case before."

This unparalleled economy the French papers attribute to the pressure of reform which has been put upon the EMPEROR. His Majesty has made certain liberal professions, and deems it constitutional to be a little stingy. So the EMPRESS is obliged to wear her dresses twice, and who can tell what pangs this retrenchment may have cost her? We hope her self-denial may largely bear good fruit, and that ladies generally may imitate her prudence. The EMPRESS sets the fashions, and ladies love to copy her as nearly as they can, but it is new for them to learn from her a lesson in economy. If the EMPRESS condescends to wear the same dress twice in four-and-twenty hours, MRS. SMITH may surely be satisfied in future with only ordering a new dress not more than once a week, and MRS. BROWN may somehow even manage to exist for as long as a whole fortnight without buying a new bonnet.

Light Literature.

We see advertised among the latest batch of novels a story with the title of *The Baronet's Sunbeam*. If this should prove successful, we may expect to see it followed by *The Marquis's Moonshine*, and indeed a further sequel may with safety be anticipated, entitled somewhat similarly, *The Countess's Starlight*.

A SHORT WAY WITH THE GALLICANS.

If the POPE is, and has notoriously been, any time these 1837 years, infallible, why does not the POPE say so, and leave the Council to contradict him if it can?

STIRRING EVENT.—Mixing a Plum-pudding.



PROSPECTIVE.

Dissipated Customer (for the ninth time of asking, A.M.) "MUSHT JUSHT HAVE 'NOTHER S'HRÉE PENN'TH, MISSH! (HIC!) GOIN' T' HAVE S-H-ALT FISH F' DINNER!"

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER."

Down 'neath the social waters,
'Mid ocean's wildest cells;
Far from the busy haunts of men,
My thing of beauty dwells.

Not frisking through the abysses
With fast and foolish whirl;
But nestling in them, soft and slow,
Most like some hidden pearl.

Green as the verdant sea-fields
That round about it lie;
Or as the leaves that deck the woods
With summer's greenery.

So gentle is my loved one
That he reminds me quite
Of Nature's strongest marvel
The social Zóophyte.

Men with their scornful glances
Pass him unheeded by;
And women, fond of faster swains,
Go with averted eye.

They dream not of the riches
That there may lie concealed,
Like nuggets 'neath the surface
Lurking all unrevealed.

Yet still he moves among them,
With footstep slow and sure;
Still gazes on their smiles and frowns
With face alike demure.

And still for those who love him
Leaves no one thing to wish;
Moving among our giddy throng
Mute as a quiet fish.

He is a fish, and has been
Since a small boy at school;
Our soft green *poisson d'Avril*—
Our coming April Fool!

ST. PATRICK'S MISTAKE.

MAY there not be, possibly, in the Irish problem something more than is dreamt of in your philosophy—you whose philosophy comes from JEREMY BENTHAM? A conceivable solution of that problem is suggested by certain statements made by one great exponent of mysteries, the fellow-countryman of LINNÆUS and of MRS. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT. In one of his numerous works EMANUEL SWEDENBORG discourses of certain things which he calls "evil uses." Thereby he means beasts and other creatures noxious to man, and used to injure man, but also subserving some beneficial end, by, as he says, contributing "to absorb malignities." Among these "evil uses" he expressly mentions "poisonous serpents," and "frogs." Now Irishmen boast that Ireland breeds no vipers. The batrachians as well as the ophidians were put out of the way by St. Patrick, as we all know by preaching:—

"He drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint."

But, in so doing, it may be that his Sanctity conferred somewhat the reverse of a boon upon the land on the top of whose "high hill" he delivered the discourse which had that preternatural effect. What if the trouble which even our GLADSTONE experiences in governing Ireland be in truth owing to the want of frogs, toads, poisonous serpents, and other "evil uses" to "absorb malignities" imparted to the air of the Emerald Isle from a worse atmosphere? Those malignities, in the absence of venomous snakes and the like, may for aught we know, embody themselves in Fenian journalists and sympathisers with Fenians; in agrarian assassins, and incendiary priests. Pending, therefore, the discussion of the Irish Land Bill, would not the Government do well to propose a vote for the immediate importation into Ireland of adders, toads, frogs, in numbers large enough to constitute a variety of "evil uses" sufficient for the absorption of "malignities" at present rampant amongst Irishmen in human forms? To be sure it might be found that no common adders or vipers in any quantity would have capacity to absorb and condense into material venom the

"malignities" of the Irish "Irreconcilables," and that, to get them effectually absorbed by the means, if practicable, indicated by the Swedish Seer, it would be necessary to acclimatise a lot of cobras, copperheads, and rattle-snakes.

PHILOSOPHY FOR FREE LIVERS.

A LEARNED Doctor of Physic has augmented Medical Literature with a new treatise on *The Philosophy of Rheumatism and Gout*. What philosophy is that? The Epicurean, rightly understood, which teaches epicures what to eat, drink, and avoid; what to avoid no less than what to eat and drink. The philosopher whose philosophy keeps him free from gout and rheumatism is always a peripatetic one; he walks about a great deal to equalise his circulation, and to work off in vapour the superfluities which a philosophical turn, generally combined with a predilection for good living, is apt to introduce into the bodily system. For the rheumatic or gouty patient the only possible philosophy would be the Stoic, if the idea that any quantity of wisdom, knowledge, and reflection, can operate in the least degree as an anodyne, were not moonshine.

A Responsible Police.

By telegraph from Dublin, on St. Patrick's Day, we were edified by the information that:—

"This evening the Armagh grand jury found a true bill of manslaughter against SUB-INSPECTOR NEENAN for firing on the crowd on the evening of the 1st of July, when a person named WATSON was shot by the constabulary."

The Grand Jurymen of Armagh apparently know how to encourage the Irish Constabulary to do their duty.

CONTRADICTED BY DESIRE.—Our friend WATERMORE (the teetotaler) has again been sadly put out by a report that he was seen riding in the Park on a "groggy" horse.

PEEPS INTO THE STUDIOS.



THE impending Exhibition of the Royal Academy (the three hundred and sixty-fifth) will be considered above the average by those artists who are fortunate enough to find their productions accepted, decidedly below the average by those who are so unlucky as to have their works rejected, and about the average by old ladies, general public, and young people who talk to you of LANDSEER and MILLAIS at drums, dances, &c.

It may interest our readers to glean something beforehand of the principal pictures that will confront their gaze, on the inaugural Monday in May, on the walls of the *salons* of Burlington House.

HIGHLYTE (in addition to his other work, *The Gordian Knot*) will show a magnificent classical subject just completed. *ÆSCHYLUS*, *SOPHOCLES*, *QUINTILLIAN*, and *EURIPIDES* are represented welcoming to the Elysian Fields, brilliantly illuminated with the Electric light for the occasion by *MESSEURS VULCAN* and *CYCLOPS*, the principal characters in their affecting dramas. These personages, grouped in trilogies, are seen clustered round *PELOPS* on Mount Hippocrene, who is consulting *ÆSCULAPIUS* as to the rheumatism in his ivory shoulder, while *AJAX* dismounts from his ivy-wreathed dithyramb, drawn by coursers from the Angean livery stables, and kisses his flashing thyrsus to *IPHIGENIA* (in Tauris), engaged in an archery contest with *PHILOCTETES*, who wears the poisoned peplum which *HERCULES* gave as a wedding present, along with six silver nectarspoons, to *PROMETHEUS* on his marriage (after he recovered from that distressing liver complaint) with *CLYTEMNESTRA* in the gardens of the Choephoreæ, attended by ten bridesmaids. An efficient chorus, including the Muses, the Graces, the Furies, the Harpies, and the blue-eyed Symplegades, their brows bound with amaranth and fresh caduceus, and with snakes, chimaeras, &c., in their gory locks, are depicted singing a selection in the back garden from the *Edipus Vincetus*, *HECUBA* accompanying them on a new Grand Concordance, made by *ORPHEUS* expressly for the performance. To the thousands of visitors to the Academy who have the Greek Tragedians at their fingers' ends, this splendid picture, with its well balanced composition, its brilliant colouring, its tender feeling and refined motive, cannot fail to prove a rich and intellectual treat.

HOLME PAYNTER has again produced several of his charming transcripts of that domestic happiness and fireside felicity which make us the envy of surrounding nations. We have only space to describe one, his *chef d'œuvre*, in which he has, if possible, transcended even himself—it is entitled, simply, "The First Pancake." A dear little fellow, three or perhaps three and a quarter, nicely dressed in the costume of the time, with a clean white pinafore, is seated anxiously on a high chair, at an ordinary dining table completely covered with a snowy cloth, while Mamma proudly deposits on his plate the delicate pancake (or is it a fritter?) with which the smiling nursemaid has that moment entered from the kitchen. An elder sister, in red hair and bright Tartan frock, is busily engaged cutting a large and tempting orange

into quarters; and the life-like fidelity with which the pips are depicted only needs to be seen to be recognised as a triumph of naturalistic manipulation. We are much mistaken if this little gem does not elevate its gifted author to the highest rank in his profession.

COMESHAU has once more had recourse to the annals of his native land (see *Doomsday Book*, pp. 1008–11) for a most touching scene—*CHARLES THE SECOND*, after the fatal Battle of Tillyetudlem, hiding with the great seal between two feather beds in a public-house at Wapping, while an infuriate mob, headed by *LORD GEORGE GORDON* and *TITUS OATES*, are breaking open the doors, clambering in at the windows, swarming up the spouts, peering down the chimneys, peeping through the keyholes, tearing up the gas-piping and door-scraper, and demanding beer and their sovereign's blood of the trembling landlord, who is seen cautiously opening the postern, in a well-worn buff jerkin and scarlet beretia, armed with a rusty petronel, and accompanied by *FLORA MACDONALD* (in the forty-second plaid) and the Ordinary of Newgate. *COMESHAU*'s well-earned laurels will not suffer by the exhibition of this his last, and perhaps best *morceau*.

MOUNTAYNE DEWE revels in a landscape of supreme beauty and infinite pathos. A wild and solitary *campagna*, sparsely strewn with cairn and cromlech on which moss and lichen stray in unchecked luxuriance, stretches away in its lonely might to the glimmering horizon. Wild creatures ramble about in the foreground, and in the middle distance a party of convalescent *carbonari* slowly return to their evening meal. The golden-crested eagle and the many-hued kingfisher, softened by the beauty of the scene, rest together in harmonious juxtaposition, and gaze on the westerling sun sinking in his evening glory behind the Transpontine Hills, covered to their summits with the lovely blossoms of the beautiful *Alpinula peppermintis*, amid which goats and their young gambol sportively to the sound of the vesper bell. Over all the black rebellious clouds, gathering from every known quarter of the compass, portend the approach of the much-dreaded Malaria, before which the benighted *condottiere*, wrapping his capote more closely round his gaunt form, hurries to the nearest *Villeggiatura* for shelter and refreshment. All is in keeping, in perfect harmony, in this weird-like delineation of Nature in her sterner aspects—the high lights are beyond praise—and *MR. MOUNTAYNE DEWE* may be congratulated on having struck the right key in his selection of sober pigments, and in the "vehicle" he has adopted for the material embodiment of the conceptions of his lofty genius.

The portraits we have had the privilege of examining are many in number and unrivalled of their kind. We were particularly struck with one by *TOUCHUP*, of the *MAYORCE* of *BARTLEMERE* receiving a deputation of its most influential inhabitants, to present her with a silver cradle, in commemoration of her having presented a son and heir to the Chief Magistrate of that ancient city, *ABRAHAM FROSBY HAWKINSON*, Esq., during his period of office. The frame is magnificent, and the attitude of the portly nurse who is in attendance on her mistress (with the baby) dignified and imposing. *TOUCHUP* will not recede from the place he occupies in public estimation by this felicitous rendering of a pleasant and genial custom in our borough municipalities.

In the Sculpture Gallery *EVE*, *UNDINE*, *OPHELIA*, *CENONE*, *JOAN OF ARC*, and our own *ROYAL FAMILY*, will be adequately represented. There will be a great many busts; and some extraordinary figures—amongst the spectators.

THE INFALLIBLE OUT-AND-OUTER.

It is pleasant to have any thing to say that redounds to the Pope's credit. Here is somewhat, from the *Times* :—

"The bishops have been very clamorous lately for leave to go home by Easter, and make 'holy oil' for the ensuing year. *Pius the Ninth* is equal to the emergency, and has issued a document to the effect that the remaining stock of holy oil is to be mixed with sufficient new oil to make a supply for the next year, and that the oil so mixed is to have the same virtue as if every particle of it had been consecrated."

So no doubt it will. In that matter of "holy oil" *Pro Nono* has managed his bishops with an adroitness equal to any ever exercised in dealing with corresponding parties, though of another persuasion, whose scruples were obstructive, by *OLIVER CROMWELL*. Who does not admire his determination? His Holiness believes in his own claims, he disbelieves in modern Progress, and he acts out his belief and disbelief in defiance of everything and everybody. In this thoroughness there is real sublimity.

The Obstinacy of the Green Fever.

PEOPLE must not wonder that an exacerbation of the Irish febrile symptoms has followed the administration of the Church Act sedative, nor should they be surprised if the Land Bill anodyne should be thrown in without immediate effect, though the Peace Preservation astringent may produce a better tone. Rome was not built in a day, nor will Ireland be, ha, ha! cured in an instant.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. PUNCH to MASTER GUTTERBLOOD, in Town, and MASTER CHAWBACON, in the Country.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS,

You have been much in my mind lately, as in everybody's mind that has a mind. Between your two families you make up the mass of the rank and file at least of *Young England*. Looking at *Old England* by the light of Poor Law and Police Reports, Criminal Statistics, Education Returns and Sanitary Bluebooks, as well as the lesser lights of my own eyes and ears, I don't like the notion of your stepping into your fathers' sins, and sorrows, and sufferings, as part of your inheritance. I want you to be better fed, better behaved, thriftier, soberer, healthier, kinder, cleaner in your clothes and talk, more God-fearing and God-loving, more thoughtful of your families and your fellows, of those you work for, and those who work for you, than your fathers were before you. And that you may be *all* this, I want you, first of all, to be better taught. Modern gardening has shown us that there is no way of improving the fruit of the tree like root-pruning and root-feeding: and I want to see you growing a good deal better fruit than we have been in the habit of sending to market off you. Teaching you is the only way to bring this about; and so the Government has at last come to see, and has been doing what it could for thirty years past, to get you to school, to set your little minds a-growing in the right way for bearing the right fruit. But there has been one thing in the way—the black coats. There was the Parson, and the Priest, and the Dissenting Minister all wanting to have you all to himself, each protesting it would be your ruin, here and hereafter, if any of the others was allowed a finger in your pie. And so, in the name of the big R, Religion, a good many of you were denied your lesser three R's, and went without teaching, while the churches squabbled who should teach you. No wonder many sensible, straightforward people got out of patience with this, and said they'd be hanged if it should go on any longer. If Parson, Priest, and Minister couldn't agree how to work at you, at least neither Parson, Priest nor Minister should longer prevent the work. You should be taught without them. Not one of them; should set foot in a Government school. If they insisted on having schools of their own, they should pay for them. But Parson, Priest, and Minister combined to say "No" to this, and so did a great many who held with them, and the row over you got louder and bitterer than ever.

At last a clever, hard-headed, hard-working, friend of mine, called W. E. FORSTER, was set by the Government to devise a way of putting things to rights—of having you taught, and yet not denying you, if it could be avoided, that best part of teaching which shows men their relations and duty to God and their neighbours commonly called religious teaching. So W. E. FORSTER went to work with a will, as he always does at everything he sets about, and contrived a plan. All the schools now working, under Government inspection, were to be left. But they do not meet all the needs of town or country. How were the gaps to be filled?

All over the country there were to be School Boards chosen. Inspectors were to examine the schools in every parish, and say if they were sufficient in quantity and quality. If they weren't, the Education Office was to let the School Boards know of the deficiency, and call upon them to make it good; and if they wouldn't, to make it good for them.

There was to be a School Rate to help the School-pence and the Government Grant. Those of you whose parents could not afford to pay School-pence for you were to be taught free.

These School Boards were to make bye-laws fixing the conditions on which parents should be *compelled* to send their children to school. They were further to decide what the religious teaching or the School should be, or whether there should be any, seeing that in some places the bulk of you would be Protestant; in some, Papist; in some, of the Established Church; in some, Dissenters; while in some large towns all sects would be so mixed up together, that the only way would be to leave the religious teaching to be done quite apart from the three R's, and make no provision at all for it in the ordinary School lessons. But this, mind you, was only where it couldn't be helped. It was a painful necessity, not a desirable consummation. Whatever the religious teaching was, no child, as I have told you, was to be forced to attend it whose parents wished him kept away for religious teaching in his own creed.

Well, now, don't you think this was a very clever plan of Mr. FORSTER's for getting over the difficulty of the black coats, and yet not shutting out religious teaching from Schools, except where it made the School impossible?

So I thought; and so most people thought, I fancied. And strange to say, for once so the black coats seemed to think—at least the Parsons—who used to be the most difficult to satisfy—and a good many of the Ministers.

But there are some who are not satisfied yet, who want to make Mr. FORSTER's exceptional case—of no religious teaching—the rule

for all schools. When I argue with them, "Don't you see no child is to be obliged to attend religious lessons? The little Presbyterian is not to be catechised into the Establishment: nor the small Protestant massed and mummered and mariolatried into the Church of Rome: nor the little Jew Mortaraed into a Christian." "Ah—yes—" they say, "that's all very well, as regards the faith of the children—that's safe enough, we admit—but how about the credit of the Church their parents belong to? Do you think, as a Dissenter, I am going to stand Establishment lessons in the School I pay rates to—or *vice versa*?"

And on this point it seems, a good many of them mean to take their stand between you and Mr. FORSTER's schools—insisting that religious teaching shall be excluded from all of them; because it will, probably, have, per force, to be excluded from a certain number, in the large towns.

Now, my little friends, this might be all very well for those who were likely to get religious teaching elsewhere, but a good many of you, I'm afraid, if you don't get it in school, are likely to go without it altogether. And, whether or no, the bulk of the English people seem to be of opinion—they may be wrong, but I think they honestly believe—that some simple religious teaching is a good and a useful thing in the schools you are sent to. They don't want to cram the doctrines or catechisms or creeds of this or that Church down your throats, but they think that you might be, and ought to be, taught the great lessons of Christ's deeds and words, and the laws of duty to God in which are the roots of duty to man. Because, here and there, sects are so mixed, churches so balanced, that their strifes and jealousies may prevent this—which case Mr. FORSTER has provided for—this is no reason, they maintain, for saying that such teaching shall be shut out of all schools whatever. I really do not think—as far as I can judge—that the English people wish, or will consent, to have it so shut out. They do not desire to give any Church the right to force its creeds or catechisms on children who belong to other churches; but that guarded against by what is called a "Conscience Clause," binding on all, they would prefer schools in which is taught such simple religion as you, my dear little boys, sorely need, and may all of you safely take in at the hands of any Church whatever. At least I think so. If I am wrong, I am sorry for it. For I fear, as I said before, that for a good many of you no religious teaching in school means no religious teaching at all. For all of you, school-teaching with religion shut out from it, seems to me to mean school-teaching starved and stunted, and stripped of what in it is most likely to make you better boys and better men.

I have always been vexed with the Churches for thrusting their rival claims between you and the school-door.

When a plan has been hit upon, as it has been by Mr. FORSTER, that robs these rival claims of all power to oppress, I would rather that religion was, as the rule, let in, than that it was shut out, as the rule. Which it shall be is the alternative now about to be fought out. I can only regret, my dear little boys, that the battle should be fought, as it has been so long a fighting, over your poor little souls, and minds, and bodies. I should once have said, I grieve that while the Churches are hot in strife you should be left out in the cold. But that is not the right way to put it now. Those who are now barring your road to school are not the Churches, but those who insist that no Church at all shall have a hand in your teaching when you have got there. I have been accustomed to think that it was the Established Church's jealousy of the Dissenters that kept you ignorant, now it looks as if you were to be kept in the dark by the Dissenters' jealousy of the Established Church, working with those who distrust and dislike equally Church and Dissent, and all forms of religious creed.

I am very sorry to find that so many who have till now fought hard at Mr. FORSTER's side to get you taught, should be fighting against him, when he has hit on a way which lets *you* into school, without shutting out the common Faith that seeks entry there along with you, and which must always be your best schoolmaster, whoever may be the other.

Forgive this long and grave, if not dull letter. I felt the subject was too important to be silent about, and too serious to joke upon. Your affectionate old friend,

PUNCH.

Odium Theologicum.

THE *Times*' Special Correspondent at Rome, referring to the Papal journals, says:—

"A happy thought has struck them *à propos* to the KING OF BAVARIA. LOUIS THE FIRST lost his throne by a silly attachment to LOUISE, and a similar infatuation for DR. DÖLLINGER may be attended with the like disastrous result for LOUIS THE SECOND."

The Papal journals, intentionally or unintentionally, disregard the British maxim which says "Comparisons are odious."

MORE THAN COULD BE EXPECTED.

SOME people seem so utterly stupid that one feels relieved even to hear them say that they have "half a mind."



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

"WELL, DEAREST, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN TO-NIGHT? 'MONDAY POPS.' AGAIN?"
 "NO, CELIA. I HAVE SPENT A MOST INSTRUCTIVE EVENING WITH THE 'ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.'"
 "THE 'ANTHROPOHOWMUCH,' DARLING?"
 "THE 'ANTHROPOLOGICAL,' CELIA! ARE YOU DEAF?"
 "HOW NICE! AND WHERE DO THEY 'ANTHROPOLOGE,' DUCKUMS?"

"TUFT-HUNTING WE WILL GO."

BY A DON OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"The gold tuft, so long worn by noblemen at Oxford, is about to be discontinued, at least in Christchurch."—*University Intelligence.*

To put down tufts the Dean may try
 On noble trenchers worn,
 And Christchurch Dons back up the cry,
 Of lev'ling LIDDELL born.
 But hunting tufts we'll go, my boys,
 Still hunting tufts we'll go!

It is from noble swells that flows
 The influence we obey;
 And round them rank its halo throws
 Though tufts be shorn away.
 Tuft-hunting, then, we'll go, my boys,
 Though tufts be torn away!

At beck of Nob your Snob he flies,
 Exults to swell his tail,
 To lick his shoes, and watch his eyes,
 And at his bidding quail—
 Then a-hunting tufts we'll go, my boys,
 Let who so will, say no!

We find our pleasure in the sport,
 Eke profit comes thereby:
 They that unto *Kotow* resort,
 Bow low to rise more high—
 Then a-hunting tufts we'll go, my boys,
 For *that's* the game, we know!

The tufts, through rev'rent ages worn,
 In golden glories bright,
 Although by Rad from trencher torn,
 Shine in snob souls more bright—
 And the more we'll hunt the tuft, my boys,
 The more it does not show!

For abject snob and awful swell,
 Our England's still the place:
 Though Oxford tufts this truth that tell,
 From Christchurch you may chase—
 The tuft we hunt mayn't show, my boys,
 But by scent, not sight, we'll go!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE series of papers under the above title, will—*Mr. Punch* is happy to say—be resumed after the Easter recess. They have been interrupted by the serious illness of their writer—a disqualification which, *Mr. Punch* is still more happy to say, is being rapidly removed.

Our Educational Obstructives.

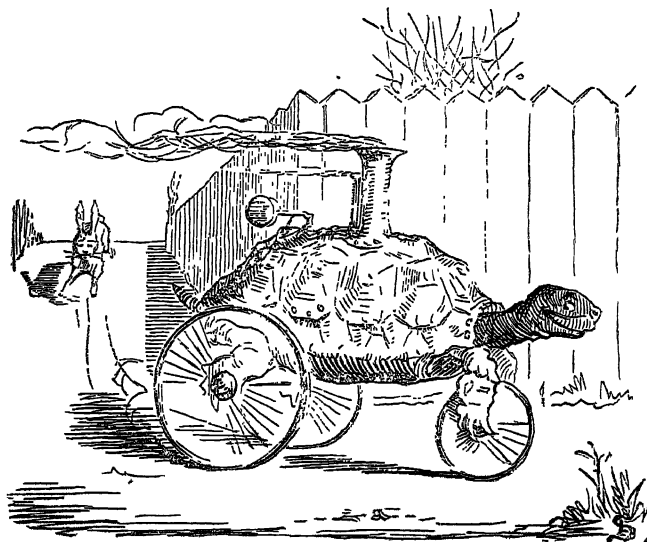
WHAT can be the difficulty about teaching the Children of the Mobility the Three R's? The difficulty of agreeing what to teach under the name of a Fourth R. Each sect wishes to instil into the youthful proletarian mind its own particular crotchets under the name of Religion. Let us propose a toast—"The Ministers of all Denominations!"



THE THREE R'S; OR, BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER (CHAIRMAN OF BOARD). "WELL, MY LITTLE PEOPLE, WE HAVE BEEN GRAVELY AND EARNESTLY CONSIDERING WHETHER YOU MAY LEARN TO READ. I AM HAPPY TO TELL YOU THAT, SUBJECT TO A VARIETY OF RESTRICTIONS, CONSCIENCE CLAUSES, AND THE CONSENT OF YOUR VESTRIES—*YOU MAY!*"

HANDY-CAPPING.



MISS DENSE presents her compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to offer to his notice a few reflections on a subject which has long caused her much painful perplexity. I never could imagine what business men could possibly have with handy-capping, or, indeed, with any other branch of millinery. That seems to be woman's peculiar province—her artistic mission; for are we not Nature's Cabinet Ministers? and does not the Crown—please pardon a little pun—naturally look to us for its supplies?

Handy-capping (a most nonsensical term, but graphic, certainly, to some extent) as I understand it, is the art of arranging head-dresses generally, and the softly-toned caps of hopeful widows, &c., in particular, so as to captivate gentlemen of *Mr. Punch's* (middle) age and natural susceptibility. We know, by sad observation, that many members of our circle are often left behind on the platform of Celibacy by the ordinary trains running daily to the terminus of Bliss. These forlorn ones after 35.0 anxiously look to handy-capping as an express-engine to transport them along an incline the gradients of which are sometimes very severe. As a practical engineer justly observes, Love is a locomotive that never did run smooth. But I apprehend that I am digressing. To conclude.

As fish are caught by paste, so are bachelors, if it be in the shape of a brilliant. But handy-capping is less expensive, and sometimes equally successful; and many charming couples, of some experience in life, owe their present felicity entirely to the ingenious manipulation of a few yards of Honiton lace.

P.S. My cousin RICHARD, looking over my shoulder (how he came in unobserved I can't imagine), tells me, rather curtly, that I am writing nonsense. He explains handy-capping in scientific phraseology, as having relation to the acknowledged principle of "weight for age." In illustration, he observed that a lady of thirty would, by the rules of handy-capping, be expected to carry with her to the Hymeneal goal 3000 pounds (sterling); one of thirty-five a lump sum (I am quoting RICHARD *verbatim*) of 3500 pounds (sterling); one of forty a ditto of 4000 pounds (sterling); and—and so on. He concluded his discourse in these words:—"EUPHEMIA, you had better accept DR. DIBSLOVE's offer without further hesitation. You are now twenty-eight, and you have 2800 pounds (East India 5 per Cents.). In two years' time you will be expected to make it up to 3000—that is, if the Doctor understands handy-capping as well as most D. C. L.'s do."

Is that really what men mean by handy-capping, *Mr. Punch*?

Two Wretches.

"WHAT a woman will do, in a specified case,
Not the wisest of men will declare;"
"Cockalorum, you're right," said BERNANDO (so base),
"And the wiser, the less he will—care."

Irish Meteorology.

THERE surely must be some constant cause existing whose agency maintains the chronic disaffection of Ireland. Perhaps it is some disturbing element ever present in the atmosphere. That may possibly be a predominance of O'ZONE.

FIVE COUNTIES ON FIRE!

THERE has gone forth a word
Which five counties hath stirred
To a high pitch of fierce indignation,
And hath caused earth and sky
To resound with the cry,
Far and wide, "No more Centralisation!"

There's announced, no mere dream,
But a Government scheme,
With arrangements provided to work it,
For effecting a change
As unwelcome as strange:
'Tis proposed to annul the Home Circuit!

People angrily shout:
If this plan's carried out,
They'll be lowered, or injured, or undone,
Local lawyers will smart
When the cases, in part,
Shall be sent to be tried up in London.

If, as also designed,
Of the weightier kind,
To try some, they extend Quarter Sessions,
That will ask Judges, more
Of Law's technical lore
Who possess, than the Chairmen's possessions.

So the Great, called Unpaid,
Are alarmed and afraid
For their dignity, greatness, and glory,
Beaks in politics wide
Though apart, on each side;
All the County Grandees, Whig and Tory.

MESSRS. SMITH, JONES and BROWN,
In each County Chief Town,
When 'tis full where each article rises,
Raise a thundering din.
They'll no more stick it in,
When bereft of the Week of Assizes.

Hertford, Essex, and Kent
Ring with loud discontent,
Sussex, Surrey, are burning with fury,
That's provoked by the thought
They'll to suburbs be brought
Each when shorn of its own judge and jury.

Good folks, one thing you may
To the Cabinet say,
Which may give them some grave hesitation,
Is not London too stout,
Far too bloated, without
More avoidable Centralisation?

ARCHBISHOPAL GRAMMAR.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY AND YORK presents our compliments to the Editor of *Punch*, and we should like to know by what right I am exposed to the ridicule of their inferior clergy, and that by a member of the laity. I beg to say, Sir, we have been shocked from time to time at seeing the "Queen's English" and the "Dean's English" asperged, but the Archbishops find it reserved for the columns of the *Times* to shake the pillars of our Archiepiscopal thrones by this ill-timed explosion of LINDLEY MURRAY. Although we do not wish to hold any Economical Counsel to ascertain our Impalpability, yet I should like to know what security there is for the foundations of Church or State (represented by the Queen's English and Dean's English respectfully) if the emanations from the archiepiscopal pens are not to be considered as modes of English autography and stile. The ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY AND YORK remain, with infinite condescension,

My dear *Punch*,
Your most patronising friends,
A. C. CANTUAR.
W. EBOR.

Ecclesiastical Medicine.

A MEDICAL man professing extremely High Anglican views, and enjoying a large practice among the candle and vestment party in the Established Church, being consulted by a Ritualist parson affected with hypochondriasis, recommended him a change of diocese.



QUITE ANOTHER THING.

*Sporting Farmer to his Rector. "COME TO LOOK AT OUR HURDLE RACES, SIR? CAPITAL VIEW FROM THIS LANE."
Rector (who is there by Accident, of course). "MUSN'T GO TO RACES IN LENT, SMITH. WE ARE ONLY OUT FOR A RIDE."*

THE THEATRE FOR THE PEOPLE.

RUSSIA may well be described as a benighted country! But of all the queer notions ever bred of barbarism, commend us to one in the *Pall Mall's* latest "notes from Russia." Conceive a Commission appointed to examine the question of the establishment of a "Theatre for the People!" And more; imagine the Commission reporting strongly that such a theatre should be constructed! A theatre with a moral object! A theatre meant "to divert the people from foolish, vulgar and gross amusements, by providing them with healthy and elevating spectacular entertainments at a cheap rate"! A theatre to contain seats for 2,350 people—say something between Drury Lane and the Lyceum—with 1,300 of the seats, at prices varying from 2d. to 4d., and the others from 4d. up to 3s. 2d.! This infatuated Committee further report that such a theatre might be made to bring in a profit of £5,000 a year—or ten per cent. on the capital employed. They recommend that the management should be entrusted to a competent private person, of experience, taste and refinement, and have prepared a *répertoire* of 140 pieces in the Russian language, original and translated, calculated, they think, to forward their object of entertaining and elevating.

They further recommend that lotteries, masked balls, and the sale of spirituous liquors be forbidden in the "Theatre of the People."

Hear that, ye stunning sons of the music-halls—hear that, frequenters of our splendid saloons and brilliant bars! Contrast this barbaric dream of a Russian Blue Book, with the civilised reality of London, where Free Trade in theatres does its work, and the demand is allowed to create the supply of theatrical *pabulum* for the people, from the Victoria to the penny gaff! The idea of the people being condemned to "healthy and elevating" entertainment; when their betters can revel in the SCHNEIDER, the MENKEN, the *Cancan* and the *Opéra Bouffe*, the indecent burlesque, the breakdown, and the Sensational drama!

The next thing will be some idiot proposing a Joint Stock Company Limited, of other idiots, who think that the theatre might be made a

means of education for the many and of culture and delight for all! Imagine these idiots subscribing their money—of course they would dispense with dividends—to realise their idea, by hiring a theatre, paying a competent and cultivated manager, charged to select the best actors, and to produce the best plays, old and new, the shareholders' subscriptions, supplying a financial backbone; and the shareholders giving to the undertaking their countenance as well as their cash! And all this under the idiotic idea, that the English theatre is not what it ought to be, either in the way of art, entertainment, or education; that it might be made better, but never will be so long as managers are left to live from hand to mouth, by catching the crowd, and going ever lower and lower to catch it.

Dreams, silly dreams!

JUSTICE HOLDING HER OWN.

AMONG Women's Rights the right to be a magistrate is beginning to be recognised in the Model Republic. A Lady, by one of the American papers, is reported to have been appointed a Magistrate, to have taken her seat upon the Bench, and to have administered justice like a Man. Admitted to be capable of exercising judicial functions, women have only to qualify themselves by acquiring the requisite knowledge of law, for eligibility to discharge the most important, and to preside over the highest legal tribunals. It may not be long, therefore, ere the Americans will witness the spectacle of a female Judge, sitting in a Criminal Court, and trying prisoners. And then perhaps we, following in the path of progress, shall also behold an individual of the softer sex presiding at the Old Bailey, or in a Crown Court at the Assizes. My Lady Judge will of course be invested with the ermine, perhaps specially adorned and decorated according to some pattern described by *Le Follet*, or delineated in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Book published under the title of *Revelations of Quacks and Quackery*, does not include *Apocalyptic Sketches* by DR. CUMMING.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

RETURN home. Imagine what it will be. Wife, child in arms, retainers, dogs, all ready to meet me. Picture—Return of the Wanderer.

Reality.—Nobody here. Wonder what's the matter.

Happy Thought.—Ring bell. No rushing in and saying, "Behold me!" On the contrary, am kept waiting at the gate, and have to ring twice. Gardener appears suspiciously. Then a dog barking. Then I am recognised; but only as if I'd just been round the corner for five minutes, and had come back again. "Mistress is up in town; will be down in the evening—to dinner, p'raps; if not, to-morrow." See the cook. "There ain't no dinner ordered, Sir." Oh, hang it—here is a welcome to the Weary Traveller! Instant arrangements made for dinner. Look over the house.

Happy Thought.—Scotland stands where it did.—*Shakespeare.*

Look over the garden: go all round it. Well, how about the drains? "Oh, the Inspector of Nuisances' friend's men have been working here, Sir," says Gardener, with an air of doubt as to the result. "Well?" I inquire. "Well, Sir," he replies, "I don't see as they've done much good—if you just come round here." I come round, and am nearly knocked over by an infernal odour which the Inspector of Nuisances had inspected before I left, and turned over to his friend to obviate with pipes and bell-traps, and gutters, and ditches, and sinks, and a disestablishment of pig-styes.

Happy Thought.—What rhymes to "sinks?"

Happy (but angry) Thought.—Send for MR. FRESHLY, *i.e.*, Inspector's friend; builder, &c.: "&c." means everything. There's nothing that MR. FRESHLY, I find on inquiry, does not profess to do. When once I get him on to my estate (four acres and a shrubbery of uncertain tenure) I find from his account that something wants doing in every direction, and that it all comes in his line of business. Looks, blinds, chimneys, carpentry, drains, wire-work, gravel paths, stones, cement, pond cleaning, hedging, ditching, tanks, pumps, in fact he makes no difficulty about anything at all.

He is a lively, burly, impressive, honest-mannered man, who floors me with technicalities in the presence of my gardener (who pretends he understands all about it as well as MR. FRESHLY, and follows him silently, addressing him with an occasional nod of corroboration) and, when he answers, in person, my message in the morning, is for taking up the paths and opening the brick work, and knocking *this* down, and putting *that* up in another place by way of a preliminary inquiry into the state of the case.

Happy Thought.—To say, "But your new drains which you *were* to have put in before I left for Aachen"—(Aachen has no effect upon him whatever)—"when I was so ill"—(he is perfectly undisturbed)—"they" (the drains) "were to have obviated"—("obviated" doesn't take him aback one bit)—"the nuisance. Weren't they?" I put this to him in a question which he *must* answer honestly in the affirmative.

He is ready with his reply. "Just so, Sir"—(Gardener puts his arms akimbo, and watches the case for the defence)—"only you'll see at once, Sir, where the mischief is." He appeals to my keen perception in drainage questions. But I won't be flattered, and am not to be put off the scent, &c.

Happy Thought.—Wish I *could* be put off the scent.

"Well, Sir," he continues, "if you'll just step this way"—we step this way, he, I, and the Gardener, and we find five of FRESHLY's men at work with pickaxes, who, having taken up a lot of tiles in the rear of the house, are now standing in a trench of their own making. "Now, Sir, here's the mischief, you see"—he points with a two-foot rule down into the trench. I look in closely,—gardener also less closely. I have a sort of idea that they are winking at one another (Gardener and MR. FRESHLY) over my back. I am sure the labourers are grinning: I am at a disadvantage, unless I join them, and wink too. It occurs to me now that "winks" rhymes to "sinks."

Happy Thought.—Stick obstinately to the fact that the horrid nuisance which he had *professed* to remove still exists.

"Well?" I ask.

"Well, Sir, if you look here," *i.e.*, in the trench, "you'll see a pipe." I do. "Now this 'ere pipe communicates with the kitchen somehow, and part of it was at one time or another cut off—'cos I knew the party as did it—but in what direction I can't exactly tell, unless by taking up the tiles on this side, and opening up the yard towards the stable, as it's not unlikely that the running in may be from where the old pigstyes were, unless the slops are emptied above and overflow from the small cistern into the gutter pipe—I've known such things afore now—in which case o' course it's very easily accounted for; you don't know if they do that, Sir?"

No, I don't. He wants to throw the blame on the servants; if he is *right*, that is if they *do* empty slops into the cistern, and *if* the pipe does carry them down, and *if*, &c., &c., then it follows that I am to blame. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, I know; so it's clear that if my agents empty slops, it's the same thing as if I emptied slops: so

that, according to MR. FRESHLY, I have only *myself* to blame, not *him*.

Happy Thought.—To call out to Housemaid, and ask her. "Yes," she answers, "she *do* sometimes,—she ain't got no other place." I appeal to MR. FRESHLY, and say, translating her idiom, "She hasn't got any other place, you see."

At once he has the best of it. He looks grave. "Well," says he, "we'll soon get over that. *If you like*"—(this put emphatically, and meaning, "You give me the order, and I'll run you up a bill in no time")—"if you like, Sir, I'll take this tiling up here, lay down a regular set of pipes, which won't interfere with the overflow, and will take it all off into your ditch at the side, where it won't be no sort of objection"—(what is he talking about?)—"and then we'll stop up this place here"—(points with his two-foot rule to the trench, which he has opened himself)—"and run a drain right away off towards the lower part, and by placing a bell-trap with clear openings, which'll work up and down so as it'll always keep charged with water, and nothing can come in; it's an improvement on the old sort of trap you've got here"—(which he put in, by the way)—and works as easy as "can be, and then I think everything will be done to make a good job of it."

Happy Thought.—A good job for *him*.

Happy Thought.—To ask the Gardener, as a witness on my side, does he think that if this—"this" means whatever MR. FRESHLY has been talking about)—is done, we shan't be bothered any more with the nuisance?

Happy Thought.—*i.e.* with MR. FRESHLY and his bill.

Gardener says, "Yes, he thinks that'll be all right;" but he doesn't commit himself more decidedly.

When FRIDOLINE arrives next day, she complains of there being nothing but nasty men digging, and sawing, and hammering, about the place. I point out that it is for sanitary reasons. Then she returns, "What was the good of your going to Aix?"

Happy Thought.—Drop the subject.

DURHAM GEESE AND DONKEYS.

THOUGH Durham is famed for its mustard, the Durhamites are not all mustard-mongers. Part of them have no business of their own to mind, and these, or some of them, have been corresponding in the *South Durham Mercury* on the query whether MR. CARLYLE is a Pantheist. A MR. J. G. DOUGLAS, of Hartlepool, no doubt with the object of getting MR. CARLYLE to shut simpletons up, wrote to him, putting the unreserved, but, under the circumstances, doubtless not impertinent question, "Are you a Pantheist?" MR. CARLYLE, replied in a note, "No, never was; nor a *Pot*-theist either:" and he might have referred the Durham geese to his collocation of "the beer-pot and the Devil." But some blades are not sharp enough to draw even the plainest inference.

Who knows not great PAN is dead, may not know QUEEN ANNE is dead. Such may be the case of the Durhamites, who have been imputing Pantheism to MR. CARLYLE. But what could have put the idea of his Pantheism into their heads? Perhaps some avowal which he may have made of a partiality for Pancakes; possibly some report that he is accustomed religiously to eat them on Shrove Tuesday. In that case Pancakes have occasioned a lot of pudding-headed people to fritter away their time.

The only particular persuasion to which a bias is betrayed in any of THOMAS OF CHELSEA's writings is that of Hero-Worship, and it is a wonder that the Durham wiseacres had not so much more wisdom than acreage as to call him a Herolater. Perhaps the noodles by whom he has been called a Pantheist are themselves "Pantilers."

All's Well that Ends Well.

GREAT satisfaction was felt at the final announcement, looked for with some anxiety, that the LORD MAYOR *would* attend the ceremony of opening Kingston Bridge free of toll, the difference between his Lordship and the Municipal authorities of that town, whatever it was, having happily been bridged over.

Safety Trains.

It turns out to be untrue that a train conveying the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES the other day narrowly escaped a collision. No accident ever does occur to a Royal Train, because proper precautions are always taken that none shall. It is liberal of Railway Companies not to charge ordinary passengers by Royal Trains extra for safety.

HEADING OF A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE.—"The March of the Oeconomical Council."

Obvious reflection thereupon.—Not the March of Intellect.



A PICTURE

IT WAS A LOVELY MORNING LAST SUNDAY, MARCH 13TH. SNOW HAD FALLEN HEAVILY IN THE NIGHT, BUT THE SUN WAS SHINING BRIGHTLY AS SPRIGGINS CAME OUT TO GO TO CHURCH. HE PAUSES TO ADMIRE THE SCENE!



OBLITERATED.

BUT THE SPRING TEMPERATURE SUDDENLY MELTS THE SNOW ON THE SLANTING ROOF OF HIS COUNTRY BOX, AND LO! THE CATASTROPHE.

PEACE TO IRISH PIGS.

(HAWFINCH sings.)

As I was a walkun St. Stephen's hard by,
I heerd a gurt hullabaloo in a sty,
Where grunt, squake, and snort in rough music did jine,
And there was BILL GLADSTONE a feedun his swine.

They run and reared up, they gnashed tusks, pushed wi' snout;
I thinks they'd ha gored un could they ha got out.
I never afore zee sich tumult and strife,
Goo on in a pigsty the whole o' my life.

I says to 'n, I says, "BILL, why, what pigs be they,
That thanks for their vittles returns that queer way?"
"Them there precious pigs," says BILL GLADSTONE, says he,
"Them riotous hogs, they be Irish, they be."

Says I, "What pervuss pigs in Ireland is bred!
Wun't aven bide quiet thee whilst they be fed."
"I'm sorry," says WILLUM, "to say, no, they wun't,
The more they gits given 'um the wuss they do grunt."

"In this place afore me chaps long ha' took pains
To plase 'um wi' wash and to coax 'um wi' grains.
Now, I've ben a tryun to zilunce their squeal
Wi' Liberal mizures o' best barley-meal."

"Their troughs thee mayst cause to run over wi' swill;"
I says; "barley-meal thee mayst gorge 'um wi', BILL;
Pearl-barley them pigs thee mayst offer at last:
Thee't find that thy pearls afore swine thee't ha' cast."

"'Tis time them unruly pigs now for to check
Wi' rings droo the nose and a clog round the neck."

If that means doan't answer, then curry their hides;
Drap into they hogs wi' a broomstick besides.

"As justus and kindness thee fully hast tried,
They's now got the 'vantidge o' right on thy side:
Zo put forth thy might for to back thy right by,
And Peace Preservation enforce in the sty."

TOBACCO FOR TIPPERARY.

AMONG the various questions lately asked of Government in the House of Commons, one was a sensible one. COLONEL FRENCH inquired of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "whether he would permit on any, and on what terms, the cultivation of tobacco in Ireland." Either it would or would not pay to grow tobacco in Ireland. If it would not pay, tobacco would not be grown; if it would pay, the freedom to grow it would be a real emancipation and matter of justice to Ireland.

Perhaps we may yet live to smoke Enniskillen Shag, Trim Bird's Eye, and Wexford Returns, or, instead of foreign cigars, solace our nervous system with Waterford Regalias, Cork Principes, Wicklow Pickwicks, and Government Galway Cheroots. It would be a good job if, by permitting the growth of Irish tobacco, the Legislature caused the fire of Irish sedition to end in smoke.

Royal Academy.

(Presented to MR. HORSMAN, M.P., by his admiring Constituents.)

Fine Subject. Portrait of "A Superior Person," by the RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.

A SPRING CIRCUIT.—Jumping through the hoops held for the riders round a Circus.



TYRANNY.

First Rough. "WE'RE A GOIN' TO BE EDGICATED NOW, C'MPULSORY, OR ELSE GO TO THE TREADMILL!"

Second Rough. "AH! NO VUNDER SO MANY POOR PEOPLE'S A EMIGRATIN'!"

LISPING IN NUMBERS.!

A DIFFICULTY has been lately started in a contemporary about rhyming fairly to "Month." A gentleman who both lisps and substitutes "w" for "r," writes us to say, that he sees no difficulty in rhyming to month, and begs to forward, through an amanuensis (he calls it "amanuethith,") the following rhythmical solutions of the difficulty:—

ODE TO MY DARLING.

(In the Month of Theptember.)

Deawetht darling! in the month
When the thportmen uthe their gunth,
While duckthooting in their punth,
Fwee from careth and woeth and dunth;
Thought of thee all otherth thtunth
In the thweet Theptember month.

(Translation, if required.)

Dearest darling in the month
When the sportsmen use their guns,
While duckshooting in their punts,
Free from cares and woes and duns;
Thought of thee all others stunts
In the sweet September Month.

TO A CONFECTHONER.

Thend me if you pleathe nektht month
Thwee large bagth of currant bunth
Also thikthteen thally-lunth.

* *Note for Translator.*—"Bunth," buns. "Thally-lunth," Sally-luns.

TO MY THCHOOLMATHTER.

With a fooltheap, for a month
I wath thtanding like a dunth.

A BALLAD FOR DAWSON BURNS.

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his beer against his will?
Good malt liquor after labour
He may need, and need not swill.

Drink is oft a point of diet;
'Tis the few sots who carouse:
Sober guests frequent the quiet,
Well-conducted public-house.

Close the lush-crib of the beery;
Shut the drunkard's boozing ken;
Not the House of Call for weary,
Thirsty, steady working men.

CORPOREAL ENLIGHTENMENT.

SURELY nobody who reads this scrap of scientific news can doubt that we are living in an age of very wonderful enlightenment:—

"THE DIASCOPE.—DR. MILIO, a Russian Surgeon, has invented a means of illuminating the interior of the living human body, with the aid of a concentrated beam of electric light."

If this be really feasible, we may hope that the invention may lead not merely to medical but moral good results. Besides assisting in the diagnosis of disease, the diascope may aid in the detection of ill feelings, and bad workings of the brain, and powerfully help to check them in their course. The simple fact that men, by means of its enlightening, may easily be seen through, will deter them from pretences that will not bear the light. A rogue with a black heart will in future not be able to hide it from the world by a fair show of outward seeming; and the danger of detection will most probably impel him to keep it in restraint. Knowing that the diascope may render him transparent, the snob may shrink from shamming, and the swindler from deceit; while the densest human body—for instance, say a vestry or a board of parish guardians—may be actually numbered with the *illuminati*; and may testify some presence of enlightenment of brain.

MOTTO FOR CAPTAIN SHAW'S BRIGADE. — "Through Fire and Water."

TO A BIBULUTH PERTHON.

In the year there 'th not a month
When you do not dwink thwee tunth.

Note.—"Tunth," tuns.

TO A WITWALLITH.

When I wath at Churth laith month,
I thaw thikthty theven nunth,
And they entered all by oneth
Blething all the little thonth;
Worthe than Vandalth, Gothth, and Hunth,
Would he be who 'd hurt thethe Nunth.

Note.—"A Witwallith," a Ritualist. "Nunth," Nuns.
"All by oneth," all by ones. "Thonth," Sons. "Gothth," Goths.

Wetheive, mithter Editor, the athurantheth of my motht dithtinguithed
conthidewathion. LEMUEL LITHPER.

On a Leg of Mutton.

WHEN is a Leg of Mutton like a Modern Poet? When it's Browning.

Why is a Leg of Mutton being roasted like London in 1665? Because it's Before the Fire.

When is a Leg of Mutton like Venison? When it's Dear.

When is a Leg of Mutton like an Intoxicated Person? When it's "cut."

CONSISTENTLY STRICT.

A QUAKER, rigidly adhering to the rules of his sect, invariably calls a Yew tree, a "Thou tree."

MOTTO FOR CHEAP TEA-DEALERS.—"Down with your dust."

SUFFRAGE FOR BOTH SEXES.



THE law which allows every male fool, not absolutely idiotic or insane, to vote for Members of Parliament, and forbids the very cleverest and best educated woman, is clearly no specimen of the perfection of human reason. Probably Mrs. FAWCETT had little trouble in demonstrating its unwisdom in her lecture delivered at the Brighton Town Hall, the other night, on the electoral disabilities of women. The removal of those disabilities has been objected to as likely to introduce discord into families; but, as Mrs. FAWCETT observed:—

“The political independence of women would have a similar effect to that produced by the recognition of the right of women to think for themselves on religious subjects—persons of similar politics would marry, and domestic harmony would be rather increased than lessened.”

This is true; and mutual endeavours to ascertain political views would improve the conversation of partners in a waltz for example, and so tend to social advancement. The sphere of matrimonial advertising would be enlarged by female suffrage. We should have gentlemen inclined to matrimony notifying that they desire to meet ladies of congenial politics; or sometimes, even, of opposite. A Liberal gentleman, delighting in controversy, would perhaps announce that he wanted a Conservative wife, in order that he might enjoy the pleasure of discussion.

But if married women are to vote, the Ballot will be indispensable. The ruffians accustomed to beat their wives are not incapacitated by their brutality from voting; and they would coerce them by intimidation. The ladies of the higher classes would, doubtless, many of them be bribed by their husbands in all manner of ways, and often in the most unblushing manner, unless we adopted the system of secret voting.

INVOLUNTARY OWLS.

“THEY say the owl was a baker’s daughter.” Why, pretty *Ophelia*? Bakers are supposed, in your day, to have gone to bed betimes, and risen with the lark, or a little after. Now, indeed, their habits are nocturnal; but the baker is a bird of night not by nature and choice, but against both. In London he generally works from eleven at night till four in the morning. He does not like this night-work; he wants it abolished, and, in furtherance of the movement for its abolition, a crowded meeting of journeymen bakers, including also several master bakers and foremen, was held the other evening at Bryanston Hall, Orchard Street, Portman Square. Let us hope that, by the amicable co-operation of men and masters, the hours of bakers’ work will be reduced to twelve instead of from sixteen to twenty-two out of the twenty-four, and that those twelve will end by healthy bed-time.

At this pistorial meeting MR. CARRINGTON moved the following resolution:—

“That this Meeting pledges itself to support the committee to the utmost of its power in their endeavour to obtain the insertion of a clause in the Bakehouse Regulation Act, compelling the closing of all bakehouses where bread is manufactured between the hours of 10 p.m. and 4 a.m., and that this meeting further pledges itself to continue agitation in the trade until an improvement takes place in the social position of our trade.”

All just and humane persons must approve of every word of this resolution; and it contains one word in particular which must, to all bread-eaters whom rumour may have possessed with misgivings as to the economy of bakehouse labour, prove reassuring. That is the word manufactured. As *Justice Shallow* would say, “Manufactured!—it comes of *manus* and *facio*: very good.” Many of you will doubtless, knowing that bread cannot be kneaded by machinery, feel relieved by the information that bakers’ bread is made by hand.

AQUATIC SPORTS.—A Mill-Race.

CORONATION IN FRANCE.

THE Prince, who men expects to rule
With autocratic nod,
Must absolutely be a fool,
He being not a god.
No thunder at Rebellion launch
The mightiest CÆSAR can,
Save whilst an army, strong and stanch,
Obeys that mortal man.

Society must needs be saved;
It feared the Spectre Red:
And soldiers, who for glory craved,
Had hopes they should be fed.
Then was the First NAPOLEON’S name,
To govern with, a spell.
Imperial CÆSAR played his game,
And, truly, played it well.

High-handed long was CÆSAR’S reign;
No question would he brook;
The shortest way, by might and main,
He with gainsayers took;
Somewhat the worse, meanwhile, for France,
Who, being trammelled so,
Did, save in riches, not advance
As fast as she could go.

Beneath the tutelary yoke,
She, who had passive lain,
At last from lethargy awoke,
And asked her own again.
On CÆSAR’S legions, who had found
Their glory-dream dispelled,
No confidence could CÆSAR ground
His people could be quelled.

Then CÆSAR took a spacious view;
He granted their demands,
And liberty, in season due,
Restored with open hands.
For common sense o’er CÆSAR’S acts
Extensively presides;
He goes where Logic, force of facts
Inexorable, guides.

Long life to CÆSAR, who his throne
Doth, as his saddle, sit
To manage Frenchmen he alone
As yet has had the wit.
At last he does what he was bound,
By plighted word, to do.
And now the edifice is crowned,
Perhaps he’ll be so too.

GENERAL SHAM.

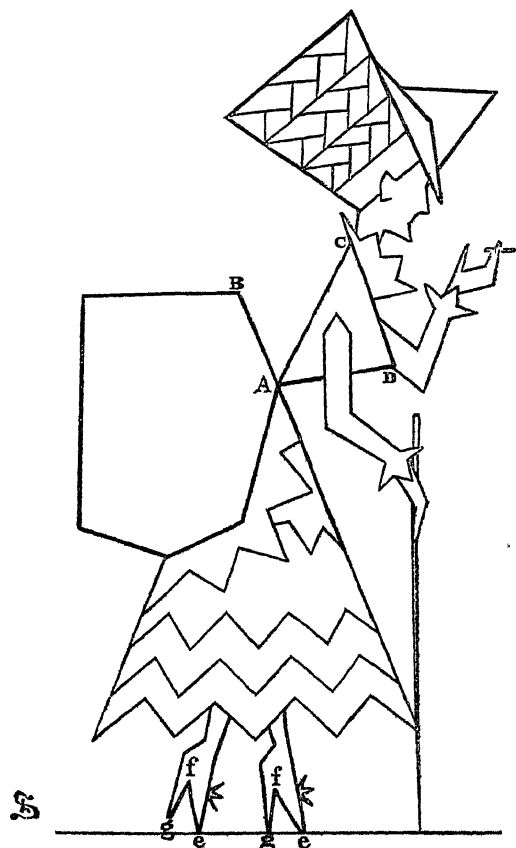
THE Pontifical troops have been having a grand sham-fight, the sham manœuvres of which were directed by a sham-General KANZLER, ennobled by a sham-title taken from the sham-victory of Mentana, who was accompanied by the sham-Dukes of Modena, Tuscany, and Parma, and the sham-Princes of the sham-kingdom of Naples. The Pope went to see the sham-manœuvres of his sham-army, and was received with great sham-enthusiasm.

The only thing not sham about the whole affair is the contempt it provokes. When the Papal army is taken in hand it is not for shampooing, but real pooh-poohing.

Can it be possible that the ecclesiastical manœuvres now being carried on in the Ecumenical Council are only a case of sham-fight too?

VERY LIKELY?

Thoughtful London Thief (reading an article in the “Daily Telegraph” on a robbery of £10,000 from a Bank by a Clerk). “WHEN we hear of an unusually clever robbery, the first reflection is ‘What a pity the culprit does not turn his talents to better account’”—(*pauses*)—yes—he might ha’ made it £20,000—werry true, Guv’nor—(*nods approvingly and resumes*)—“and become an honest man.” Ah! that’s another pair o’ shoes. Vot claptap this ’ere is! Blowed if I don’t drop in at NED WRIGHT’S as a *soupernoomerry*. [Vanishes.]



**MR. PUNCH'S LATEST ADDITION TO THE LAST
BOOK OF EUCLID.**

Prove the angles $\angle A$, $\angle B$, $\angle C$, $\angle D$ and the angles $\angle e$, $\angle g$, $\angle f$ are absurd.

VOTING BY MACHINERY.

AN exquisite piece of mechanism is now on view at MESSRS. BLACK, BEANS, & Co., for facilitating vote by ballot.

There is an iron house with several doors. The voter enters. The door closes behind him by machinery, admitting only one at a time. All the pros and cons for the different candidates are put before him, by machinery. The machinery then hands him five or ten pounds as the case may be, or whatever price he may put on his vote. After this he is seized, by machinery, and forced to put his pill into the right hole, that is into the receptacle for which he has been paid. He is then taken out, by machinery, escapes the hands of an infuriated, or simply inquisitive, mob, by machinery, goes home, by machinery, and spends his money like clockwork, and lives happily ever afterwards—by machinery.

On hearing of this novel invention the Waxwork Gentlemen residing at MADAME TUSSAUD's boarding-house, Baker Street, have, to a figure (which they have named, not a high one) applied to be admitted to the privilege of electors.

There are some difficulties to be got over, but CROMWELL, M.P., and MR. COBBETT have, we hear, formed themselves into a Committee with CRANMER, the EARL OF WARWICK, and PAUL PRY, who will hold a responsible office as Government Inspector of Ballot Boxes.

THE EARL OF WARWICK, the King-Maker, has at the outset, had some difficulty with GUIDO FAWKES on account of the latter retorting rather tartly upon the noble Earl with the taunt, "Here's another GUY." MR. GRIMALDI, however, was luckily on the spot to say, "Here we are again!" and to hint at the proximity of a policeman.

All was quiet when our parcel left. Luckily the Sleeping Beauty had not been aroused from her slumber, though one point in the debate was the suggestion of offering the Government the Beauty's interior works for the construction of an efficient Balloting machine.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.—"Bosh," says NIMROD, "what's a flight of imagination to a flight of hurdles? Who-Whoop! Gone away!"
(*Goes away too.*)

FRENCH JUDICIAL FARCE:

THE trial of PETER BONAPARTE has been as good as a play; or at least as good as a farce. For there is a distinction between a farce and a play. "Where," asks MACFLECKNOE, "was it that JONSON sold certain commodities:—

"Promised a play, and dwindled to a farce?"

The following portion of a scene in the judicial process above referred to will be considered, by every competent critic, to surpass the most farcical row that ever raised screams in an Adelphi "screamer:"—

"GENERAL PLOMBAIN (witness) asked what would have been said in France if the cousin of the President of the Republic had been killed by the Arabs?"

"MAÎTRE LAURIER (counsel) replied that it would have been said that he did his duty bravely. (*Sensation in Court.*)

"The PRINCE (prisoner) here observed that GENERAL PLOMBAIN had more courage than the faction to which the advocates belonged. This remark excited mingled murmurs and applause."

"Thereupon MAITRE LAURIER complained of being insulted by the Prince without the slightest provocation.

" 'You this moment laughed in my face,' replied the prisoner.

"M. DE FONVIELLE (witness for the prosecution) shouted out to the Prince from the further end of the Court, 'You basely assassinated VICTOR NOIR.'

"Violent protests and much excitement followed this interruption, and a passionate altercation arose between different groups in Court, during which M. DE FONVIELLE, surrounded with gendarmes, was led out, and the Prince also withdrew.

"The sitting was entirely suspended for some minutes, but the Prince was afterwards brought in again."

Surely a French "Judge and Jury Club," established on a respectable footing, would prove a successful speculation. Would it not answer the purpose of the occasional lessee of St. James's Theatre to give a series of performances illustrating the administration of justice as conducted in France? Proceedings such as those of which a sample is above presented would require only to be faithfully reproduced on the stage, without the least exaggeration, to convulse a British audience, if not with roars, for the audience would be genteel, with titters of laughter.

The sages of our English Law, some of them, who, notwithstanding their engagements on the Spring Circuit or elsewhere, have found time to read the reports of PRINCE BONAPARTE's trial, are understood to have been immensely amused by the irregularities which have been displayed by everybody concerned in it. But one learned Judge, less jocose than the rest, is said to have been so seriously shocked at the undignified disorder by which that process has been signalised, that, on perusing a description of some of it, he nearly fainted.

BLANK VERSE.

SIR,

WHILE recently perusing LORD LYTTON'S *Lost Tales of Milotus*, I was struck by the ingenious method of novel metres and blank rhymes (so to speak), which the noble author has therein fancifully invented. Whether or no his Lordship's version has achieved popularity I am unable to say, but it strikes me that a fresh lease might be given to our old nursery verses, if his novel method were adopted in forthcoming editions of these evergreen recreations of our earlier years. The principle is capable of further development, as for example in the invention of *entirely new metres*. At present, however, I will content myself with two specimens in illustration of my meaning, and should my time and your space permit, I will avail myself of the opportunity to *create*, when the labours of adaptation shall have come to an end.

Yours truly,

ALFRED JINGLE.

Adapted Specimen No. 1.—“Taffy.”

Taffy was a Welsher—Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a leg of pork.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy warn't at home,
Taffy came to my house and stole a mutton-chop.

Specimen No. 2.—“Hi diddle diddle.”

Hi diddle diddle,
The cat and the viol,
The cow jumped over the Moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
While the dish ran away with the fork: *and so on.*

HELP FOR THE DOGMA.—The Pope forbade a mass for the repose of MONTALEMBERT. Then His Holiness repented, and helped at one himself. After this, who can dispute Infallibility?



A MODEL MODEL.

(THE ARTIST IS RATHER SHY, AND HAS LEFT HIS MODEL TO DO THE HONOURS OF HIS STUDIO.)

"FROM WHOM DID MR. M'GILF PAINT THAT HEAD?"

"FROM YOURS OBEDIENTLY, MADAM. I SIT FOR THE 'EDS OF ALL 'IS 'OLY MEN."

"HE MUST FIND YOU A VERY USEFUL PERSON."

"YES, MADAM. I ORDER HIS FRAMES, STRETCH HIS CANVASSES, WASH HIS BRUSHES, SET HIS PALETTE, AND MIX HIS COLOURS. ALL HE'S GOT TO DO IS JUST TO SHOVE 'EM ON!"

EGYPTIAN PROGRESS.

MANY people may have imagined that the humbug of political petitioning had been carried to the highest perfection in this country. But those Egyptian fellahs beat our fellahs hollow.

The *Progrès Égyptien*, a newspaper—and we believe that Egyptian progress thus far only exists on paper—reports that a new petition has lately been hawked through the KHEDIVÉ'S territories, which has already received a considerable number of signatures and seals. People will naturally ask what is the prayer of this "numerously and influentially signed" petition. There's the rub. Nobody can answer the question. The petition is a blank. When as many signatures are attached as the paper will carry, the prayer will be put in by the Pasha.

Ex nilo nihil fit is an old saw; but *Ex Nilo anything fit* should be its reading, for petitions signed on the banks of the Nile.

But whether the petition be one for extension of the new privileges of Parliamentary Government, lately conceded to Egypt, or for independence of the native tribunals from consular interference and diplomatic control, so much urged by the Pasha, or for the reduction of taxation and abolition of forced labour, so earnestly prayed for by the fellahs—none can tell. It is very properly left a blank, presented as a nonentity, like the subject it relates to—be it the self-government of Egypt, the freedom of its courts, or the liberties and hopes of its poor fellahs. Egyptian progress, Egyptian petitions, Egyptian Parliaments, Egyptian privileges, Egyptian process of law, everything Egyptian, in short, but the power, prerogatives, peculations, peccadilloes, and profits of the Pasha, are nonentities. The only things not blanks in that happy land are the pockets of our friend the KHEDIVÉ—the Sovereign whom Europe delighteth to honour, and SIR SAMUEL BAKER to serve—and whom a fellah-feeling does *not* make wondrous kind.

RECOGNITION OF GENIUS.

ENGLAND has had some great composers, though this country never produced a MOZART or a BEETHOVEN, and did not produce but only nourished HANDEL; but that is something: for there is an element in his grandest music which it could have derived only from a genius fed on the best of beef. It is *extractum carnis* idealised; but still *extractum carnis*; sublimated, etherealised *extractum carnis bovinae*. England has had some great composers? Yea, marry, and hath. For, look you, there are, saith the *Post*, to be created:—

"NEW MUSICAL KNIGHTS.—There is a rumour that two popular composers of music are to have the honour of knighthood, viz., MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS, the composer of the well-known and popular song, '*God Bless the Prince of Wales*,' and MR. J. P. CLARKE, a military composer, for his new national chant, '*Hail to the Duke*.'"

"*Hail to the Duke*" may not perhaps be quite comparable to the "*Hailstone Chorus*," nor "*God Bless the Prince of Wales*" to the "*Hallelujah*." That loyal anthem and that loyal chant are, however, compositions which have their merit, and happy man be the dole of MR. RICHARDS and MR. CLARKE that it is merit such as to have won the honour of knighthood. Of course STERNDALÉ BENNETT will be offered a Peerage.

What Can They Be?

Notes on Roulettes and Glisettes.—This sounds rather frisky for the title of a book by a "Lecturer and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge," and we should feel easier as to the future of St. John's if we could receive an assurance from the College authorities that they have examined the work in question, and can vouch for its being of the highest respectability.



NO APRIL-FOOLING.

L'EMPEREUR. "AM I IN EARNEST NOW?"

LA LIBERTÉ (*archly*). "' POISSON D'AVRIL ' ?—NON ? "

L'EMPEREUR. "PAROLE D'HONNEUR!!!"

SURGEON-DENTISTRY IN ST. PANCRAS.



ENDER as are usually the rump-steaks supplied to the paupers in St. Pancras Workhouse, some difficulty is experienced by many of the elder inmates of that asylum in masticating their meat. Feeling that the state of their teeth must require attention, the St. Pancras Guardians have determined on appointing a dentist to afford them the requisite assistance, by stopping, or replacement if necessary.

Candidates for the office of surgeon-dentist to the St. Pancras Union, to which a liberal salary will be attached, are invited to send their testimonials and certificates of qualification to the Board of Guardians. The grinders of the aged

poor in the St. Pancras Union will henceforth be in a great proportion artificial, and manufactured of porcelain. Applications should be sent in on the First of April.

VALUATION OF A VETERAN.

A LETTER in the *Post*, dated Everdon Hall, Daventry, and signed DAVID ST. PAUL, J.P., contains the following statement:—

"JAMES KENNING, aged 83, infirm, decrepit, half bedridden, and suffers greatly in the head. Served in the 40th Foot, and has a pension of 9d. per day (5s. 3d. a-week). Has a medal with five clasps for Orthes, Nive, Nivelle, Pyrenees, Vittoria, and a medal for Waterloo; was severely wounded in the left side and left leg and also in the head at Badajos. Still suffers from the last wound."

Ninepence a day is what a grateful country thinks of this veteran's worth and wounds. Munificent reward of valour! generous encouragement to brave death or mutilation in fighting your country's battles, my boys! JAMES KENNING's country, however, is poor. It cannot afford to keep the old hero quite from the parish, and as for the parish, ST. PAUL (J.P.) in continuation states that:—

"Not long ago this old soldier was very ill and sinking. The medical man of this division of the Daventry Union ordered him two pounds of meat a-week. Refused by the Daventry Board of Guardians."

Of course, JAMES KENNING's parish is still poorer than his country. The guardians of the Daventry Union, therefore, are bound not (and they are probably not the men) to let any medical man "come the old soldier" over them, how old and how meritorious soever the soldier may be, by ordering him two pounds of meat a week. What, two pounds of meat! Two pounds in one week for an old soldier! Why, it is almost as much as a dog need eat in a day. And then very likely the man's meat would be dearer than the dog's meat. Two pounds in seven days, at perhaps eightpence a pound, would be 1s. 4d. a-week. A man of eighty-three might live to be ninety-three; there is at least one man living who is ninety-four: and the amount which the old soldier's two pounds a-week at the possible rate of eightpence per pound would cost the Union in ten years is too frightful to calculate.

A retiring pension of ninepence a-day is as bountiful a provision for old age as any private soldier can reasonably expect. Why, it is threepence more than an officer would pay for a good cigar! If such prizes will not induce the populace to enter the Army, we must resort to the Conscription.

The Enraged Musician.

(A Dialogue.)

Composer. Did you stay late at LADY TITUP's?

Friend. Yes. Heard MISS BANG play again. I was delighted with her execution.

Composer. Her execution! That would have pleased me; she deserved it for having brutally murdered a piece of mine. [Exit.]

LATEST FROM THE ROCK.

MR. BRIGHT has not promised to give up Gibel-Tarik (some people call it Gibraltar) to the Spaniards. For them it is to remain a veritable *Château en Espagne*.

THE SUNDAY INFORMER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

(After BURNS.)

"A person described as a gentleman, and at whose instance many tradesmen of Westbourne Grove and Paddington have been summoned for serving on the Lord's Day, was charged with wilfully breaking a square of glass in a cab."

"The evidence of the cabman was that on Saturday night he was proceeding with his four-wheeled cab, having a lady and gentleman inside. As they were proceeding along the Edgware Road the prisoner struck the glass and broke it. As he at first would not give any name or address, he gave him in charge."

"The constable who took him said, in answer to the Magistrate, he thought the prisoner was under the influence of drink."

"Prisoner denied this, and said he was excited; and his witness also asserted the same, but admitted that they had taken two or three drops of whiskey."

"MR. D'EYNCOURT discharged the prisoner."

THE wind of March "blows loud wi' angry sigh,"

Deepening the tints of e'en that "jolly nose,"

Whose owner, warm'd with nippers not a few,

Up Edgware Road circuitously goes:

Still at each pub the Mountain Dew he stows,

Till by potations frequent render'd brisk, he

With spiritual ardour overflows

(Gentiles say "spirituous," suggesting whisky);

One thing, at least, is sure—the Saint got very frisky.

He quite forgot that Sabbath eve his plan

For summoning next day some tradesman dreary,

Some widow poor, or heathen barrow-man,

Whom he had meant to make cry "*Miserere!*"

In fact his saintship waxed exceeding beery;

Until his pious speech he fairly hashed it,

Avow'd himself a cove all chick-a-leary,

And, when he ran against a post, d—dashed it;

And falling foul at last of a cab-window, smashed it.

The carnal cabman, filled with worldly wrath,

Addressed his Holmess in strongish Saxon.

The peelers, seeing that upon the path

He stood by no means like a "Stonewall" JACKSON,

His pious arduous laid their mundane tax on;

And, seating him, for safety, in the road,

Prepared at length his pate to hit hard whacks on,

Then, failing to find out his "blest abode,"

Lugged e'en his unctuous self off to their common quod.

That Sabbath-day in the tobacco-shops

And penny ice-saloons reigned glee and laughter,

Whilst their informant in retirement stops

Tasting the horrors of his "morning after."

Next morn, D'EYNCOURT (was ever sentence dafter!)

Rebuking those who dared this Saint to grieve—

This pillar of the Church—in fact, this rafter—

Allowed his saintliness, unscathed, to leave

And, pottle-deep, renew his draughts next Sabbath-eve.

O Scotia, thus thy pious sons, they say,

Of "sweet religion" make a mere "rhapsody,"

Killing the tedium of their Sabbath Day

With copious and clandestine draughts of toddy.

So veils a sinful soul a formal body,

Laying on all but its own sins the lash:

The saintly robe shows as the vilest "shoddy,"

Tricking poor fools with hypocritic trash,

And, living in glass house, dares other's window smash.

Self-Measurement.

A WOMAN was charged at the Westminster Police Court with throwing dirty water over the Corporal of a guard of Coldstreams who were searching her house for an absentee.

MR. JELFE said "that, because the complainant was a Coldstream, it was not to be tolerated that a cold stream should be thrown over him!"

This we believe to be the most striking example of *Self-debasement* on record.

Pacification for Patland.

It is a mistake to suppose that Ireland will ever be satisfied with any measure of mere justice. What Irishmen want is not justice but generosity. There ought to be an Irish Rate, levied on all the property of Great Britain, for a subsidy to Ireland, paid annually and punctually. Then Ireland would probably be tranquillised, and remain quiet, if the subsidy were to be stopped the moment the Irish began to be troublesome.



RATHER CHILLING.

Mamma. "NO HUNTING FOR YOU THIS WEEK, CAPTAIN CLINKER! YOU REALLY MUST COME TO MY PARTY TO-MORROW. THE GIRLS WANT SOMEBODY TO HELP THEM WITH THE CHARADES!"

Captain Clinker. "THANK YOU. I SHALL BE DELIGHTED, UNLESS IT THAWS."

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

ARE you partial to Marmalade in a morning, taken in conjunction with "tea" nicely sprinkled with steel filings, fresh (Thames) butter, impoverished milk, sanded sugar, alumised bread, and sundry other breakfast requisites, carefully concocted, adulterated, and weakened for family use? If so, read the following extract from the *Newark Advertiser*, and resolve to limit yourself in future to the home-made article:—

"A man of speculative mind lately issued the following advertisement to marmalade manufacturers:—'Having lately contracted, on advantageous terms for the sweepings of several large theatres, I am in a position to offer orange-peel at very reduced prices.'"

We transcribe this for the edification of our marmalade-eating readers.

"Two are (not Always) Better than One."

THE trial of PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE seems to have been, in the opinion of those engaged, an agreeable opportunity for saying the neatest things which they could concoct. One of the charges against the Prince is that in other days he had an "affair" in Italy, when he exterminated either two bandits or one custom-house officer. Remembering what the officials of the Italian *douane* used to be, we wonder that the President did not remark that the distinction was "simply numerical."

Eloquence, and no Mistake.

It is announced that the Corporation of London have appointed a noble and right reverend dignitary of the Church, and another eminent preacher, to deliver at Easter, in Christ-Church, Newgate Street, the discourses named Spital Sermons. Let no fool, in his ignorance of orthography, imagine that these sermons are intended to be mere frothy declamation.

TELEGRAMS TO IRELAND.

THE interchange of Telegraphic messages between England and Ireland has broken down. Let us hope that the message of peace contained in the Irish Land Bill is not one of those which have miscarried.

MR. SCUDAMORE points out, in a public notice, that "as each message handed in blocks the messages following it, it is extremely desirable that none but messages on urgent business, or on matters of life and death, should be sent." MR. GLADSTONE is within this rule. His Land Bill is a message on urgent business; and his Peace Preservation Bill, matter of life and death.

The Great Wicklow Case.

LORD CHELMSFORD, in speaking of the trial of the Wicklow Peerage claim—so fertile in strange turns and sensational incidents, that it really seems to have been transferred entire from the columns of *Reynolds's Miscellany* to the House of Lords—declared, that he never knew "a case which kept breaking out in so many new places."

Considering this peculiarity, and its generally nasty and painful character, should it not rather be called "The Great Whitlow case."

Electric Diplomacy.

To be Belgian Ambassador
Contenteth VAN DER WEYER;
But Ambassador of all Nations,
Is MONSIEUR VAN DER WIRE.

THE NATURAL RESULT.—Lawyers are sometimes accused of being wanting in feeling, but is there anything surprising in men of their profession becoming casehardened?

A LESSON TO LOUIS BLANC.

(From Punch's own Correspondence.)

MY DEAR LOUIS BLANC,

I WAS getting to have a high respect for your candour, sagacity, and sound sense in political matters. I thought experience of English politics, and observation of English peculiarities, had so tempered your democratic doctrinaireism with discretion, that your letters to the *Temps* might be looked to as about the best comments on English affairs for the guidance of your numerous French readers that had ever been suggested to a French head, or found expression from a French pen. But your letter on the Peace Preservation Bill has sadly disappointed—or, shall I say, rudely undeceived?—me. You tear your hair, and break out into wailing over the Bill: see in it a falling off from Liberal faith, and a dereliction of Liberal duty. “It breaks your heart”—“It puts Ireland in a state of siege”—“It drives you to one of two conclusions—either the reforms effected or promised are not such as the evil to be remedied required, or Ireland is irreconcilable.” . . .

Mon cher LOUIS, is it possible that you *really* feel yourself on the horns of this dilemma? Are you not, half unconsciously, falling back into your old *doctrinaire* frame of mind, and ignoring realities because they jar with a compact and convenient formula?

Do you not see that the notorious and obvious facts of this case point neither to the one of your conclusions nor the other, but to a third, which you omit altogether; namely, that Ireland is suffering under the disease of lawlessness, engendered by many causes, but just now brought to a head by the combined aggravations of Fenianism, a dishonest, disloyal, and dangerous Press, Secret Societies, old delusions and bitter memories, and some ill-timed acts of bad landlordism, met by triumphant resistance to the law, arrayed, unhappily, for the moment—as it has too often been in Ireland, but is less likely to be, henceforth—on the side of greed and cruelty?

As the Church and Land Bills are meant to disserve the law from such unnatural allies as sectarian ascendancy and lust of greed, the Peace Preservation Bill is meant to put down such enemies of Ireland as Fenianism, a seditious and anarchic Press, Ribbonism and its secret war on life and property—and thus to give the Reforms which the Irish Church and Irish Land Bills planted, time to take root and grow and bear fruit—which they are not likely to do, my dear LOUIS, in a day or a year: it is only French trees of liberty that are planted in that hope. It is meant to secure life and property against the forces of evil combined for war against both, and against the peace and prosperity of Ireland which are bound up with them.

Is it really possible, my dear LOUIS, that you do not see this? *Entre nous*, I have too much respect for you not to conclude that you do see it as plainly as I do; but that to own it might involve you in some awkward admissions, and awaken some disagreeable recollections. The Peace Preservation Bill does not put a single restriction on lawful liberty. There is one way in which every county in Ireland may exempt itself from its restrictions of individual freedom—by abstaining from outrages on life and property. There is one way in which every newspaper in Ireland may laugh at its provisions against the Press—by not talking treason, sowing sedition, and hounding on a passionate public to defiance of the law and hostility of class and race.

Let me ask you. Have you read the articles in the so-called “National” Irish newspapers? Can you honestly say, or think, that national liberty will suffer, national life be touched, national self-respect outraged, national prosperity impaired, by the sternest and most sudden suppression of their unceasing incentives to civil war, their weekly invitations to a general upsetting of society, and a carnival of violence and outrage? I cannot pay you the ill-compliment of supposing that, having read these papers, and watched what has been going on in Ireland for the last six months, you can seriously think of comparing MR. GLADSTONE'S Peace Preservation Act with LOUIS NAPOLEON'S law of public safety, or likening its Press provisions to those in force under the French Empire, as it was.

No. The Peace Preservation Act neither proves that the Irish Church Bill and the Irish Land Bill were mistakes, nor that the Irish people are irreconcilable. It but proves that there are wolves in Ireland, and that we mean to muzzle them—even though they call themselves wolf-hounds; that there are writers who have drawn their nourishment from the social and political sores of Ireland, as blow-flies and maggots wax fat upon corruption; and that we will no longer allow them to keep these sores open for the sake of their impure and ignoble subsistence, to the irritation, first, and ultimately the exhaustion of the sufferer whose decay they batten on.

One word, by the way, of answer to those who, like the *Spectator* last week, and a correspondent of the *Spectator* this week, accuse me of recklessly sowing ill-will between England and Ireland, by such cartoons as my late one, called “The Irish Tempest,” in which, they seem to assume that Ireland is embodied as *Caliban*. Do not these critics see that Ireland is there personified, not as *Caliban*, but as *Miranda*? That what *Caliban* personifies are the brutal disturbers of

Ireland's peace, and the unreasoning underminers of Ireland's prosperity; the men who blow the blast of civil war in the *Irishman* and its kindred prints; the skulking rascals who write threatening letters, “tumble” landlords, and beat out tenants' brains, and occasionally hamstring cows, or cut off their owners' noses?

In Ireland, as elsewhere, England has faith in Justice, and looks for her ultimate victory always and everywhere. She fervently hopes for the reign of Love even where the Nemesis of Hate has long ruled; and she trusts to the coming of Prosperity when her way has been prepared by Order. But she knows no such enemy to justice as lawlessness, no such deadly foe to love as hate, no such obstacles to order and prosperity as discontent, disloyalty, and terror. That justice, love, order, and prosperity may have time and opportunity to establish their blessed rule in Ireland, England is determined to fetter the hands and to silence the tongues and trumpets of lawlessness, hate, discontent, disloyalty, and terror—nay, to put strait-waistcoats, if you prefer that image, on the madmen who would destroy their keepers, first, and dash out their own brains afterwards.

That is the explanation, my dear LOUIS BLANC, of the Peace Preservation Bill. I recommend it to you as the text of your next letter to the *Temps*.

Yours very truly,

PUNCH.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

On and after April 1, 1870.

The Annual Meeting of the Society for the Suppression of the Letter H in Ampstead hill meet at the 'Are and 'ounds 'ighgate 'ill.

A Lecture on the use of Protoplasm (hot) in all cases of syncope and measles will be given at the Royal Idiotic Institute, April 1, 1870.

At Colwell Hatchney College.—Discourse on Abnormal Absorption in the Vacuum of Fermentation. With Diagrams. Squibs to be had in the hall, two for three halfpence, or five a penny on taking a quantity.

Readings from the *Dhammapada* with explanations in Singhaliese on all Mondays and Tuesdays after the last in each month. Apply at the door of the British Museum. (N.B. Ask for what you like, and make yourself quite at home if I'm not in. Signed Professor B.)

Sea Botany, with Inquiries into the best mode of rearing Ocean Currants. Lectures on this interesting subject every afternoon, after dark, in the first room on the left as you go into the South Kensington Museum from Cromwell Road. Don't come, if you don't like. Cakes, buns, and tea always hot. Lots of fun when everyone's gone. Ask for Professor S.: a shilling to the policeman will do the trick. Great larks. Bring your own candle. (N.B. If you can play, bring your instrument.)

The Brighton Aquarium Company may be seen trying their new Bathing Experiments from 11 A.M. till 2 P.M. on April the first. All sorts of gambols by the Professors. Fancy bathing in all its perfection.

Literature.—A Lecture on the Writings of Ugo TOBATH will be delivered on the 31st instant. * * The colours will be out the night before; at the Spotted Dog, and any one looking in there with the password will be put up to the time of the trains on the following morning. JIM.

THE IRISH TREASONMONGER TO HIMSELF.

OCH, what will I do for a livin'

Whin I can sell thraison no more?

By jabers, I'll have to be givin'

The thrade ov a journalist o'er.

A base tailor's mane occupation

I'd scorn to live honestly by;

I'd like some gintale situation:

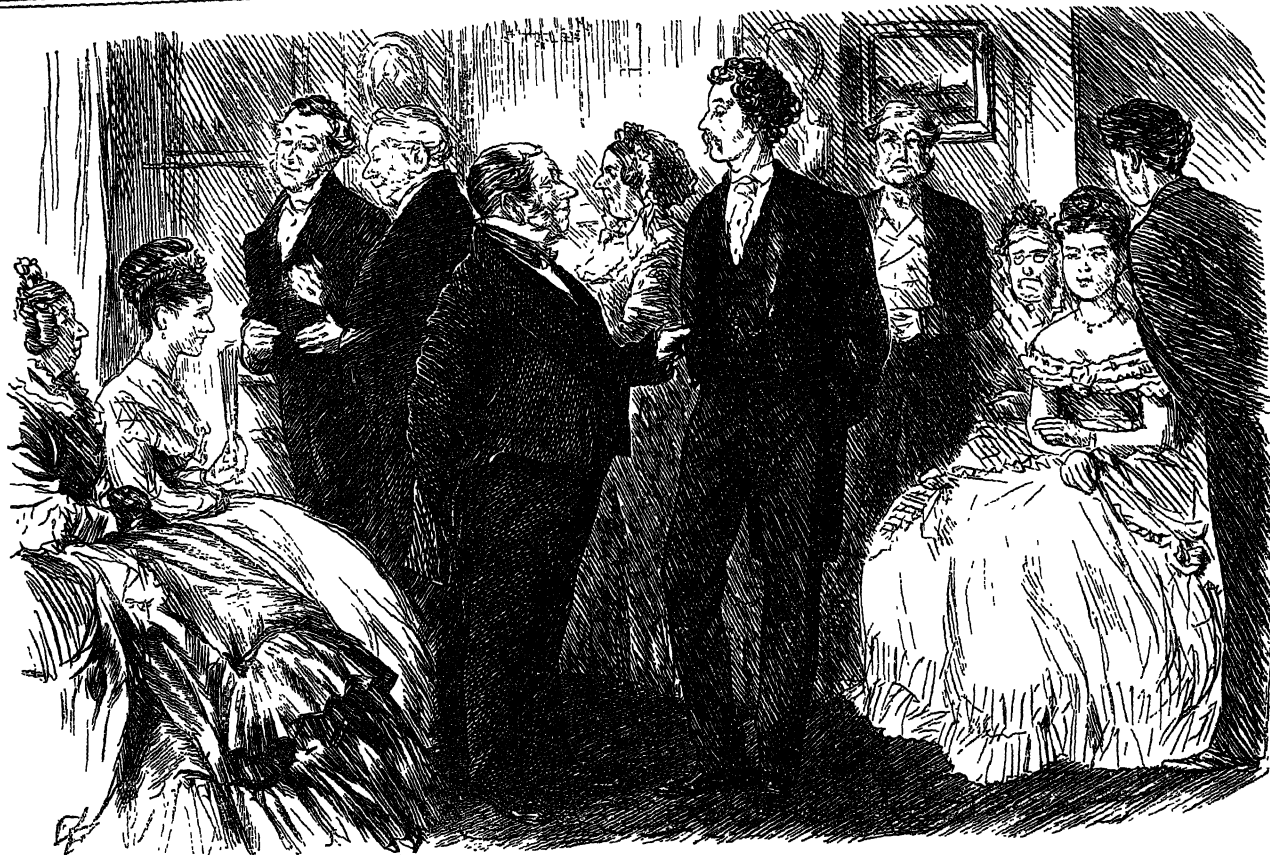
Bedad, I'll turn Government Spy!

An Extension of Time.

TURNING night into day is a common practice, with which many people must be familiar, but at the Haymarket Theatre they appear to do just the opposite (with a vengeance too), and to have found out the secret of turning a day not into one night, but into a dozen; for by public advertisement of the Haymarket arrangements, we are informed that “many inquiries having been made for the greatly successful comedy, *New Men and Old Acres*, it will be performed on Saturday, April 9th, for twelve nights only.” “Only!”

NICE AMERICAN NAMES.

It is said that somewhere in the United States the epithet, REMARKABLE, is in use for women as a Christian name. By-and-by, perhaps some American journalist will have his infant daughter christened RELIABLE.



EMOLLIT MORES.

Shoddyspeck (a mere Millionaire in the Midland Counties). "FRAID I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU A LADY TO TAKE IN TO DINNER, YOUNG BROWN—"
Brown (not easily snubbed). "NO, OLD SHODDYSPECK, I SUPPOSE NOT, DOWN HERE! BUT ANY OF THESE WOMEN WILL DO FOR ME! 'MUSTN'T BE PARTICULAR WHEN ONE COMES INTO THE WILDS, YOU KNOW!"

JUSTICE FOR IRELAND!

SOME people blame the Government for its apparent apathy respecting the foul outrages and murders rife in Ireland. The Government may answer that force has proved a failure; that theirs is a pacific and not repressive policy; that their Church Bill and their Land Bill will satisfy all claims for justice at our hands; and that these sedatives are certain, in course of time, to cure. The Government may, doubtless, have fair grounds for their opinion, but there are some good judges who differ from such judgment. Among them may be cited LORD CHIEF JUSTICE WHITESIDE, who, referring to the threatenings, and pistolings, and riotings so terribly now rife, is reported to have said:—

"If this awful state of things be allowed to continue, if crime goes thus undetected, the result will be that the people will consider themselves safer under the protection of these skulking murderers than under that of the law. If crime go thus unpunished, then the result must be that the arm of the law will be paralysed, and its administration impossible."

"Justice for Ireland!" has for long years been the cry, and thanks, in a great measure, to the energy of the Government, justice in many ways is surely being done. But there is one way in which justice will surely not be done, and that is if the power of the law is to be paralysed, and the ministering of justice is virtually to cease. If rioters are to defy the ministers of justice, and assassins go unpunished for their atrocious crimes, great injustice will be done to all honest folk in Ireland, who indeed must all live out of it, if they wish to save their lives.

Shoulders!

M. OLLIVIER is a brave man. In the midst of his own work for liberty he encourages his wife to discourage the low-necked dresses worn by ladies. We are afraid that it will be found easier to reform than to re-dress.

NOT A PUFF, REALLY.

MR. PUNCH has been requested by a distinguished Monthly to make known, in the interests of Babydom, the advantages to be gained by the use of "the Norwegian Self-Acting Cooking Apparatus," by which pap and gruel and beef tea may be kept hot for an indefinite period. Nurses of every denomination will appreciate a contrivance which makes them independent of "watching the hob" at times when a comfortable nap is both needful and acceptable, and Mr. Punch is glad to direct their attention to one means of lightening their anxious labours. The machine has other uses, which are fairly set forth in a prospectus, and those who object to cold dinners cannot do better than procure it.

Principiis Obsta.

PUNCH does not wonder at certain ultra-extreme parties being afraid lest the church-folk should teach little children their alphabet. When one reflects that A. stands for Archbishop, B. for Beadle, C. for Canon, D. for Dean, and so on till we come to V. for Verger, and W. for Westryman, we shudder at the thought of the terrible engine of proselytism which may be placed in the hands of the clergy. By all means throw out the Education Bill.

"FOOT IT NEATLY HERE AND THERE."

WHAT should the Commons do unto the petitioners against the Tipperary election that flooded the Fenian? An Irish echo answers, "Kick 'em."

NOT AN UNREASONABLE PREJUDICE.

WHO can wonder at criminals disliking to have their photographs taken, when the cartes of so many most respectable persons are said not to do them justice?



POOR HUMANITY!

Bride. "I THINK—GEORGE, DEAR—I SHOULD—BE BETTER—IF WE WALKED ABOUT——"

Husband (one wouldn't have believed it of him). "YOU CAN DO AS YOU LIKE, LOVE. I'M VERY WELL (!) AS I AM !!"

A FEARFUL RITE AT ROME.

SIR,

You know that, about the date of the suppression of the Knights Templars, strange rumours were current of indefinite horrors supposed to be perpetrated in the secret Chapters held by that mysterious brotherhood. Read this telegram from Rome, dated March 22, being the day after that whereon the POPE had held a secret Consistory:—

"Among the prelates preconised in the Consistory yesterday were the ARCHBISHOPS OF ARMAGH and TORONTO, the BISHOPS OF SAVANNAH, ARMDALE, and ST. AUGUSTINE."

Preconised! That word doubtless means something as dreadful as any one of the ordeals which the members of the Order whose latest Grand Master was JACQUES DE MOLAI had to undergo at their dark *séances*. The Holy Father may excommunicate Freemasons, because they refuse to confess their secret, but they, how closely soever they may be tiled in their lodges, are none of them ever preconised. Sir, I should like to have the person of one of these preconised prelates examined soon after he had undergone the operation of being so served. I warrant you he would be found to bear a mark worse than that of the actual cautery merely, not to say red-hot poker. What mark? Sir, the mark of the Animal. To be preconised means to be marked with that. Ask DR. CUMMING if it doesn't, unless you are content to take the word of

Yours truly,

Peterborough, All Sages' Day.

G. H. W.

Our Emancipated Neighbours.

THE new *Senatus Consultum* seems to have approximated the French Senate pretty nearly to our own Upper House of Parliament. His Majesty the EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S subjects may now almost say, also, "Thank Heaven we have a House of Lords."

LITERARY ICE-STACKS.

A NEWSPAPER report concerning the University Crews states that both of them, one day last week, for practice pulled up the river, "regardless of the pitiless pelting of the storm" and, in particular, that "Oxford rowed up to Mortlake during a heavy fall of snow." Would it not be a good plan to cut passing allusions like these to the inclemency of the season out of the papers, and keep them to refer to when it is hot? The notices of "The Weather and the Parks," which our contemporaries are wont to publish in the winter months, might in like manner be reserved for June, July, and August. Such frigid intelligence would form nice cool Summer reading. It is true that nobody can "hold a fire in his hand" merely "by thinking upon frosty Caucasus;" but still imagination may be cooled or warmed by appeals to it suggestive of temperature high or low; imagination accordingly can cool or warm the frame: and surely reminiscences of ice, snow, sleet, frost, and cold, bitter easterly and north-easterly winds would be found rather refreshing in the dog-days.

We have lately been shivering—in two or three months more we may be perspiring, and then the mental reproduction of wintry cold, accompanying iced champagne, or claret-cup, will at least be an aid to refrigeration.

A PRESERVER OF PROPERTY.

SOME hundred yards from where the Fleet

Was wont to roll his turbid tide,
Whilst walking up a narrow street
With stores of wealth on either side,
I marked a stout policeman there,
Performing his appointed use;
Each window-bar he passed, with care
He pulled, to try if it was loose.

I am not of gregarious mould,
I cannot shout, do never cheer,
But at his work when I behold
A hero, noiselessly revere.

"Brave ROBERT," I in thought exclaimed,
"Well done! What owe we not to thee?"
His number may as well be named;
Four hundred 'twas and forty-three.

"HORSE LATITUDES."—Those allowed, in the way of lying, to horse-sellers.

BRAGGARTS AND THEIR MONEYBAGS.

DATING from Berlin a Foreign Office-r reports that:—

"A good deal of the present dearness of living is attributable to the number of Americans, who are accustomed to the high paper prices of their own country, and are too apt to observe that everything is very cheap, which induces shopkeepers to raise their prices accordingly."

Saying to a shopkeeper that his goods are very cheap is another way of telling him that you have lots of money, and in fact of boasting idly of your wealth. Nothing is more snobbish than to brag about the fulness of one's purse. Men who do so hardly can be said to make an empty boast, although it is quite true they make an empty-headed one. It is worse than for a lord to brag about his title, for such a braggart act can scarcely hurt his neighbours; whereas, by raising prices, boasters of their riches much injure poorer folk. The game of brag is popular in the United States, but when played in the above way on this side of the Atlantic, it thoroughly deserves to be indicted as a nuisance.

What's in a Name?

"The net result of the year's balance-sheet is, that the income of the twelve months exceeds the expenditure by something like eight millions."—*"Times"* article on the *Finances of the Year*.

HERBIVORE Finance's irony is shown—
Lowe's surplus is the highest ever known!

A BENEVOLENT THOUGHT.

MRS. MALAPROP, understanding that women can act as Commissioners of Sewers, says she knows a great many poor seamstresses who would be very glad if ladies could give them work at better wages than they are now earning.

AWFUL MENACE.

THERE has been assessing of damages in a case of Breach of Promise in the north of England—names are no object. Some of the gentleman's letters were edifying, though he did not write very good English. Among his wishes for the welfare of his (then) beloved is this:—

"May the sun of glory shine around thy bed, and may the gate of honour, plenty, and happiness for ever be upon thee."

If the sun of glory is very bright, one of CHILD's Night Lights might be preferable; and as to having a gate upon one, that is matter of taste—we should imitate the pig, which, according to the vulgar saying, makes under a gate more noise than aught but two pigs. We suspect, however, that the ardent party had been transcribing from an older writer. For, when he becomes natural, mark the transition:—

"EMMA, no one can speak the love I bear to you, and I hope you will cherish the same to make us both happy, and I should feel heart broken if there should be a parting. Brandy and billiards would be my life then."

Brandy, if good, and taken in moderation, is a good familiar creature, and billiards, played in refined society (best with ladies, in a country house) may be indulgently spoken of. But the menace, in the sense of this lover, is truly awful. That he might have the less to spend in so dreadful a manner, the jury mulcted him in the sum of £750. By the way, when Women's Rights are obtained, surely these actions will be abolished—a woman will scorn to ask money for the loss of such a trumpery thing as a husband. Love has been defined as an insane desire to maintain somebody else's daughter. We shall want a new definition.

"THE LEAP OF QUINTUS CURTIUS."

IN ORIGINAL METRES.—First New Metre.

HOR SEST OLET
3 BOB ANH OUR



NOBLY the gallant Roman
Mounts his steed.

Plies the whip
And spur.

For he will do and die to-day.
And loud he cries, "Away, on! on!"

The Vestal Virgins eye the sparkling Curtius,
And say

To one another: whispering tones: apart:
"Lo! is not he a very nice young man!"

Wide in the horrid gulf! and wider! horrid!
The forum yawns as though from bed
Awakened.

Dire the woe pronounced by the Gods.
Olympian Jove his face has veiled
The Oracle has no further

Answer for Augurs
Than that erst given.

Second New Metre.—Patented.

To him the Pontifex Maximus,
To him the gay Quintus on his white horse which he
Had recently hired,

Thus:

"Son, Leap, Jump,
Into the pit."

Then shout the crowded citizens, aloud,
"Down in front!" "Hats off!" "Now, where are you a-
Shoving to?"

Third New Metre.—"The Ramble-rhythmical."

"The pit!" quoth Curtius, "Gramercy!"

"I've hitherto been accustomed to go into the boxes, but
For this Occasion only,

"As I am going in on behalf of my Order, I don't

"Mind going into the pit.

"It is quite empty," he added, looking over the edge
Of the Precipice.



Fourth New Metre.—"The Unconventional."

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen!" He thus commenced his speech,
His last speech
And confession.

Oh, the agony! the joy! the rapture! ah!

"What most Rome prizes,

"Arms, and men, and steeds,

"Braw shoulders and a muscle,

"Which I will walk round and show."

"No! no! Off! off!" resounded on all sides.

Then grimly he, the brave, the beautiful,

To them, once more,

"All these I give—the best, by far the best

"That Rome possesses.

"If they are not all this, let others leap!

"And for myself henceforth my life I'll hold."

All cry, "You are! You are!"

"The best, the most magnanimous, the most firstest ratest fellow.

"That we have ever seen.

"Only, get on! for we must eke go back

"To work, to dinner and to business. Leap!"

The Last New Metre. To be called the "Expected Rhythmical Metre."

Proudly he waved his jewelled hand.

Gladly he cheered his neighing steed.

Tightly he sat the saddle on.

Gently he grasped the bridle. So!

Paused he a moment on the brink.

Paused he on home and joy to dwell?

Paused he from fear? His hands, they shake.

I mean the people press to shake his hands.

Then slyly does the Pont-Max wink his eye,

And at his beck the stalwart priests approach.

"Beware his hoofs! he kicks!"

Cries Quintus Curtius, bravely.

But they had rods for whips,

And nodded to him slowly.

Quintus delayed: the Augurs hit

The beast, and urged him to the space,

The yawning chasm, and they pushed behind.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Curtius, "I have changed my plan."

These words alone the Augurs heard,
Next instant, like a flying hawk,
Curtius and horse swooped downwards into space,
Surprise was shown upon his handsome phiz.



Then the earth closed, and all, of every class,
Of Quintus Curtius said, "My! what a fool!"

Only one Roman grieved for him and sorrow'd,
'Twas he from whom the noble steed he'd hired.

In the above example, the poetic reader will observe with notes of admiration, that instead of letting "think" rhyme with "brink," "pit" with "hit," "mind" with "hind," "bird" with "heard," "ass" with "class," "borrowed" with "sorrowed," "face" with "space," the writer has, with deep thought, substituted equivalents without impairing the sense.

Also observe how commonplace would be the first couplets, if thus written:—

His jewelled hand he waved proudly;
His neighing steed he cheered loudly;
On the saddle he sat tightly
So! the bridle he grasped lightly.

A NEW WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

WHEN the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH lately visited the East, many were the prophecies put forward by the Gobemouches as to the political results of her journey. So far as we can learn, its only consequence at present has been the introduction of a colour for a ball-dress, which is thus described by a fashionable pen:—

"The new colour, Eau de Nil, is a delicate mixture of grey and green, shot with silver, so that at every movement of the body to give the robe the aspect of flowing water."

This may be a cool and pleasant aspect for the summer, but for winter time we hardly can imagine it agreeable. Indeed, with the experience which we have had since Christmas, were we to notice in our drawing-room the aspect of flowing water, our first impression would be that the pipes again had burst. Assuredly we should expect to look the picture of despair, if we were present at such a water-colour exhibition.

Indiscriminate Humanity.

So the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has pounced upon the Islington Bull-fighters, summoned them before a Magistrate, had them fined, and stopped their entertainments. From Islington to Wormholt Scrubbs is not far, and it is much to be feared by the tame pigeon shooting nobility and gentry that the officers of an impartial Association, vigilant to protect poor animals from cruelty, will as soon as possible be likewise down upon the Gun Club.

PUNCH'S SECOND COLUMN.

(All Genuine.)

NO, X.—I will not tell you Y.

WIDDLES.—Stay away by all means, and the longer the better.

ABSENTTEE.—If you knew how well we get on without you, we fear you would come back, out of spite.

PAUL.—Please yourself. VIRGINIA has made other arrangements, and will be married in three weeks. "A Cottage near a wood" is poetical, but a villa in St. John's Wood has practical advantages. To show that she bears no ill-will towards you, any becoming wedding-present will be accepted. But don't send a butter-dish, or *Tupper*.

TO LUCINDA.—You would not look, though I occupied the stall I mentioned, and you condemned me to sit out the whole of the piece, in the hope that you would relent. Surely you owe me compensation. Make your papa take you to *Sir George and a Dragon*, next Tuesday, and when the Bull-fight comes, think of and look at him to whom you vowed faith at Cowes.

SMILING JAMES.—All is well. The hitherto obdurate menial listens to the voice of the charmer, and informs us that the family will be out at a ball on Wednesday. We shall therefore honour the premises with a visit at 11.30 p.m. and as we shall not adopt the war-medal plan, but shall divide the silver among those only who were present at the action, you had better be punctual. Bring your own jemmy and life-preserver. Dog will be dosed, as you are nervous.

EXPECTING PETER.—The only information which has yet been obtained is that the party's name is SMITH, and that he lives somewhere in Yorkshire. If you wish a messenger to be sent into that county to follow up this clue, remit funds.

AVARUS.—Why will you be so obstinate? Every one is against you. Why should you make a will? It is only giving money to a lawyer, and whatever you may do, the family has resolved to contest the document. Your course is clear. Return to town, divide your money equally among your cousins, and trust to their affection to render the evening of your life as pleasant as is possible in the case of a person of your unfortunate disposition. Or they will unite to pension you, in moderation, if your detestable temper prefer solitude in a remote cottage. Why will you be deaf to the voice of consanguinity?

A * * * * B * * * *.—Dearest Papa, forgive me—forgive us. Convinced that aristocracy is not an institution to be encouraged, I rejected LORD MOSSTOWERS, and equally convinced that woman needs a conductor, I have married the conductor of the Hercules omnibus by which you used to go into town. You know, dear, you have often commended his clean appearance and civility, and indeed you first drew my attention to him. The match is your own making, bless it, and also your affectionate POLLY.

MARIA JANE.—You saw that the pew-opener, though she had received a shilling, avoided putting me into your pew, and placed me in front, so that I could not even see you. I am convinced, from the old creature's manner of looking at me, that she had been tampered with. I have a great mind to write to the Bishop, who would remember my name from having so frequently flogged me when he was the head of * * * * school. Has our secret been betrayed? I do not like to speak harshly of your father, but his gaze, as I passed, discomfited, was stony and offensive. Your mother affected to be looking out a hymn. Your sisters evidently sniggered. I will (for the present) keep my hands off your arrogant brother. Next Sunday I repeat the experiment, and with half-a-crown. If I fail, Convocation shall hear of it? Am I to be mocked in church?—ORLANDO FURIOSO.

MYSTERIOUS CHARLES.—Of course, you goose, you can go on advertising, if you like, and do not mind the money, which I *must* say I think might be better laid out (5½) but it is quite ridiculous, for both papa and mamma are as ready to welcome you as were the parents of Miss JEMMY HAPELINS, in the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. You were introduced at the South K. M., and invited to call. But I suppose you really do not care about seeing JEMIMA.

WHISKERANDOS.—Certainly not at the hotel you mention, for reasons which I can explain, and so can the landlord. Walk up and down the path by the bank, in the opposite meadow, from 1 to 6 p.m., and if it rains, get under the first arch of the bridge. Be careful not to enter any house whatever, and do not smoke, as that looks profligate. Improve your mind by admiring the key-stones of the bridge, they were carved by MRS. DAWSON DAMER, a friend of HORACE WALPOLE. If I do not come, return by the last train, and you will find a letter.—JOHN CUCUMBER.

ANNABEL L.—Return. All has been done to make you happy—your troublesome brothers have been sent to boarding-school, your nagging sisters are gone to AUNT AGITATE at Hems Bay, your parents will give up their nap after dinner, all the servants have been changed, the dog has been presented to a friend, a cheval glass has been put into your bed-room, your dress allowance will be doubled, a pew has been taken at a Ritualist church, there is a new laundress, the tree you disliked has been cut down, you shall be called to breakfast instead of being summoned by the bell, the screeching water-cress man has been run over, and your cousin HORACE may call when he likes. So return to the loved home so long adorned by your presence, and to be in future, we hope, adorned by your smiles.



DELIGHTS OF THE CHACE.

Hunting Man (who has mounted his friend, M'Gilpen, from London). "KEEP HER HEAD STRAIGHT. SHE'S AS LIKELY AS NOT TO REFUSE THIS, IF—"
[M'Gilpen, from the depths of his soul (not a gate to be seen) hopes SHE WILL!]

PUNCH'S POLICE REPORT.

THE RULING PASSION.

AN old offender, apparently advanced in years, small in stature, and rather shabby in dress, but of respectable exterior, who gave the name of JOHN RUSSELL, was brought up before *Mr. Punch*, charged with writing letters calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

FORSTER (W. E.) was called in support of the charge.

He said there had long been a great deal of trouble and disturbance on his beat, owing to an old quarrel between two neighbours, of the names of Church and Chapel; that both had large and ill-brought-up families—ragged, dirty, thieving little rascals, who were allowed to play in the gutters, and pilfer, and practise pitch-and-toss, and use bad language to that degree that they were quite a nuisance to the neighbourhood.

The Magistrate asked why the children were not sent to school?

FORSTER explained that, in consequence of the bad blood between Church and Chapel, neither would allow his children to attend the school where the others' children went; and that this was one of the chief causes of the rows between the two. He had been directed by his superior officers to see if he couldn't put a stop to these quarrels, and get the children put to school. The prisoner RUSSELL had formerly taken much interest in the matter, and had written a letter suggesting a way of arranging the school difficulty, which seemed to him (FORSTER) an excellent one. He had lately proposed it to both Church and Chapel, when both seemed satisfied, and agreed that their children should be put to the same school, and be properly taught and taken care of, so that he really thought the troubles between the two households were at an end. But one morning, last week, he found Church and Chapel cuffing each other, and calling each other names as bad as ever. He found that some of Chapel's friends had been working on him not to make it up with Church. But, besides that, he found the prisoner—who was looked upon as a very clever fellow by a good many people in the neighbourhood—had been writing a letter to Chapel, telling him if he were Chapel he wouldn't stand Church's cheek, and that it would be better the children should go without schooling another twelvemonth than be put to school in the way he (FORSTER) had proposed. As the plan he had proposed was RUSSELL's own, naturally, he (FORSTER) felt very much taken aback. Had no doubt expressed his feelings to that effect, and thought anybody would, under the circumstances. Had heard it said that RUSSELL wanted to keep the neighbourhood in hot water, that he might bring his own name before the public. Must say he (FORSTER) did not believe this. RUSSELL was rather a fussy, meddle-

some person, but he believed he meant well. It was an unfortunate way he had. He (RUSSELL) never could be made to understand how much mischief he might do by thrusting himself into family quarrels. He had all his life been in the habit of writing letters of this kind, and had set people by the ears again and again, and got into trouble himself through them. The Commissioners did not press for a heavy punishment. They believed a reprimand would be sufficient, and a caution not to do it again.

The worthy Magistrate observed to the prisoner that he was old enough to know better; and that it was a wonder he had not been taught, by his many previous warnings, the harm likely to be done by his mischievous trick of writing aggravating letters.

The Prisoner said he had always meant everything for the best, including all the letters he had ever written.

The worthy Magistrate observed, that if good intentions were accepted as a plea, a vast deal of the greatest mischief in the world would go unpunished. He would bind the prisoner over in two substantial securities to keep the peace, with his pen, for the rest of his natural life.

WAITING AN ANSWER.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM bewildered, lost. Perhaps you can guide me out of the wood. What is "a time-table conscience-clause"? Is it a machine, or an instrument, or a document? Can it be bought? Where can it be seen and consulted? Is it a patent invention, and costly, and for how long is it warranted to act? And can anybody procure it whose conscience is out of order, and wants regulating? These new-fangled terms are most perplexing to old-fashioned folks like myself; and any clue that you can give me to the meaning of my present educational puzzle will be thankfully taken hold of by

AN OLD FOGEY.

Justice for Justice.

A CONTEMPORARY states that the POPE's pedigree has lately been examined, and that his Holiness is shown to be of Hebrew descent. This, were the story true, would certainly add to the Ecumenicalism of the Council, besides strengthening his connection with a certain PETER. But we believe the good old pastor to be a real Christian, and if we complain of him, it is because he will not let his Council do a Protestant the same justice. Why were the bishops allowed to hoot down the men who protested in our behalf?



SILENCING THE TRUMPET. (AFTER ÆSOP.)

FENIAN TRUMPETER. "SPARE ME, GOOD SIR, I BESEECH YOU. I HAVE NO ARMS BUT THIS TRUMPET ONLY!"

CONSTABLE. "NO, YOU VAGABONE! WITHOUT THE SPIRIT TO FIGHT YOURSELF, YOU STIR UP OTHERS TO WAR AND BLOODSHED."

MORAL.—HE WHO INCITES TO STRIFE IS WORSE THAN HE WHO TAKES PART IN IT.

FISH NIPPED IN THE SPAWN.



THE *Fishing Gazette*, describing the great waste of fish that goes on through the capture of such as are immature, or with roe, observes, for instance that:—

"The demand upon lobsters is so enormous, that however they continue to exist is indeed a wonder. There is not a day in the year but what a spawning fish is in request, for every purchaser of a trumpery two-shilling brill must swallow a thousand or two of lobsters in the shape of spawn, to get it down, without one thought of the harm he is perpetuating to future generations."

One particular phrase in the extract above quoted is a striking illustration of the consequence of wasting fish. A fish costing more than many a working man's whole day's wages is spoken of as "a trumpery two-shilling brill." Oysters have already come to be esculent money; some twopence a gulp: and all fish, as well as all flesh, is rising out of most people's reach. What with the waste of fish, and also of fuel, namely coals, without which neither fish nor flesh can be cooked, we are likely, by-and-by, to find our fare reduced to a pretty kettle of fish, and a pot which there is no boiling.

FIRST-NIGHT AND OTHER DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

(From *Punch's* own Correspondence.)

TO H. J. BYRON.

MY DEAR CONFÈRE,

"CREDE BYRON" is, I believe, your family motto. If *cuique in sua arte credendum est* be a true principle, there is nobody who has more right to be trusted than you, on a question of the dramatic art as it is. For where shall I find a more indefatigable or more successful caterer for the table at present spread for the British play-going public?—not always the best served,—as must be owned, *entre nous*,—either by its butchers or its cooks, its butlers or its bakers, its carvers or its confectioners.

But my object just now is not to criticise the quality of the dishes provided by you or me, or our brother purveyors for the theatre. I wish to exchange thoughts with you *à propos* of some late letters of yours to the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject of First-Night Criticism.

You contend—I refer to your letters from memory, and without pretending to literal exactness in my references—that judgment ought not in fairness to be passed on pieces on the night of their production, inasmuch as in first performances hitches, delays, and shortcomings are unavoidable, which are likely to prejudice the critic, and lead him to impute to the piece defects really due to imperfectness of preparation or incompleteness of performance.

Now, as a brother dramatic author, I feel all the hardship of this danger and its consequences. I have had too many pieces risked or wrecked on their first night by the shabbiness of appointments, the sticking of flats, the slowness of sets and shifts, the imperfectness of some of my actors, the incapacity of others, the general hesitation or awkwardness of the stage-business, the want of judicious compression here, of needful explanation there—all defects which should have been cured or prevented in the course of rehearsal—not to feel the cruelty of condemning the play, when the failure, fairly judged, is not the author's but the management's. In a word, I have continually seen a hastily and half-cooked dish presented to the public when it expected, and had a right to expect, a carefully and thoroughly prepared one—and have suffered thereby in temper always, and, too often, in the effect of such bungling and blundering on the run and reputation of my piece, and, as a consequence, on the pleasure of the public and the profit of the author.

The hardship I admit as fully as you do yourself. But I do not go along with you in the suggestion of a remedy. Instead of requesting the critics to abstain from first-night criticism, I would rather be disposed to beg of them to make their censure, whether of the first or any other night, more searching and severe. I would ask them to be stern where they are now, as a rule, lenient to every one concerned but the author—to be less blind to short-comings, and more severe on blundering and bungling than they usually are at present in the rare cases in which they venture to blame manager or actor. Even if they impair or blight the prospects of a piece, by their detection and denunciation of defects which care and preparation might have cured or prevented, still I say they are but doing their duty by the public, the actors, the authors and the managers.

It is the want of an ever present sense of the critical eye being upon the stage that has bred nine-tenths of the carelessness and slovenliness of first-night performances in this country, has gone far to degrade our theatres into the ill-governed, slatternly, and ill-mannered establishments they are, and has destroyed in most managers and actors alike the very notion of that careful and thorough rehearsal, which gives French plays so much of their completeness and finish.

You are actor now as well as author, and you may be looking at the

matter, perhaps, more from the actor's point of view than the author's. But as an author, depend upon it your prayer should be for sterner and more watchful criticism, as your best friend in the long run, however hard it hit you for the moment.

It is for critics to enforce on managers the duty of showing due respect for their art and for the public, both of which are outraged whenever a piece is produced without thorough rehearsal; whenever actors are allowed to slur or stumble over dialogue, without due emphasis, and correct elocution, or even coherent and correct adherence to the text; whenever scenery is allowed to stick or stage-business to halt or hobble.

Till critics have made themselves formidable to managers as judges to be satisfied not propitiated, managers will not be frightened into better behaviour, in this all-important matter of rehearsal and preparation. Till they are made to feel that imperfection and slovenliness are certain to draw down sure and summary condemnation and its legitimate consequences in "shy" houses, we authors will continue to suffer from imperfect and slovenly dealing with our work. We are heavier sufferers from the sin, if possible, than the public; and should be even more grateful for whatever refines and raises the usage of the English theatre as regards thoroughness of rehearsal. Whatever forces the managers to do us and their art more justice is a boon and a blessing first of all to us. And among the most efficacious means to this end, I count keen and observant criticism. If I were you, I would substitute another prayer in my petition to the critics;—I would beg them to do their best to teach the managers what they will not be taught by authors; *viz.*, that there is such a thing as a high standard of stage-art, and critics ready to apply that standard fearlessly and impartially, whether on the first night of a piece, or any other,—keen to point out all cases in which that standard is not reached, whether the failure be due to the shortcoming of manager, actor, or author.

I would affix only one condition to this severity—that the critic be careful to lay the saddle on the right horse. If he be, in nine cases out of ten, I will venture to say the saddle will not be laid on the author's back. It is the fashion to speak contemptuously of stage authorship now-a-days. We may not be geniuses exactly, my dear confère, or even the cleverest of craftsmen; but if our work too often deserves the contempt which it receives in such abundance, what measure should be meted out to the managers and actors we have to work for?

And yet how merciful in most cases is the critic's dealing with manager and actor, as compared with his scornful treatment of that poor Pilgric, the author! Depend upon it, the dramatic author's prayer to the critic should be not "Hit more lightly," but "Hit more fairly."

Urging that prayer on my own behalf as on yours,

I remain, my dear BYRON,

Your friend and confère,

PUNCH.

Curious Noncoincidence.

THE First of April passed away,
And disappointed many a hope;
The Council didn't, on that day,
Infallible define the Pore.

What to Avoid.

THIS is the season for athletic sports, an amusement not without its expense. To Members of the Universities and others we would offer one caution—use every effort to outrun each other, but do not attempt to outrun the constable. We hear of a novelty this year—a match between Walking Dictionaries.



HEADS OR TAILS?

Ethel. "“HIDEOUS PUPPY!” How CAN YOU SAY SO? HE’S GOING TO THE DOG SHOW, IF I CAN MAKE UP MY MIND WHICH CLASS TO ENTER HIM IN—BULLS OR PUGS?”

Charlie. "AY, JUST SO. IF HE’S PUG, HIS HEAD WON’T DO; AND IF HE’S BULL, HIS TAIL WON’T DO."

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

HERE is the most wondrous scrap of news from Paris that we remember seeing for many a long day:—

"Full dress is neither eccentric nor exaggerated."

It may be noticed that full dress, in certain fashionable circles, pretty frequently accompanies a somewhat empty head. For this reason it is likely to assume eccentric shapes: and when these are laid aside for unexaggerated clothing, we surely may congratulate the fashionable world on something that approaches a display of common sense. A further indication of fashionable sanity is afforded by the following:—

"There is but little doubt that trained dresses will be discarded for ball-dress, and the half-long adopted instead—a fashion more graceful and convenient for dancing."

This is a wise reform; but we are haters of half-measures. Half-long dresses for the ball-room are certainly not likely to be half so bad as longer ones. Still, a man who waltzes with a girl in a long, or half-long, dress, is pretty sure to put his foot in it. Half-long dresses surely can't be half so convenient for a dance as wholly short ones. A similar improvement, going half-way only, is described as follows:—

"Walking dresses are made short, just touching the ground."

Dresses just touching the ground may clearly be kept cleaner than those which used to draggle on it. But why should ladies' dresses touch the ground at all, unless, indeed, their wearers wish to act as street-sweepers?

A "RETIRING ADDRESS."—A Shy Manner.

THE HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS COMMISSION.

"The first report of the Historical MSS. Commission is published to-day."

THE following are a few extracts from this interesting and valuable report:—

A complete series of the great LORD CHATHAM's washing bills, extending from 1769 to 1776, a period of seven years, has been discovered in a linen press in a cottage covered with ivy in Rutlandshire, his Lordship's laundress having married a gamekeeper late in life, a man of some substance, but with a hare-lip and of the Mugglestonian persuasion. These long sought for documents put an end to all further controversy on one of the most disputed points in English History, and prove, beyond a doubt, that after the war began with America, LORD CHATHAM neglected his personal appearance, and used, in the week, barely half the number of cravats he was in the habit of wearing before the rupture between the Mother Country and her Colonies. The bills themselves bear testimony to the careful and methodical habits of "The Great Commoner." The items are all checked with his well known ticks, and in several instances alterations have been made in his own handwriting. For example, in the important entry "4 pairs of silk stockings" the 4 has been converted into a 3; and in "2 nightcaps" the "2" has been struck out, "1" written over it, and a line drawn through the final "s," a capital C (CHATHAM) being set in the margin opposite.

As many as forty-five letters from SWIFT to SACCHARISSA, hitherto unknown to the most industrious antiquary, were found (by courtesy of the rats) in the muniment room of an old family mansion in Monmouthshire, for many generations the residence of the ancient family of MARTIN, who were allied by marriage to the SCRIBBLEBUSES, SWIFT's great friends and contemporaries. One of the series is a remarkable contribution to the history of the period, and will be invaluable to the MACAULAY of the twenty-second century. In it the Dean (who dates from Cork Street) tells SACCHARISSA of a *tête-à-tête* dinner he had had with LORD BOLINGBROKE at his town house on Tower Hill—merely their favourite dishes, a knuckle of veal, a marrow bone and tansy pudding—and narrates a visit they afterwards made to Ranelagh, where they saw the first display of Bengal lights ever witnessed in this country, in honour of LORD CLIVE's victory at Seringapatam, and met the young Pretender arm in arm with SACHEVERELL, disguised as a couple of auctioneers.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE's correspondence, while he was ambassador at the Hague, with his head gardener at Moor Park (from which copious extracts are given in the Appendix) will be perused with eager avidity. His glowing description of the new vegetable, asparagus, which the great diplomatist introduced into this country shortly afterwards carefully packed in matting, on his return from negotiating the Peace of Boulogne-sur-Mer, when he presented the first bundle ever seen in England on his knees to the Queen and Princesses at Hampton Court Palace (see *Pepys's Diary* and the picture of the Scene by SIR ABRAHAM NEWLAND, K.C.B.); his minute instructions as to the planting of winter greens; his anxieties about slugs; and the forethought he shows for the welfare of his peaches and nectarines, afford us a most agreeable insight into TEMPLE's character, disposition, and tastes, and fully justify CLARENDON's well-known panegyric of him as "a man of singular equipoise and fairness of judgment, not stooping to the despicable arts of obsequious favourites, but borne aloft by that steadfastness of purpose ever apparent in his most particular transactions, wherein he showed complete indifference alike to vulgar favour and the flattering smiles of a Crown, and so was preserved in the midst of a corrupt time from the intrigues of party spirit and the neglect of an untoward age."

The whole history of BACON's contention with SIR JULIUS CÆSAR as to the right of pre-emption of the mussels found on the foreshores of the northern coast of Huntingdonshire is laid bare to us in the household books of the MARQUIS OF TUXFORD, which his Lordship volunteered to submit to the inspection of Her Majesty's Commissioners; and the same family records disclose a picture of the domestic life of our English nobles of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, for a parallel to which we must have recourse to the grave chronicles of JOSEPHUS JOCULARIUS, and the authentic histories of MATTHEW OF GOTHAM.

Numberless other facts of the highest possible importance and intrinsic interest have been elicited by the valuable researches of the Commission. We can now only briefly refer to a few of them—such as the report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the chemical composition of the matches found on the person of GUIDO FAWKES, signed by the Chairman, ROGER BACON; the incidental notice of the first introduction of Hatstands into this country from the Persian Gulf; the name and address of QUEEN ELIZABETH's wig-maker; the statement of the cooper who examined the cask in which the DUKE OF CLARENCE was drowned at Malmesbury by order of

THOMAS À BECKET; QUEEN ANNE's recipe for the cure of heartburn; CARDINAL WOLSEY's tailors' bills; the original I O U's given by CHARLES THE SECOND to JOHN EVELYN under the statute of mortmain; the meets for several successive seasons of SIR ROBERT WALPOLE's hounds in Norfolk; a minute account, by an eye-witness, of the serious oatmeal riots in the Highlands of Scotland; the love letters that passed between JOHN OF GAUNT and the Queen Mother when he was away on foreign service in the Spanish Main; and the original rough draft of WAT TYLER's Proclamation to the washerwomen of the City of London.

THE FOURTH R" QUESTION COMPOSED.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You will perhaps be disposed to think that the Education question is materially illustrated by the case of the Buckinghamshire criminal MOBBS, dismissed from this life on Monday last week at Aylesbury. He had murdered a little boy from the mere propensity to kill. In some account of him the *Times* said:—

"He has been given to reading more than is the custom among agricultural labourers in this county, and accounts of murders seem to have been his favourite kind of reading. When apprehended after committing the murder, a *Life of Abel*, translated from the German, was found in his pocket, and this his friends say he was particularly partial to reading in most of his spare time."

The result of this study follows, according to the student:—

"He says that, while he was sitting by the side of the little boy NEWBURY, a sudden thought came into his head that he should like to kill him, and he could not resist the impulse."

Then come details, succeeded by a physiognomical description of this cultivator of such literature as the *Illustrated Police News*:—

"MOBBS, who is not quite twenty years of age, is evidently of a very low type of humanity. He has a short, narrow forehead and small head, and great thickness about the base of the skull. His hair is very thick, straight, and stiff, and projects over the forehead like the thatch of a house, and he has a peculiarity to a remarkable degree which is observed among men of little sensibility of nature—the lobes of the ears particularly large and thick."

Hardly anybody need be told that the head above described is one of the brutal idiotic type. How far, if in any degree, higher than an absolute idiot MOBBS was it is now too late to inquire. He has been hanged.

Whatever may be thought about the reality of the organs, so called, in the system of Phrenology, it is undeniable that their names express mental realities. Those names are handy words for explanation in talking about the mind and its dispositions; let me use a few of them.

Limited as were MOBBS's faculties, he had received some education. His "Language" had been educated so as to enable him to read. A low self-education followed. He himself educated his own "Individuality" and "Eventuality," or powers of knowing objects, matters of fact, acts, and deeds. He educated these faculties by reading tales, which being tales of murder, he at the same time educated his "Destructiveness." This narrow and vile education proved to be an education for the Drop.

We know that MOBBS had been taught one of the Three R's. For aught we know he may have also been taught the other two. If so, his education extended to "Constructiveness," "Form," "Size," and "Number." But whether or no, that would have made no difference as to his self-culture of "Destructiveness" and its result.

From numerous cases, more or less like that of MOBBS, it has appeared that mere instruction in the Three R's will not suffice to prevent crime. Thence is inferred the need of instruction in a certain Fourth R. Very rightly; the instruction meant being real, and not merely nominal, instruction in the R No. 4—Religion.

What then does instruction in the Fourth R, or Religious Instruction, in relation to the mind that is to receive it, mean, Sir?

I submit that it means teaching which tends to inform, and cultivate, and strengthen, the sentiments by whose possession man differs from the gorilla, the pig, and other beasts that are supposed to perish. To wit, so far as we can enumerate them, "Veneration," or the feeling of reverence, "Marvellousness," spirituality and openness to faith, "Hope," which needs no synonym, "Benevolence," the predisposition to charity, "Conscientiousness," the love of justice, "Firmness," natural constancy, and I may add in connection with the Fourth R taught as it should be even to "Street Arabs," "Ideality," or the sense of the Beautiful.

Of course, Mr. Punch, the sentiments above specified, are all powerfully addressed and affected by the mode of teaching the Fourth R at all our great Public Schools. More than verbiage, under that name, is taught at those institutions.

EARL RUSSELL proposes to meet the difficulty, arising from the dissension about what the Fourth R means, which impedes the teaching of that R in the projected national schools, by limiting instruction therein to reading a portion of Scripture daily, and singing a hymn.

Has the noble Lord considered how far this scheme would go to cultivate "Veneration," "Marvellousness," &c.? To be sure, there are hymns and hymns. Does his Lordship, however, mean a hymn sung to an ordinary "parochial" or "congregational" psalm tune? The Eton, the Winchester, the Westminster, the Harrow, and Rugby scholars are not, I think, taught the Fourth R, by being practised in this kind of psalmody.

Yet EARL RUSSELL's suggestion has its value. True sacred music certainly does arouse and inspire "Veneration," &c. I mean such music as that which overcame HERR BREITMANN:—

"Dey blay crate dings from MOZART,
BEETHOVEN, and MESSUL,
Mit chorals of SEBASTIAN BACH,
Scooplime and peaudiful.
Der Breitmann feel like holy saints,
De tears room down his fuss;
Und he sopped out,"

—his devotional feelings in High Dutch. But, besides, sacred music is unsectarian. Indeed, Mr. Punch, may we not say it is the only possible means of teaching a "common" Fourth R?

But would the Ratepayers stand the needful organ and organist? Perhaps they might at least be induced to afford a tolerably good barrel organ, playing some of the nobler simple psalm tunes, such as "The Old Hundredth," "Adeste, Fideles," or "Martin Luther's Hymn," thus, with a little enlargement, carrying out EARL RUSSELL's idea. In this expedient there would be only a superficial resemblance to the Thibetan Prayer-grinding Machine. "Veneration," and the rest of the sentiments relative to the Fourth R would really be appealed to, and educated.

In short, Mr. Punch, I beg to ask, if you can't agree how to teach the Fourth R through the faculty of "Language," why not try and teach it through the faculties of "Time" and "Tune?" Assuredly, the Fourth R will not really be taught at all unless some means are taken to educate Veneration and the rest of the higher sentiments. Please, Sir, remember that the practicability of thus harmonising discordant sects is quite independent on the verity or the humbug of that alleged Science the nomenclature of which, for convenience, has been employed by

Yours truly,

JEREMIAH BUMPS.

P.S. People in general have sufficient ear for music—or, as I say, "Time" and "Tune." If there are dunces as to music, there are dunces as to language. Instances need not be named, I fear you will say.

FALSIFIED FACES.

A TEA-DEALER, professing, for his own part, to sell pure tea, informs the public that "to disguise inferior leaves, the Chinese face tea for the English market with mineral powder." We cannot exactly say, dearest,—

"mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur."

Because, it is to be feared, the statement that the Chinese face their tea with mineral powder for the English market is not fabulous. Otherwise, tea faced for the English market, and a girl faced for the marriage market with the like stuff, are equally a swindle, and both the reverse of nice.

Not Improbable.

"The ladies are getting quite the upper hand on the violin."—*Musical Standard*.

As the ladies, some in this country and some in America, are voting at elections, practising as doctors, acting as Magistrates, serving as jurywomen, presiding and speaking at public meetings, and doing various other things hitherto thoughtlessly supposed to be the proper and peculiar work of that poor over-rated creature man, there can be no doubt that they are getting the upper hand, and mean in future to play nothing but first fiddle.

BUTCHERS SUPERSEDED.

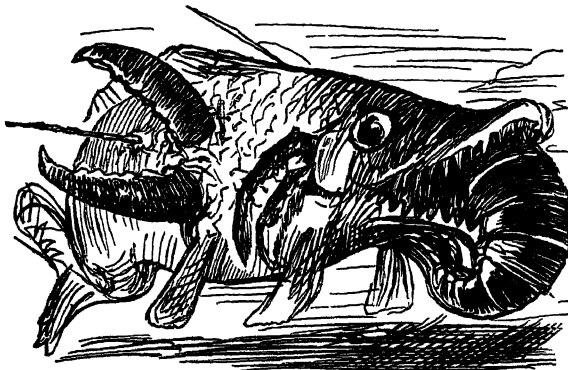
(According to Advertisement, by "The Cooked Meat in Tins at 7½d. per lb.")

COOKED meat in tins is coming into use.
Those meat-tins, Butcher dear, will cook your goose.

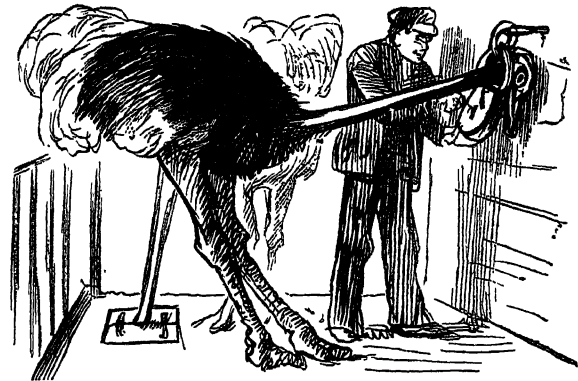
The Motley and the Ermine.

If judicial proceedings in England were as commonly characterised by impertinences, altercations, violations of the rules of evidence by counsel, and expressions of partiality or passion on the part of the judge, as they are in France, how very often we should be guilty of contempt of court!

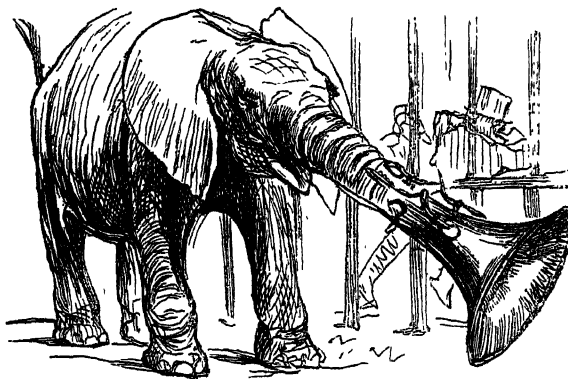
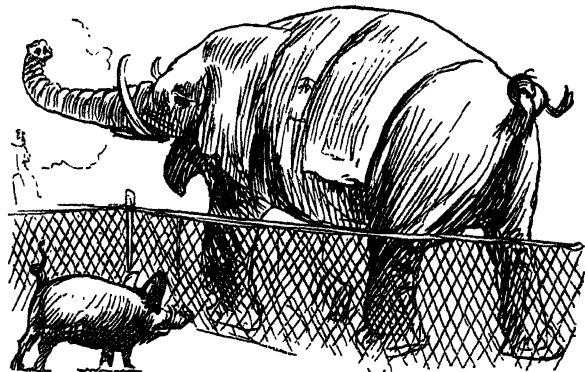
STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



TERRIFIC ENCOUNTER IN THE AQUARIUM BETWEEN THE LOBSTER AND THE JACK.



THE OSTRICH WILL HIDE HIS HEAD IN THE SAND, SO THEY'RE OBLIGED TO LOCK IT UP AT NIGHT, FOR FEAR OF LOSING IT.

STUDY OF THE ELEPHANT IN THE ACT OF "TRUMPETING."
(WE WISH HE WOULDN'T.)

DISTANT BLOOD RELATIONS TURNING UP THEIR NOSES AT EACH OTHER.

CHURCH ARTILLERY.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI has parried the thrusts of COUNT DARU and BARON BEUST with all the skill of a practised fencer. The ministers of France and Rome object to the twenty-one canons *de Ecclesia*, that they sap all the foundations of constitutional law and political allegiance, and thus render it necessary for States as well as Churches to be represented in the Council. When Church (they argue) intrudes on the domain of State, State cannot allow Church to have it all her own way. The claim appears reasonable. But ANTONELLI answers:—

"In such matters it is essential to distinguish between the absolute and theoretical and the relative and practical sides; the Church being a spiritual and divinely constituted society, it is its duty to offer to men's consciences solutions of all the problems which human life encounters; but the exercise of this spiritual right in no way implies an intention on the part of the Church to meddle with political questions."

Sailors have a name of their own for the dummy guns, which clever commanders have sometimes mounted on an indefensible fort, or an ill-armed frigate, to humbug an enemy by an outward show of strength. They call them "quakers." CARDINAL ANTONELLI wishes to persuade France and Austria that the twenty-one Church Canons are "quakers"—only meant to make Rome look formidable, not capable of being fired, and not calculated to hurt a baby. We really believe CARDINAL ANTONELLI has spoken the truth—for once.

Do the POPE and ARCHBISHOP MANNING agree with him, we wonder?

THE DOUBLE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

THE City of London, as to its sanitary arrangements, is under the twofold jurisdiction of the Corporation and the Board of Works. Between these two ruling Powers the City comes to be more carefully taxed than regulated. There is a resemblance and a difference between the City of London as it is now, and the suburb of Brentford as it was once upon a time. The resemblance is that, as Brentford had two Kings so London has two Governments. Herein lies the difference, that, whereas the two Kings of Brentford smelled at one rose, the Board of Works and the Corporation of London apply their respective noses to one sewer.

NOT A ROSE-BUDDHIST.

In all fear and trembling, we submit the following to the advocates of Woman's Rights. It is from a work called *Modern Buddhism*. What Buddhism, ancient or modern, means, is not to the purpose, and this is. The subject is "woman's right" to have a good many husbands. Hear the Buddhist:—

"Men, however many wives they have, and whatever their like or dislike to any of them, have no desire to kill them; but if women had more husbands than one, they would wish to kill all but the one they liked best; for *such is their nature*."

Of course, we do not mean that polyandry is among the plans of the lady reformers, on the contrary, they seem to think that it is rather a condescension, not to say a humiliation for a woman to take one husband, but what do they say to this Oriental light upon the "nature" of the (some time) gentler sex? If they get votes, will they proceed to disfranchise the majority of masculine Electors, on the plea that 'tis their "nature" to?

Quite T'other!

COUNT BRAY, the new Bavarian Minister, thus sums up the guiding principles of his administration:—

"The object of the internal policy of Bavaria is conciliation, and not merely a compromising removal of unfounded fears. The Government is not the Government of a party. As regards our external policy, we will maintain inviolate our independence. The situation of Bavaria is unassailable. Every attack, every threat made in earnest, will occasion complications to which not even the greatest Powers would expose themselves. I promise an open, honest, loyal, policy. No secret treaties, no secret engagements, no political secrets exist. We will be Germans, but at the same time Bavarians."

This sounds like anything but BRAYING.

WILL COME SOME DAY.

THE hustings fell at the Bristol nomination. The fall of the hustings altogether would be no great loss.



DRAWING IT MILD.

Customer. "LA, MISS! IF YOU WAREN'T SO WEAK IN THE WRIST, WHAT A LOT MORE BEER YOU'D SELL!"

PARLIAMENTARY WORK AND WAGES.

ONE obvious objection to MR. P. A. TAYLOR's motion for the payment of Members, with a view to putting workmen in Parliament, is that the payment required would be more than the working classes could stand to subscribe. Suppose any skilled workman, say a journeyman bootmaker, is earning two or three pounds a week, he would be a very great fool to give up his employment in order to accept a seat in the House of Commons on a salary of £150, or £200 a year. How long could he depend upon retaining it, and, failing to be re-elected, how soon could he hope to get re-employed after having, for some years, given up bootmaking for legislation? He would find himself in the position of one who had lost his all, and had no longer his leather and bristles to fall back upon. If a prudent bootmaker, he would decline to take work above his last, like parliamentary labour, unless his constituents would insure him a yearly competence for life.

What must tax the mind of every man devoid of vanity is to imagine how anybody but a self-sacrificing patriot can, unless concerned to defend the interests of some railway or other joint-stock company against those of the public, be otherwise than utterly indisposed to undertake the drudgery of serving in Parliament. To any philosopher, except a most uncommonly moral one, having to serve as a Member of Parliament would be very much worse than having to serve on a jury. It would be by so much worse by how much the Parliamentary Session is longer than that of the Central Criminal Court, or the Assizes. The philosopher wonders he does not see lists of persons liable to be elected Members of Parliament posted on the Church doors.

The Sort of Justice for Ireland.

THE question lately raised about the remission of sentences has recalled to mind the case of KIRWAN, who was convicted in December, 1852, of having murdered his wife at Ireland's Eye, in Dublin Bay, and condemned to death, but whose sentence the Irish Government of the day commuted to transportation for life, on the ground that his guilt was insufficiently proved. This mitigation of punishment was illogical, but exemplifies a way of reasoning, which if Governments were to proceed upon, their acts would no doubt be in general satisfactory to the Irish mind.

IO PÆAN!

TALK of the ties of family,
The ties of blood, or place!
What are they to those light-blue ties
And dark—the ties of race!

Pinned fast unto that darker blue
How long hath victory been!
No chastening shade of grayer hue,
No Oxford-mixture seen!

Through nine long years of hopes and fears
One flag a winner flew,
Till all distinction disappears
Of colours 'twixt the two.

Whate'er the shade that Cambridge necks
Or Cambridge boats might grace,
A darker blue each Cantab grew
With each successive race.

Yet with stout heart still Cambridge kept
Her course, that weary while:
At victory still vainly leapt,
Ere she came to the style.

SELWYN might preach, GEORGE DENMAN teach,
EGAN example show,
Still—"reverend sire"—through Corney Reach,
"Camus came footing slow."*

In vain for spring, and catch, and swing,
His sons strove dauntless still;
Tried, for recovery, MORRISON—
The coach, and not the pill.

Winds might be long, backs might be strong,
Hopes high, to prove more fond—
Failure within their reach sat long,
But victory, beyond.

Ill-luck the bravest hearts to cow,
Most patient pluck o'erwhelm!
Youth *might* be stroke as well as bow,
Pleasure had left the helm.

Folks asked "when *will* the old ties be seen
That once were 'twixt the blues?"
"Must Oxford *always* row to win,
And Cambridge row to lose?"

"Must the race aye be to the swift,
The victory to the strong,
That Oxford's eight each year can lift
A conquering boat along?"

At length the wheel of time hath turned;
Patience its work hath done:
'Gainst the nine wreaths by Oxford earned,
Cambridge hath scored her *one*!

From carriage, bridge, and roof-tree ridge,
Wharf, window, path, and barge,
Swell with one note the million's throat,
Along four miles of marge!

E'en dark-blue flags the triumph grace,
And from the boat-house mast
Proclaim their rival's waiting race,
A winning race at last!

A long chase that stern chase has been,
But, lo, the prize is gained!
The turn that ends the longest lane,
At last hath been attained!

Once more light blue is victory's hue,
And "Cambridge" is the cry!
Good speed to luck, due crown of pluck
That never would say die!

* See *Lycidas*.

CHANGE OF NAME.—The name of the American Captain to whom we are indebted for the latest account of an interview with the great Sea Serpent is SLOCUM—for SLOCUM, read JOKE 'EM.

GIVE A DOG, ETC.



"Let our presence not impair
The fame we come too late to share."

THE GREAT UNTAXED IN POSSE?

To a deputation from the Financial Reform Union that came the other day memorialising for the entire exemption from taxation of tea, coffee, and sugar, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who cannot quite allow that the masses' fair share of the national expenses ought to be paid by the select few, made answer:—

"He did not agree that it was right that the working classes should be wholly exempt from taxation other than that on spirituous and fermented liquors. He thought that a teetotaler, for instance, an honest hard-working man, might fairly be called upon for some contribution towards the expenses of the country. But if they took all these duties away there would be nothing left but those on spirituous and fermented liquors. (A Voice—"The Income-tax.")"

In their address to the Finance Minister the Financial Union Deputation had spoken of the previous repeal of duties on articles of consumption as "relaxations of our fiscal system." The gentleman who cried "Income-tax," meaning "Make the Income-tax payer pay for the remission of my tea, coffee, and sugar duties as well as his own," may perhaps with some permissible licence of English speech, be said to advocate the extension of our confiscal system. The Income-tax (which alone paid for the Abyssinian war) is at present only a measured confiscation. It would be an unmeasured confiscation if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER were willing and able to oblige that gentleman. But MR. LOWE told him that:—

"The people he spoke of were below the Income-tax, but a man, even though he had not a hundred a-year, derived considerable benefit from the country, and in his opinion at least it would be a very bad principle for them to say that there should be two classes, one who imposed taxes, and another who paid them."

The Financial Revolution, calling itself Reform, Union, thinking otherwise, demands a "free breakfast table" with free earnings for one class to be purchased with an impost on the earnings of another class. Button up your pockets, is the exhortation which this demand suggests to everybody whose pocket is within the reach of the person who utters it. And no prudent Chancellor of the Exchequer, even if he were a rogue, and wanted to curry favour with the Financial "Reform" Union, would venture to make Schedule D much more unjust than it is. A general determination of the tax-payers to button up their pockets would soon beget a general scale of self-assessment whereby a tax, thereon greatly depending, would be made to abolish itself.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

We have found out at last where the Horse Marines serve when afloat. It must be in the "Horse Latitudes."

BILINGUAL UTTERANCES.

IL—VIRGILIAN (ÆNEID. V)

The Spurt between SCYLLA and PRISTIS, a Boat-race that was pulled 3000 years ago.

Expectata dies aderat. 'Twas the day of the boat-race. Long before Phæthôn's prads were yoked in the cab of Aurora, All were agog. *Læto complerant litora cælu.* Most visuri the sport: *pars et certare parati.*

Four crack boats, *omni delectæ classe carinæ*, Entered the lists *gracibus remis* for the sway of the waters. First the Pristis, swift as a dart, with Mnestheus her Captain: Next the big tub Chimæra, Captain Gyas; and thirdly, Sergestus, in the huge Centaurus. Lastly Cloanthus Sits in the old blue boat the Scylla, which hails him *magister*. Trojans each of the crew. *Consurgunt ordine remi.*

Then comes the toss for the place. On the thwarts, with oarblades extended, *Expectant signum.* It comes. They are off in an instant, E'en as the flying steeds a *carcere* speeding at Epsom. Cheers from the banks hail the lucky start. *Ferit æthera clamor.* First from the ruck shoots Gyas, and close on his rudder Cloanthus. After him Centaurus. *Æquo discrimine Pristis.*

Now they are nearing the goal; and Gyas, well out in mid-channel, Howls to his *rectorem navis*, Menotes, the coxswain, "Why steer so wide? Hug the shore; and leave those lubbers the middle."

Litus ama. But coxswain Menotes stuck to his tactics, *Sæva timens.* If he grounded, he knew 'twas all up with Chimæra.

Gyas looks back; and, close on his stern, sees the bows of the Scylla. Calmly she *radit iter lævum.* The blue boat is heading! Gyas riled, and *oblitus* quite of the rules of decorum, Simply falls foul of the coxswain and pitches him into the water, Doing his work himself as *rector, et ipse magister!*

Now comes a spurt for second place with Centaurus and Pristis. *Sergestus capit antè locum.* Centaurus is leading. Then shouts Mnestheus, "Your backs to your work. *Insurgite remis.* Go it, my Trojans. We can't win the race, but work for the second!" Didn't they pull? And didn't the old boat creak in her timbers? Slightly it punished his crew; as their *creber anhelitus* told him, When came chance to their aid; Sergestus got hopelessly grounded.

Now there were only two in the race, the Scylla and Pristis—Only the "old blue boat" on ahead—Could they hope to outstrip her? Then *clamor ingeminat.* The shouts and the work were redoubled. Scylla will win it, or die. Successes have told upon Pristis. Anything's now on the cards. *Possunt, quia posse videntur.*

Well nigh the race had been drawn, when lo! an unlooked-for *dénouement!*

Scylla's captain went suddenly in for private devotion. *Tendens* both *palmas* to the sea he prayed to Neptunus, Promising beef and wine as a supper for submarine *Divi*. Heard were his vows in the regions aquatic; and Pater Portunus Gave him a lift. Like a feather-tipp'd shaft sped Scylla in *portum*, Leaving the Pristis to paddle serene, a respectable second.

Distressing Occurrence.

THE Boat Race does not seem to have passed off without at least one appalling catastrophe to mar the day's victory. Two papers relate it, but with a variation in their statements. One says, "The Oxford crew unquestionably fell to pieces," mentioning the exact spot where this terrible accident happened, "after passing Chiswick Church;" the other relieves us of our worst apprehensions by only speaking of "one or two of the crew falling all to pieces" (at Hammersmith Bridge), thus leaving us to hope that the majority of the gallant fellows escaped such an untoward end.

The Eternal Fever Nest.

"A TRAVELLER" writes to the *Times* stating that typhus and typhoid fevers are now raging at Rome. Another febrile disorder of the zymotic kind prevails, and has for many centuries prevailed in the Papal City, where, indeed, it may be said to be endemic, or at least encleric; the Scarlet Fever.

A LUCKY DOG.—A Retriever that will Retrieve a Gentleman's Fortunes.

COERCION FOR THE LADIES.

FOR USE WHEN THEY GET VOTES.

BELGRAVIA.

Sir Armine Lothair de Fitzbassinet. While you're out this afternoon, ESMERALDA, manage to call at the polling-place, and vote for CHARLEY RATTLECASH. Here's your card, with number and all.

Lady de F. B. I have told you, ARMINE, not to open my letters. I have no intention of voting for COLONEL RATTLECASH. I dislike the man, and he knows less of politics than my ALGERNON at Eton.

Sir A. By Jove! Aw! You won't vote for my friend?

Lady de F. B. I wish you had better friends, and I shall vote for MR. M'CHOAKUMCHILD.

Sir A. By Jove! Aw! Knew I'd something else to say. I shan't subscribe to either opera this season.

Lady de F. B. You are not serious?

Sir A. You'll see.

[Exit. LADY DE F. B. sinks upon a couch, in tears.]

RUSSELL SQUARE.

Mr. Recouper. I've had a little constitutional, and served my country into the bargain. I walked round and voted for TIM TWISTER. Get round some time early, MARIA, and do the same, before twelve if you can, as there's no crowding till then.

Mrs. Recouper. Not for all the money in your counting house, JOHN. I promised my vote to LADY PERIWINKLE's friend, MR. MUMBLETON, and I shall keep my word.

Mr. Recouper. Stop a bit. Let's hear about that again.

Mrs. Recouper. It takes two to make a quarrel, and I don't mean to be one of them, JOHN, but I shall do as I say.

Mr. Recouper. It takes two to make a tour to Switzerland, and I don't mean to be one of them, MARIA. I always do as I say.

Mrs. Recouper. Not go to Switzerland?

Mr. Recouper. Not if you don't vote for TIM.

Mrs. Recouper. But I have promised.

Mr. Recouper. Keep your promise, and write for lodgings at Rams-gate. [Exit.]

THE STRAND.

Mr. Mahogany. Now, ELIZA, get on your bonnet, and we'll go round to Covent Garden together—two votes for DABCHICK.

Mrs. Mahogany. I am prepared to accompany you to the polling-place, MR. MAHOGANY, but I shall exercise my suffrage in favour of MR. CRACKER.

Mr. M. Hay, hay?

Mrs. M. I believe that I spoke distinctly, MR. MAHOGANY.

Mr. M. What's that fad? What's CRACKER to you?

Mrs. M. Having perused his address, I approve his principles, and propose to tender him my support.

Mr. M. Tender! You're a pleasant person to talk of tenderness. Where's your tenderness for me, I should like to know?

Mrs. M. I am aware of my duty, both to you and to the country.

Mr. M. Are you? Then it's little the country will see of you this year. I'll take nobody out of town that don't harmonise with my sentiments. Gravesend will be at your entire service, M'm, and I shall take my holiday at Boulogne.

Mrs. M. It is impossible that you can be guilty, even in imagination, of such insupportable tyranny. It was indeed time that we should have the franchise.

Mr. M. CRACKER's a very fine candidate, M'm, and the shrimps at Gravesend are remarkably fine, also. [Exit.]

THE NEW CUT.

Mr. Bonassus. Bin out and voted blue, SARAH? As, if so, I'll reward myself with a screw for minding the shop.

Mrs. Bonassus. I have been out and voted red, JAMES, as I told you I should.

Mr. B. You haven't?

Mrs. B. As we have as yet no ballot, you can find out for yourself. Do you think I'd stoop to tell you a crammer?

Mr. B. Better for you if you had.

Mrs. B. When I say a thing, I stick to it.

Mr. B. Then you'd better say "shop," for you'll stick to that to-morrow. BILL! Go over to SAM PODEG's, and say I shan't want that gig for Hendon to-morrow. Suckumstances have changed.

Mrs. B. You won't drive me to the "Harp" to-morrow?

Mr. B. No. For you wouldn't be led, nor driven neither, to-day. There's a moral lesson for you, MRS. BONASSUS, M'm. [Exit.]

BUGGINS'S RENTS.

Tom Spandril. Now, old woman, let's go and exercise our rights, and poll for WILKINS.

Mrs. Spandril. Take your basket of dirty tools off my table when I've just washed it. I shan't vote WILKINS.

Tom. What for?

Mrs. S. He's a stuck-up monkey. I vote JENKINS.

Tom. He's a fool.

Mrs. S. Better a fool than a monkey. And he ain't.

Tom. I say he is.

Mrs. S. That don't prove nothing. I shall go for JENKINS.

Tom. Will you—once? Twice? Three times? [She nods.]

Mrs. S. Three thousand, if you come to that.

Tom. And I had plotted a bit of surprise for you. Pit of the Wic Tom and Jerry. Me and my pal BOB'LL go. He votes WILKINS.

[Exit to find BOB.]

MEDIUMSHIP, HOME AND FOREIGN.

THOSE who have been accustomed to suppose that Spiritualism, at Rome, was treated as sorcery, will be surprised by the statement of the *Times*' Special Correspondent that:—

"PALMA, the *Estatica*, has good news for CARDINAL WISEMAN's friends. He came out of purgatory on the 7th instant. For some reason or other there has been great anxiety on the subject. Unless it be that the Cardinal certainly had to be cured of a rather random style of statement, reference, and quotation, I am not aware that he wanted more than usual purgation. However, he is out now, so says the medium."

Some sceptical minds will perhaps wish to know whether the visions of PALMA (hysterical young person?) are palmed off by the ecclesiastical authorities as supernatural. Do their reverences recognise Miss PALMA's Spiritualism whilst they condemn Mr. HOME's? The *Estatica* is what Spiritualists call a trance-medium; so is HOME; and MR. HOME, it is said, does, in his trances, things with his palms seemingly even more impossible than any appearances presented by the palms of PALMA; from whom he quite bears away the palm, unless the Newspaper and Magazine devoted to Spiritualism have fathered the most tremendous "whoppers" and "bangers" upon certain noble lords, and others. According to their alleged testimony, MR. HOME, at some recent *séances*, has raked live coals out of the fire with his naked hands, and gone about with them in his grasp. He has not only held them himself, unhurt, but has also caused other persons, in whose hands he has placed them, to hold them without injury or inconvenience. He once crowned the head of MR. SAMUEL CARTER HALL with a great red-hot coal. This ornament gave the wearer no more pain than a foolscap in its place would have given him. It is difficult to imagine MR. HOME capable of thus heaping coals of fire on the heads of his friends, without burning them. He might be conceived able to handle fire himself, however, by means no more occult than a sort of chemical palmistry, but anyhow he surpasses anything that we have heard of PALMA; for no one has pretended that PALMA had any hand in getting CARDINAL WISEMAN out of purgatory.

It has been further averred on the eye-witness of persons of quality, that MR. HOME, whilst entranced, has been elongated and contracted in stature several inches, like the child's plaything called a Jack-in-the-Box. This beats the most wonderful of all the performances enumerated by SWIFT in his account of JOHN EMANUEL SCHOITZ, "the wonder of all the wonders that ever the world wondered at;" but still more wonderful is the undoubted fact that men say they saw it.

"Never believe half of what you hear" is a good rule to apply to most extraordinary narratives. In the mean time, we are happy to hear that MR. HOME, in playing with fire, has been practising Spiritualism without burning his fingers.

"QUITE THE REVERSE."

My dear PETER TAYLOR, you'll find it a failure—

This attempt to get Members allowed daily wages—
Such a plan might have done, in the year known as "one,"
'Midst the ecene innocence of the dark ages.

Why for precedents rake in antiquity's embers,

When the case has been altered, as you'd say "in tota."

How on earth can you hope to see voters pay Members,
At a time when the rule is that Member pays voter?

Flunkeyismus in Excelsis.

A LETTER from Rome, addressed to a contemporary, tells us that:—

"The MARQUIS DE BANNEVILLE was received by the POPE before his departure, but in such a hurry that his Holiness was not surrounded by the usual officers of his antechamber, and the Ambassador (by permission) presented himself in a black coat instead of his official uniform."

Perhaps there exists at Rome a tradition that, when St. Peter was Pope, he was accustomed to admit no one to an audience who presented himself (unless by permission) otherwise than in full toga.



THINGS THEY MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE.

SCENE—AT A PUBLISHER'S.

"PARLYVOO ONGLY, MOSSOO?"

"YES, SARE."

"O—I SEE YOU ARE PUBLISHING AN ANNUAL OF THE FRENCH 'NOBLESSE!'"

"YES, SARE."

"WELL, MY NAME IS—A—IS ROBINSON, IN POINT OF FACT; BUT I HAVE SOME REASON TO BELIEVE THAT ON MY MOTHER'S SIDE I AM DISTANTLY CONNECTED WITH THE FRENCH ARISTOCRACY, AND I SHOULD LIKE TO TRACE——"

"YES, SARE. I ONDAIRSTAND. IF YOU SHALL VEESH TO SOOSCRIBE TO MY ANNUAL—THIRTY-SIX FRANC BY YEAR—YOU SHALL WRITE IN EET ANY MORTAL SING IN ZE WORLD YOU PLEASE ABOUT YOURSELF AND YOUR DISTINGUISHED FRENCH EXTRACTION."

"THE CRY OF THE INNOCENTS."

"Various persons inculpated in the Reports of the Beverley, Bridgewater, Sligo, and Norwich Election Commissioners, have addressed to the House of Commons petitions complaining of the proceedings, conduct, and language of the Commissioners."

Of all the injured innocents that e'er were doomed to slaughter,
Commend me to the innocents of Norwich and Bridgewater.
The innocents of Sligo and the innocents of Beverley,
By cruel Election Commissioners hung, drawn, and quartered cleverly!

Their motives misinterpreted, a laughing-stock they're made, Sir,
The hardest names applied to things; e.g., a spade called spade, Sir.
Acts of charity construed bribery, and men who platter or cup shun
Save in the way of kindness, charged with treating and corruption!

The ten or a dozen natural tale of black sheep in a score invidiously
Made ground for a charge of blackness against the whole score, in-
sidiously!

And respectable people who have stuck at nothing to serve their party,
Are branded with crime, for their open hands and enthusiasm hearty!

And not content with black'ning us, and bullying, and backbiting,
And finding fault with practices we've always thought fair fighting,
And insinuating that agency is oft mere pocket-picking,
And that money we got to distribute to our fingers still is sticking,

And gen'rally making objects of most unmerited odium,
All that bearded them in the witness-box, and refused to bow down
and toady 'em,

And using offensive language such as "coster" and "buffoon."
And treating a witness for all the world like a door-mat or spittoon,

They want to take away our dear electoral rights
For which we have been the 'eroes, we may say, of a 'undred fights:
To shut up our public meetings and likewise our public 'ouses,
And drive 'umble voters to work for their little ones and spouses!

To set the grass growing in our streets, to stop the ploughs in our
furrows,
And blight our surest harvest, by disfranchising our boroughs;
Take away a Briton's birth-right—enslave soul and o'er-crow body—
Which is 'ouse is his castle, and as for his vote, what he does with
that's nothing to nobody!

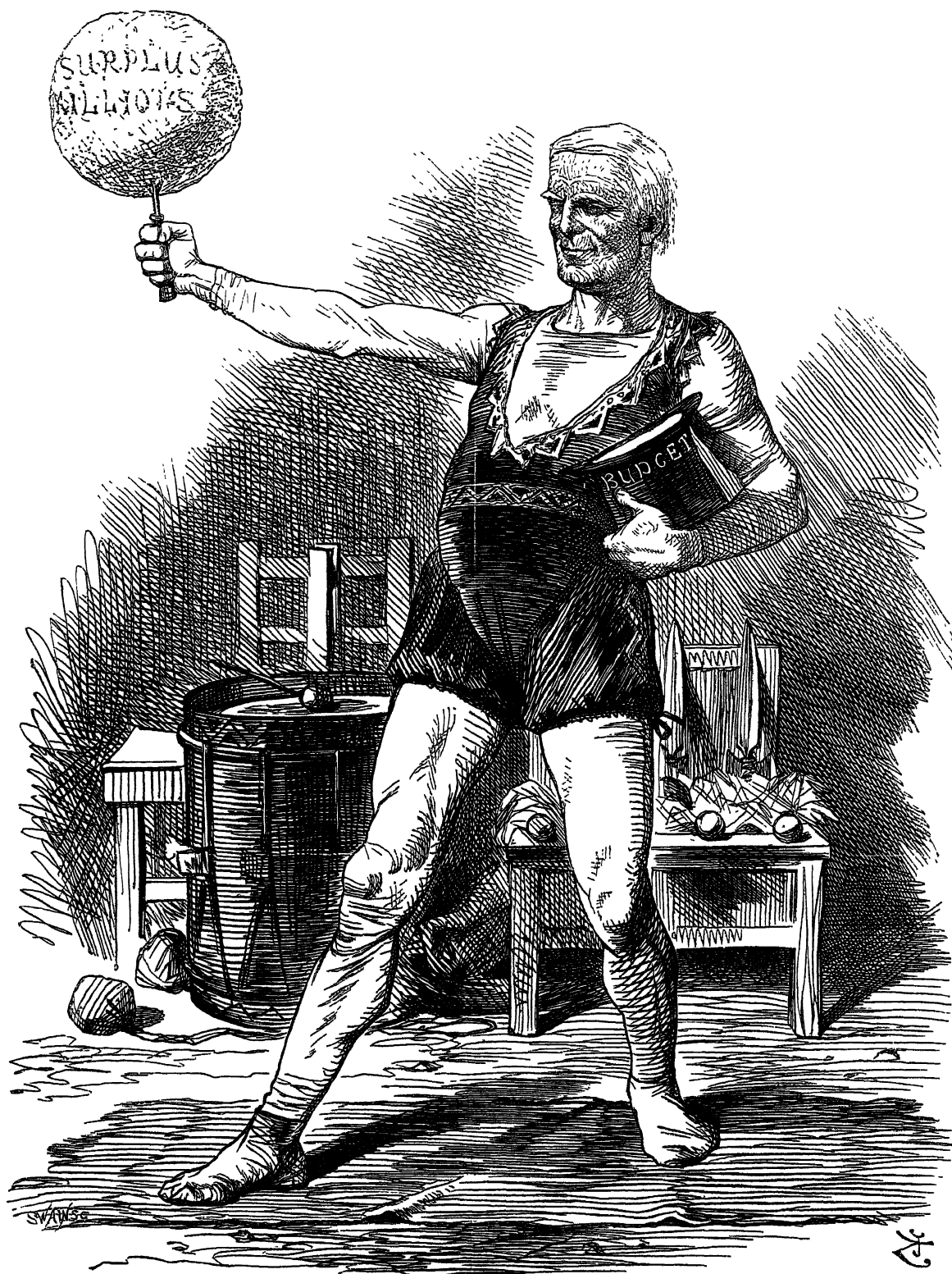
Then interpose your ægis between us and destruction,
And of no more disfranchising bills permit the introduction.
Name no more Election Commissioners to expose and insult their betters;
Or, if you are forced to name 'em, take care that they're dead letters!

Happy Application.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Inverness Courier* tells the following story:

"*A propos* of conscience clauses, a friend of mine lately announced to a party of guests that on going down to dinner he meant to say *grace*, according to use, but that if any had conscientious objections to that ceremony they might come down five minutes later. Some secularists were present, but did not avail themselves of the permission."

Very good. But Cardinal CULLEN would have called them "soupers."



“NO DECEPTION THIS TIME!”

PROFESSOR BOB. “LAST YEAR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I PRODUCED AN EGG FROM NOTHING! (LOOK OUT YOUR *PUNCH*, APRIL 24, 1869.) THIS YEAR—BEHOLD!—A *LARGE SOLID PUDDING!*!”

AT SPES NON FRACTA.



SINCE CHRISTIAN has been presiding over a meeting of the Society of Arts for organising the Fine Arts Department of the International Exhibition of 1871:—

"The special object of the proposed annual exhibition the Prince explained, "was to show how closely artistic culture could be connected with works of industry. In modern times we had lost sight of that intimate alliance between art and industry which was characteristic of ancient and mediæval days. What we had now arrived at was the revival of that wholesome alliance. It was hoped that these exhibitions would encourage the application of artistic talent to objects of utility of every

description. He could quote many instances from the history of art to show that it was not beneath the dignity of its most illustrious professors to combine the useful with the ornamental. MICHAEL ANGELO was a sculptor, painter, and architect; so was RAPHAEL; LEONARDO DA VINCI was an engraver, architect, and painter; FRANCIA was a goldsmith and painter; CELLINI, a goldsmith and painter; HOLBEIN, an architect, painter, and designer; ALBERT DÜRER a painter and engraver. Surely these great examples would stimulate the art-students of our own day to a similar breadth of culture."

Bravely spoken, PRINCE CHRISTIAN. But if the promoters of the Exhibition look to see this object realised, they should borrow another patron from the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and get *Hopeful* to preside over their meetings along with *Christian*.

THE TAXPAYER TO THE TEETOTAL ALLIANCE.

You will stop the liquor traffic if you can; of course you know
What millions, then, will into the Exchequer cease to flow.
How, Gentlemen, propose you to restore the revenue?
What notion of a budget readjusted meets your view?

To compensate the duties gone with spirits, wine, and beer,
Say, will you tax the draughts which not inebriate but cheer?
Shall tea and coffee's increased rate the deficit make up,
And sugar some addition pay for sweetening the cup?

Sherbet the subject of excise perhaps, too, will be made,
Along with soda-water, ginger-beer, and lemonade.
Perhaps, ye Maine Law orators who town and country "stump,"
You'll e'en impose a duty on the cistern and the pump.

'Mongst ways and means conceivable there is a mean and way,
Whereon if you do meditate, be kindly pleased to say.
Mean you to load yet more one class of overlaid backs;
Make those pay for your Liquor Law who pay the Income-tax?

Not if I know it; not if I can help it, masters mine,
Shall you for others' drunkenness amerce me with a fine,
My rents, gains, earnings, confiscate, wine, grog, and beer taboo,
Deprive me of my drink and of my money rob me, too.

Great Want of Conscience Money.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER never acknowledges the receipt of the first half of a note, or any other remittance from "A Teetotaller," of conscience-money on account of non-contribution to the revenue occasioned by total abstinence from consumption of exciseable liquors.

LOOK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

ASKING a lady what her accomplishments are, is, generally speaking, harmless enough. Still, in these days, it might in some cases cause embarrassment to put the question, "Do you paint?"

A FINANCIAL TITLE.

SHOULD the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER be made a Baronet, he would naturally take the title of Sir-plus LOWE.

THE HEIGHT OF JUST TAXATION.

AN article in the *Saturday Review* on "MR. LOWE and the Income-tax," apparently one of a series of articles written by a gentleman who rejoices in the blessing of a secure independence, contains the usual sneers at the complainants against Schedule D., and contains, also, its customary vindication. The perfect justice of taxing permanent and temporary incomes alike is thus demonstrated:—

"A sound financier, when he has to raise a certain revenue, endeavours to leave all sections of the community in the same relative condition in which he found them. In the absence of taxation, a fund-holder and a tradesman, receiving equal incomes, would vary in wealth by the difference between a perpetuity and the estimated duration of the business. A tax of fourpence or sixpence in the pound, in one case, lasting for ever, and in the other terminating with the income itself, adjusts itself with the nicest accuracy to the circumstances of both parties. It is true that the proprietor, having a provision secured to his family, has not the same need of saving which affects the shopkeeper; but the proposition that he has more to spend is identical with the original assumption that he is richer. The tax-gatherer has no right to inquire whether money is hoarded, or squandered, or legitimately expended."

The original assumption that the man of perpetual income is richer than the man of terminable income being undeniable, and the proposition that he has more to spend being identical with that assumption, the difference of the former from the latter appears to be that he is simply richer. As the receiver of an annual income of which he has more to spend than another who receives the same income but has less to spend, is he not by so much the more rich of the two? But how much less to spend has the man of terminable income who needs indefinitely to save? Has he not indefinitely less? Is he not indefinitely poorer? Is it not a truth, if a pun, to say that a terminable and an interminable income are incommensurate?

Does the *Saturday Reviewer* mean to say that the happy man possessed of a competence which he has no fear of losing, and can leave behind him, is not immensely better able to afford paying an Income-tax all his life than the miserable wretch whose means of subsistence may very likely end to-morrow, is to pay the same amount yearly whilst his precarious income lasts? Does he further mean to say, that in the imposition of a tax no regard should be had to comparative ability to afford the payment? The height of just taxation, then, according to his idea of it, would perhaps be a poll-tax of uniform amount, levied indiscriminately on everyone out of whom it could be screwed.

LE MIEUX EST L'ENNEMI DU BIEN.

Or all queer International undertakings, an International Horse-Shoe Company is announced as in the market,—

"With a capital of £400,000, half to be first issued, in shares of £10, for extending in all parts of the world the manufacture of horse-shoes by patent machinery, especially the 'Goodenough' patent shoes."

The *raison d'être* for the company, and its prospect of profits, being based, we presume, on the plea that the horse shoes now in use are *not* good enough.

New Johnsonian Dogma.

(From a Forthcoming Edition of Bozzz's Opus Magnum.)

I ASKED my illustrious friend the reason why the conversation of certain persons of our acquaintance usually, when they met together, consisted of banter. "Sir," said DR. JOHNSON, "it is their mutual contempt. Each of them despises the other too much to talk with him seriously." "Sir," he added, "they would be unable to talk much else amongst themselves than nonsense, even if they tried."

Cold Comfort.

MR. COLE explained at the late meeting for the promotion of the Fine Arts Department of the proposed Exhibition of 1871, in answer to a doubt expressed by MR. MILLAIS whether painters or possessors of pictures would send them, that pictures would be sent on the same conditions as to the Royal Academy. That means, with the chance of two in three being rejected. Can't MR. COLE find a more encouraging precedent?

Sentiment in Solitude.

Mr. Hornowl (*solus on the Hill in Richmond Park on the University Boat-race Day*).—Brilliant sunshine. Balmy air. Wind west, I take it. Venerable oaks. Golden green light on trunks and limbs, standing out of warm grey and purple shadow. Song of joyous birds. Deep stillness. Ecstatic repose. Gives one an idea of Heaven. Not a soul to be seen!



THE LAST "GOOD THING" OF THE SEASON,

(A FINISH WITH THE "BLAZEAWAY" FOXHOUNDS.)

ENDING IN A RUN TO GROUND. NOT TO DISAPPOINT THE HOUNDS, IT IS DECIDED TO DIG OUT THE FOX. AFTER A GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE WITH SPADES AND STICKS, &c., EVERYONE IS MUCH GRATIFIED TO SEE UNEARTHED, NOT A POOR DRAGGLED FOX, BUT—
A FINE OLD BUCK RABBIT!

PARLIAMENTARY GRAMMARIANS.

MR. GLADSTONE, a master of language, has beaten so many philological facts into the heads of uneducated Members of Parliament, that the natural ingratitude of persons who have been benefited broke out viciously the other night, when the PREMIER was thought to have tripped. He said that he would, in a certain case, have made a concession "reluctantly, but ungrudgingly." Various Members emitted noises. Their education must still be conducted in the primary way. If one of them, at an election, were told that he must bribe a certain voter, the candidate (we trust) would not assent at all. But if he did assent, it would be (we hope) with "reluctance." But he would not (we suppose) "grudge" the half sovereign, or try to get the vote for seven shillings. There are more things in JOHNSON and WEBSTER, Gentlemen, than are dreamt of in *your* philology.

"Mind the Paint."

Most useful body, the Society of Arts. Always do the right thing at the right time. For example, at the commencement of another London season they manfully face what is believed to be a growing evil, and acting, we presume, on the principle of making the best of a bad thing, cause a paper to be read at one of their weekly meetings "On Surface Decoration." We hope ladies are admissible on these occasions.

An Irish Analogy.

MR. O'BRAILLAGHAN suggests a scheme for the pacification of his native country, which, he says, ought to have been tried long ago, but cannot be for some time to come. He points to the expedient adopted by EDWARD THE FIRST to conciliate the Welsh, and proposes that it shall be repeated on the next opportunity by causing a Royal infant to become the Prince of Wales through being born in Ireland.

MONASTERIES AND MONASTERIES.

OF course the order for MR. NEWDEGATE'S Select Committee of inquiry as to the property and domestic economy of Convents will be discharged. On second thoughts Parliament will abandon any idea of resisting the influence exerted by the Roman Catholic Clergy, and evincing any mistrust of the wisdom and goodness wherewith institutions which they direct are regulated. But our Legislators cannot have implicit confidence in the mock-turtle monasteries of Ritualism, and in that peculiar compound of monkery and nunnery, the Agape-mone. It is a pity that, since what is sauce for the goose must be also sauce for the gander, Roman Catholic conventual establishments cannot be protected from investigation unless the same exemption is accorded to others which are certainly abodes of superstition, and may, some of them, possibly be dens of infamy.

Sold in Quantities.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR IRELAND hopes before long to introduce a measure into the House of Commons on the subject of the Sale of Poison in that country. Meanwhile, let us hope, the Peace Preservation Bill, with its newspaper clauses, will have a wholesome effect in regulating and diminishing the sale of a poison which has now for some time past been rather too extensively prepared for public consumption in Ireland.

De Lunatico Confringendo.

It is expected that the Commissioners in Lunacy will immediately enter on an inquiry as to the nature of the connection which is found to exist between fractious Lunatics and fractured Ribs. They will probably find that the fractures of the ribs are caused by muscular action.

TO MRS. PROFESSOR FAWCETT.

(From Punch's own Correspondence.)

DEAR MRS. PROFESSOR,

You have lately been delivering lectures on the Electoral Disabilities of Women. I quite sympathise with your wisely desire to keep abreast of your excellent and irrepressible husband. As it seems to be his special function to start untimely hares in the House of Commons, you cannot be more congenially occupied than in agitating crude changes out-of-doors. I can only hope that if your agitation for the electoral rights of your sex ever carries it as far as the polling-booth, it will be content to stop there, and not press forward to the House. I own I do not like to contemplate the possibility of two FAWCETTS in the field—or rather on the Commons—at once, and one of them in petticoats, uniting the normal feminine unwillingness to take an answer, to the special irrepressibility and deafness to all reasons but his own of the eminent man whose wife, by natural selection, you have become.

I find now that you have dropped the limitation with which your sister agitators started, and that you go in for repealing the electoral disabilities of *all* women—married as well as single. You are logical in this, as well as wise in your generation. I am not aware whether you admit that man and wife is one flesh. I know you refuse to admit that man and wife is one purse. I cannot wonder that you should refuse to admit, by implication, that man and wife is one mind, and that a vote given to the wife will be only another given to the husband.

One object of the various movements you are so active in promoting—Women's Suffrage Movement, Women's Separate Property Movement, Women's Examination Movement, Women's University Movement, Women's Admission to the Professions Movement, &c.—is the cultivation of a bold spirit of self-dependence and self-assertion in your sex, which, if you could develop it to the full, would, I doubt not, soon dispose of all objections to a married woman's franchise founded on the assumption that the wife would be likely to be guided by her husband in giving her vote.

Besides, if married women are not to have votes, you lose what seems likely to be one of the chief motives to electoral activity among your sex. As a rule, women—married women, in particular, with home cares and labours heavy upon them—care little, as yet, about politics. You admit this, but explain it by their exclusion, thus far, from political functions. But one thing they *do* care about—bless em!—and that is the comfort of their homes, and the satisfaction of “paying their way.” Women, as far as I have seen, hate and fear debt, far more than men, and when trusted with any voice or control in money matters, are keener bargainers, and better husbands of their husbands' earnings than we are. One value, at least, the franchise will have in their eyes—it will be worth money. As they don't care for politics, and *do* care for money—for family needs, above all—they will be likely enough not only to see that their husbands vote for the side that pays best—as the election reports show they do now, very generally, in the class usually influenced by bribes—but will bring another vote to the agent's book, for another lump of “sugar.” But the unanimity of the vote will be the wife's work, not the husband's; and what oftensest determines it will be the colour of the candidate's money. I feel pretty sure that whatever the female franchise may cost the country, it will cost candidates a pretty penny.

Has it never occurred to you that in parcelling out life into two great fields, the one inside, the other outside the house-doors, and in creating two beings so distinct in body, mind, and affections as men and women, the Framers of the Universe *must* have meant the two for different functions? Can you deny, or shut your eyes to the fact that a similar distinction runs through the whole animal kingdom? Surely, so long as the masculine creature keeps aloof from the domain of the feminine, and leaves to her the nursing and rearing and training of the family, and the ordering and gracing of the home, there lies a tremendously strong presumption against the wisdom of the feminine entry on the masculine domain of business and politics?

I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance; but I have never pictured you to myself as one of those formidable, bass-voiced, big-armed men-women, whose assault on the position of our sex is inspired by an unfitness to rule in their own. On the contrary, I should expect to find you as charming, graceful, and feminine as your pretty name—MILLICENT. May I presume on that impression to ask you, *entre nous*, and in strictest confidence, how you manage matters with the Professor when you want to carry a point? Do you argue with him? I should hope not, judging from my experience of him in the House. I see how GLADSTONE fares at his hands. I imagine *you* must have a very different way of going to work with him. If you have that wifely power which is your right, at home, may I ask how this is acquired and retained? Is it by any arts within masculine reach, or by a magic all feminine, and all your own—such as all men succumb to from the wand of some Circe or other?

Don't trouble yourself to give an answer. I read it in your face—on your lips, that smile without speaking. Ah! *there* is the female franchise, *Frau Professorin*. Give women votes! Bless you, dear,

bewitching creatures,—so strong while you are willing to be weak, so irresistible while you choose to use your own weapons,—if you cared for votes, you have them already. Have you not the men's? In a word here is my dilemma, dear Mrs. Professor. Either women don't care for votes—in which case they will make a bad use of them; or they *do* care for them, in which case they have ours.

Look how you rule in that Parliament for the business of which you no care, and whose budget you control and appropriate. What man dares call his *home* his own? What man, that deserves to be called a man, with a good wife, wishes to be other than her humble servant, bread-winner, hewer of wood and drawer of water, within the walls of that sacred sphere, of which the household hearth is the central sun? Depend upon it, if Nature had meant you for the franchise, you would have had it long ago. But then, if you had been in our place, we should have been in yours. Do you think it would be a better world for the change? Leaving you to ponder the question, I remain, my dear Mrs. Professor,

Your faithful friend and servant,

PUNCH.

BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

[This great Indian reformer is invited to a Tea Meeting by the British and Foreign Unitarian Society at the Hanover Square Rooms.]

Who on earth, of living men,

Is BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN?

I doubt if even one in ten

Knows BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

Have *you* heard—if so, where and when—

Of BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN?

The name surpasses human ken—

BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN!

To write it almost spoils my pen:

Look—BABOO—KESHUB—CHUNDER—SEN!

From fair Cashmere's white-peopled glen

Comes BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN?

Or like “my ugly brother BEN,”

Swarth BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN?

Big as ox, or small as wren,

Is BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN?

Let's beard this “lion” in his den—

This BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

So come to tea and muffins, then,

With BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

RATHER TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

THE following is an extract from an account of the Boat Race:—

“We understand it is the intention of the authorities to take an early opportunity of coming to a clear understanding with the Thames Conservancy on the subject of the steamers, and for keeping the river clear on practice days on future occasions, failing which it is their intention to remove the race elsewhere, and this, we need scarcely say, would be a great loss to the Metropolis and its inhabitants.”

Is not this a little unreasonable? The Thames does not flow merely to serve as a course for the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race—it has other uses. It is conserved for business as well as pleasure. The traffic on the river is not insignificant; and if it is to be interfered with on practice days, as well as on the day of the race, the “authorities” (we presume the two University Boat Clubs are meant,) will of course be ready to make compensation to those who otherwise will suffer, that they may sport. The threat to remove the race elsewhere must be borne with submission; perhaps, however, the loss would not be confined to the Metropolis and its inhabitants; perhaps the crews themselves and their University friends might not feel quite the same stimulating interest in the struggle, if fought out in the oriental privacy of King's Lynn, even with all the assistance the Eastern Counties Railway could give it.

When we hear that the Derby is to be run on Salisbury Plain, we shall believe in the possibility of the University Boat Race being rowed and won on some other water than the Thames.

A Barrel of Barrels.

THE papers have a story about a man who received a barrel, found to be full of revolvers and cartridges. He stated that he had supposed it to contain Herrings. Suggests our ever ready friend SHAKESPEARE, “Shotten Herrings!”



THE ALTERNATIVE.

Artist (to Model who has called to ask if he shall take his Pictures down to the R. Academy on Tuesday night). "YOU'RE TOO LATE, SMITHERS. BULFORD WAS HERE JUST NOW, AND I PROMISED HIM THE JOB."

Smithers. "VERY SORRY, SIR. BUT—(with hesitation)—IF SO BE, SIR—IT MIGHT 'APPEN, SIR—IN CASE THEY WAS—TO BE FETCHED AWAY, SIR—"

Artist (savagely). "IF THEY'RE REJECTED, YOU MEAN.—I'LL LET YOU KNOW!"

THE DANCE OF DAVID.

"An elder, who is also Precentor, in a Free Church not fifty miles from Inverness, lately attended the marriage of his eldest son, and in the evening joined the young couple and others in a reel, by way of leading off the dance. This having come to the ears of the other elders of the church, they held a conclave, to which DAVID was summoned. He made a full confession, and has been suspended from his office of Precentor for three calendar months. DAVID has been an elder and Precentor for twenty years. So much the more reason, argued the Kirk Session, why he ought to know better than to make merry at his son's marriage."—*Inverness Courier*.

ELDER DAVID, the Precentor, his son's wedding dance attended, Elder DAVID, the Precentor, from his office was suspended, Though Old DAVID, the Psalmist, danced, we know, 'fore the ark, Elder DAVID, the Precentor, must *not* dance for the lark. Let the fate of Elder DAVID, the Precentor, *in terrorem*, Hang o'er the heads of elders, when they list to "*Tullochgorum*," But one point in the punishment appropriate one feels, That such elders, when suspended, be suspended by the heels!

A Molten M.P.

A NEWSPAPER contents-board, the other day exhibited a startling announcement:—

"Liquidation of SIR W. RUSSELL, M.P."

This notification came out on or near Lady Day. It would have been less astounding if it had appeared at Midsummer.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

WE like a quiet tenor, and mean, therefore, to go to Covent Garden to hear SIGNOR NAUDIN.

A PROFESSOR OF MUSIC AND BEER.

MM. ROTHSCHILD, in Paris, have been defrauded by an *employé* of some trifling sum—2,500,000 francs, or so. It would be, in the circumstances, like speaking of the halfpence which one leaves in the pocket of a great-coat, and which tumble out in brushing, but for a fact,—the dishonest party, whose German name is TASSIUS,

"Was a great lover of Music and Beer."

This should be observed upon. He must have loved bad music and bad beer,—WAGNER and swipes, let us say. For the love of either article, when genuine, bespeaks a noble and gentle nature; and the united love ought to have gone near to form a perfect character; whereas, no doubt that TASSIUS had a lean and hungry look. We know persons who love Music and Beer—but then it is a case of HANDEL and BASS, or ALLSOPP—and they are the very last people in the world to steal two millions and a half of francs, or any other sum. The journals should be more discriminating.

Out of his Depth.

"OCEAN SCREWING."—Our old friend, COMMODORE TRUNNION, R.N. (now on the Retired List), who does not look with much favour on the reductions in the Navy Estimates, seeing this as a heading in one of the papers, jumped at once to the conclusion that it must mean Admiralty Economy.

VERY POLITE.

WITH reference to a paragraph which appeared in a recent number of *Punch*, touching on the manufacture of marmalade, our esteemed friend and correspondent, MRS. MALAPROP, writes to inform us that hers is always made at home, and of Civil oranges.

FEARS OF FEMALE EMANCIPATION.



E cannot but express the fear that if women had the votes to which they are, as a matter of abstract justice, entitled, their conduct, in relation to the franchise and the hustings, would be generally of a frailish character. If a ten-pound note were wanted in the house, the lady thereof would, in too many cases, there is reason to fear, think that consideration the best of all possible reasons to determine her vote for a particular candidate, and, in voting accordingly, she would consider herself to vote for the true Liberal. Treating, by means of ices and champagne, or tea and shrimps, is quite as possible as with gin and beer

and legs of mutton and trimmings. It might prove very usual; and bribery might be practised to a great extent with gloves and bouquets.

The progress of Liberalism would render it necessary that the years of discretion, for electoral purposes, of women, should be prolonged to twenty-five or twenty-six. The political opinions of a girl of twenty-one would in most cases be moulded by the young officers and other young gentlemen she was in the habit of dancing with—nearly all of them Conservatives. Or else she would derive her politics from her brothers fresh from a public school or University, almost sure to be violent Tories, who would make her despise the Liberal party by calling its members snobs and cads. By the time a damsel is thirty she has ceased to worship her brothers; and officers and other youths have ceased to dance with her.

However, *fiat justitia ruat cælum*. It is possible, though, that we might extend the elective franchise to the softer sex without bringing the firmament of the British Constitution about our ears.

FINE FEATHERS FOR FINE BIRDS.

It is a new thing to see economy suggested in connection with the fashions. Yet here is a little hint which any fashionable economist may turn to some small profit, if she will so condescend:—

"Ladies can make their own hair-cloth skirts at half the price asked for them; the material is not costly, and five or six yards suffice to make a ruffled skirt."

After the commission of an act of more than usual extravagance, say the buying of a new bonnet more than twice within a fortnight, a lady might do penance by wearing a hair-cloth skirt of her own making, with the view of saving thus no less than half its cost. Doubtless she would then consider herself justified in launching into fresh expense, and this is how she very easily might do so:—

"Feather trimmings are gaining ground daily, but on account of their cost they will never become common. There is a mixture of peacock with marabout, which is especially charming for evening wear."

Ladies with long purses may plume themselves on wearing the costliest of feathers, and may be as proud as peacocks in their borrowed peacock's plumes. But ladies, whose nests have not been so well feathered, must content themselves with purchasing a less expensive plumage, and instead of wearing the feathers of a peacock, must put up with the plainer wardrobe of a partridge, or even, it may be, of a common barndoor fowl. A pretty girl, of course, whatever be her plumage, will look a little duck; but she who spends more money on her feathers than she can well afford must rather be regarded as decidedly a goose.

PLENTY OF THEM.—"In Russian official ukases the Emperor's name is followed by fifty-two titles." Nicely arranged; as it allows one for every week in the year.

A STREET DIALOGUE.

Mr. Webster (affably). How do you do, my dear *Mr. Punch*? In fact, how doth your honour for this many a day?

Mr. Punch (sulkily). What are you taking a benefit for?

Mr. Webster. That's civil. Why shouldn't I take a benefit?

Mr. Punch. The third question you've asked. Can't you answer a plain man?

Mr. Webster. I would not hear your enemy say so.

Mr. Punch. Say what?

Mr. Webster. That you are plain.

Mr. Punch. *MR. WEBSTER*, my temper is—well, never mind, perhaps I've had much to try it. I see that you announce your benefit for Saturday next, the 23rd instant, and I want to know what you mean by it.

Mr. Webster. I mean that I want the Adelphi theatre to be crowded. But I'll give you a stall, if you will look pleasant.

Mr. Punch. I reject the exorbitant condition. Will you explain your conduct, or will you not?

Mr. Webster. Not on compulsion, *HAL*. If explanations were as plentiful as blackberries (which by the way haven't been plentiful for many years) I would not give one on compulsion. But can't you read? Don't you see that Saturday ends my Winter Season?

Mr. Punch. When are you going to open again?

Mr. Webster. You want to know such a deal at once.

"Oft the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Mr. Punch (in a rage). *MR. WEBSTER*, I have said, upon all fitting occasion, that you are a very fine actor, and I am aware, and have no reason to conceal, that in the private relations of life you are a very worthy man, and have always behaved like a gentleman to your authors—

Mr. Webster. "If I blush"—

Mr. Punch. But you don't, so there's no virtue in that "if." I repeat that I have done you justice. But what do you mean by announcing a benefit?

Mr. Webster. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? Is not the bill a very good one? Ought it not to fill the house, independently of any kind feeling which the public may have for your humble servant?

Mr. Punch. Who said it wasn't good? But you are not answering me. There's a mystery somewhere.

Mr. Webster (whispers). There is. Your finger on your lip—so.

Mr. Punch. Shan't. What is the secret?

Mr. Webster. Now don't be an impatient old goose, and don't be an obstinate old pig, but take the stall I offer you again, and come to my benefit on Saturday. If you don't hear something then—

Mr. Punch. Of course I shall hear *MR. BYRON*'s capital piece, and other entertainments, but—

Mr. Webster. You shall hear more. "There's toys abroad." You'll come. [Exit.]

Mr. Punch. O! ah! I dare say! But there *is* something up. I'll go.

FAITES VOTRE JEU—LE JEU EST FAIT!

MONACHISM everywhere may be as bad a thing as *MR. NEWDEGATE* thinks it. But the worst form of Monachism is surely that which we find established in the *casino* of that tiny Dukedom on the borders of the Mediterranean, where three suicides in as many days have recently attested the deadly liveness of the play at the green table. Would we could say "*Rien ne va plus*" of the visitors to Monaco instead of stakes, at that smiling little Hell upon earth, which looks like Paradise in its setting of blue sky, blue sea, and gold-laden orange-groves.

And not content with the *casino* at Monaco, the special demon who presides over these hells has set up another in the Club at Nice, where English visitors with damaged lungs punt against Englishmen of damaged reputations till four and five of the morning. *Nice* amusement for invalids, isn't it?

From Shooter's Hill.

"*MR. BEACH* was glad that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had not commuted the Malt-Tax into a Beer Duty."—*Debate on the Budget*.

Was not the Honourable Member a little premature in the expression of his satisfaction, for is not the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER going to meddle with our barrels?

FOR SOMERSET HOUSE.

A NICE question arises with reference to the proposed tax upon firearms. Will little boys who blaze away, when bird-tenting, with powder only, have to pay their shot?



“THO’ LOST TO SIGHT—”

Aunt Jemima (from the country—her first experience of a “Hansom”). “HOY! HOY! STOP THE HORSE! WHERE’S THE COACHMAN!”

CONVERTED REVOLVERS.

MR. PUNCH—MY DEAR SIR,

PERMIT me for one moment to invite your attention to a subject which cuts a conspicuous figure in Town and Country man-sions, the light fantastic toe.

To a well-balanced mind there is no more saddening sight than hurry. Hurry now confronts us at every turn. Politicians, like playgoers, are always in a hurry—to take their seats and secure good places. Clever girls are in so great a hurry to sign their settlements, that they are apt to forget MRS. GLASSE’S excellent advice, to first catch your heir. Apply this to saltatory exercises. Will any candid observer deny that there is not too much hurry in the “valse,” and that its charms are fugitive? Can we find in it that poetry of motion which distinguishes the heroic couplets of a minuet?—the high stepping minuet face to face, mutual worship of conscious grace. I fear that these Germanic gyrations tend to political tergiversation, for if a Minister can in any sense turn his back upon himself, it must surely be when his polished pumps are in a figurative whirlpool.

The Teutonic heresy has, however, gained so firm a footing among all the educated (dancing) classes, that I almost despair of making any “converted revolvers” by mere expostulation.

What say the fair unconverted revolvers in their defence? They contend that a Ball-room is a fine field for ball practice. And mark with what proud pleasure the flashing victors look back as they quit the scene of conquest, and secretly count the number of the slain. “How,” they archly demand, “could such triumphs be achieved without flying artillery?”

Very truly yours,
WHITE POLE.

High Elms, Bellesgrove.

Consequences of a Neglected Education.

MRS. MALAPROP, who was born within the sound of Bow Bells, hearing that MR. LOWE meant to take off some duty or other that had to do with hail, remarked that she hoped then we should have beer cheaper.

OUR SOCIAL CIRCLE.

It is calculated that in less than forty years the inhabitants of London will number nearly seven millions, and its circumference extend to something like two hundred miles. If one’s circle of acquaintance be increased in like proportion, what fatiguingly long journeys one will have to undergo in the interchange of visits! To pay a round of morning calls, one will well-nigh have to start off in the middle of the night, and noon will be at latest the time when one must set out for an evening visit. It is hard work even now for a man who lives at Hampstead to call upon his friends in Camberwell or Clapton; and residents at Hammersmith are sadly apt to grumble and consider themselves martyrs, when dragged out to a dinner at Blackheath or at Hackney. But only fancy what hard labour will people be condemned to, when London has extended from Wimbledon to Windsor, and from Brompton peradventure even down to Brighton! Imagine the delight of a man who lives at Kensington when summoned to an evening party in the suburbs—somewhere, let us say, in the neighbourhood of Reigate! Then perhaps people will think of wisely limiting their visits within reasonable bounds; and who knows but in time they may even dream of dining with their next-door neighbours.

A VERY UNFAIR COMPARISON.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE asked MR. LOWE on Wednesday, “Whether he intended to put the urchin who frightened away crows from a field on the same level as the gentleman sportsman who went out with three or four breechloaders apiece to shoot pheasants in a battue.”

The comparison would be most unfair. The urchin is at least doing something useful; earning honest wages by honest work. The highest light in which one can set the battue-shooter is that of an amateur pouterers’ man, who finds the killing part of the business so pleasant that he goes in for it at an unlimited cost of gunpowder, game-keepers, and demoralisation.

THE SWEETS OF OFFICE.—The Sugar Duties.



THE INVALID AUTHOR.

Wife. "WHY, NURSE IS READING A BOOK, DARLING! WHO GAVE IT HER?"

Husband. "I DID, MY DEAR."

Wife. "WHAT BOOK IS IT?"

Husband. "IT'S MY LAST."

Wife. "DARLING! WHEN YOU KNEW HOW IMPORTANT IT IS THAT SHE SHOULDN'T GO TO SLEEP!"

MATRIMONIAL QUALIFICATION FOR M.P.

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

To reason with MR. ISINGLASS—I mean my husband—on such a subject would be perfectly ridiculous, and therefore, *Mr. Punch*, I address myself, to *you*, knowing that if you cannot *entirely* adopt my views, you will admit at least that there is *some* force in my arguments.

MR. ISINGLASS is so wedded to his cigar and his evening paper, that nothing will startle him but a violent hail-storm on the conservatory, or an overture by my dear Mamma on our new piano. If I tell him that something ought to be done in Parliament, he merely says "ha!" and if I remark that he, as a *Man*, ought to see it properly effected, he simply says, "ho!"

The subject on which I desire to address you, *Mr. Punch*, as the Head of a Family, is *Cab fares*. How *very* absurd it is to call a *Baby* a "person." (*Person*, you know, in a Parliamentary document sweeps everything before it, but a *Lady* in the house carries no weight at all.) Yes! and for a baby we are to be charged *three* times as much as if it were a small parcel! That is the thin edge of the wedge. What do you think of having to pay extra for *every* infant of whatever age? For instance. I am caught in a shower of rain half a mile from home. I have with me—1. ADOLPHUS; 2. FREDERICK; 3. PERCY; 4. GEORGE; 5. Baby and Maid. What will it cost me for my ride? 3s. 6d., unless I am very much out in my calculation.

I only mention this, not that I am much concerned about it in a pecuniary sense, but as illustrating how unfit Parliament is to legislate for *married* people. The truth is, I believe that a *very large* majority of the Commons (three-fourths or even three-fifths) is composed of single men, who never *dream* about small socks and shoes, and who consequently never introduce a *measure* that will embrace them. Do I therefore advocate female suffrage? Certainly not. That would aggravate the evil—we should then have a Parliament consisting entirely of tall black-whiskered bachelors.

No! My scheme is very different. I would not dictate to a consti-

tuency, nor bias them in their choice of a Candidate. But I *would* insist on every *single* member, as soon as elected, pledging his honour to MR. SPEAKER that he is *engaged*, and if he continued independent for three calendar months, he should no longer have a seat in the Assembly.

Mamma quite concurs with me in reference to this highly essential mode of testing the *domesticity* of Honourable Gentlemen, and expresses her earnest desire to see it in operation as soon as possible.

Toleration is all very well in its place, but toleration for those who have no incumbrance, she candidly confesses she has no patience with it.

The Olives.

ISABELLA ISINGLASS.

P.S. I should like to know what becomes of all the Chiltern hundreds which our representatives so frequently accept when about to travel on the Continent. Do they pay interest when the "little accommodation" is returned?—I. I.

A Cherub in a Cradle.

JACK KETCH was once a baby;
Hushaby, JOHNNY!
We know not what we may be:
Hey ninny nonny!
Did Mamma nurse and dress it?
When it was tetchy
Then dance it, did she, bless it,
Crying, "Ketchy Ketchy!"?

A Little Hagiological Alteration.

"The Bank of England stands in three parishes, covering a good third of St. Margaret, Lothbury, and more than two-thirds of St. Christopher-le-Stock."—*Daily News*.

As this last-mentioned Saint is so much taken up with the Bank, it is proposed in future to call him St. Christopher-le-Bank Stock.

THE CAB OF THE FUTURE.

Oh where, and oh where is the Cab of the future stowed?
 'Tis surely time that on the streets and stands the blessing showed!
 The duty has been lowered, and the tariff let to go,
 But still, the Cab of the future, somehow, it doesn't show.

MR. BRUCE hoped for its coming; and my hope at his was lit,
 And COLONEL HENDERSON backed him up—but both, I fear, are bit;
 The artful cab proprietors, from tax and tariff free,
 Take sights at HENDERSON and BRUCE, and do the same at me!

And I don't feel I'm the better, that I know of, for the flags
 That wave above the carriages' dirt, and o'er the drivers' rags:
 And I don't feel a sensible comfort from the knowledge that those that
 crawl,
 Are doomed, if pulled up before the beak, beneath a fine to fall.

But I sigh, and I sigh in vain, for the cab that I was told was to come,
 By the magic might of *laissez-faire*, the cab to drive grumblers dumb;
 The cab, that was to be like a brougham, and a flight above a fly,
 The cab wherein the fare was to feel like carriage company!

Their insides are just as filthy as they have been till now,
 The rattling doors and windows make just as great a row:
 The wind still blows in when it blows, the rain spurts when it rains,
 The handles are just as hard to turn, and as apt to stick, the panes.

In short no sign of change do I see in four-wheeler or in sho'ful:
 The bodies are just as ramshackle, and the linings just as woful:
 The drivers just as ragged, and ready to cheat or abuse me,
 And their habit of taking short-cuts as certain to queer and confuse me.

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

WHATEVER we may think of the ladies' claims to Electoral privileges, there can be no question as to their full right to the spoils of victory when they face our selfish sex in fair fight, and beat us.

This, MISS MARY EDITH PEACHEY has done at Edinburgh, coming out as one of the first four students of chemistry, and as such claiming one of the Hope Scholarships.

This claim DR. CRUM BROWN resists on the ground that the lady-students at Edinburgh, being taught in separate courses and classes, are not "students" in the sense that entitles them to the money-prizes of the University.

And yet MISS PEACHEY has been awarded one of the five medals given to the five highest students of the Session!

The University Senate has confirmed DR. CRUM BROWN's decision.

TITUS SALT, Jun., of Saltaire, very fairly, as it seems to *Punch*, protests against this in the *Times*, and asks those of his fellow-men who feel that an injustice has been done to a woman by our sex, to help him to raise a fund to support MISS PEACHEY through her curriculum, as the income of the Hope Scholarship would have done.

Bread and salt ought to go together; but in this conflict of opinion between CRUM and SALT, *Mr. Punch* votes with SALT.

A "Sweet MISS PEACHEY"—it is a very pretty name for a girl-graduate with golden hair, and calls up a vision of a cheek like a ripe, melting peach "the side that's next the sun"—deserves this reparation at the hands of our brutal sex; and we shall be glad to see the appeal of SALT followed by a liberal contribution of what Norwich electors call "Sugar."

The Police Helmet.

"In answer to MR. MORRISON, MR. BRUCE said that some slight change was to be made in the policeman's helmet. It was proposed to get rid of the projecting comb, and the new hat would not be much less serviceable and not much more unsightly than the present hat."—*Parliamentary Report*.

SAYS ROBIN ROUGH—that covey gruff,
 The beak's familiar butt—
 "So cocky grow'd them bobbies, blowed
 But their combs *should* be cut!"

SUITS THEM EXACTLY.

THE Card-sellers, who, by the new Budget, will in future not be required to take out and pay for a licence, are unanimous in pronouncing MR. LOWE to be a regular trump.

MODES FOR THE NURSERY.

THE world is getting on. The very babes, in France, have their fashion-book. There is a monthly publication styled "*La Toilette des Enfants*."

ART-CULTURE FOR CRIMINALS.

SCENE—A Club Room. WHITE and BROWN.

White (*conning over newspaper*). Hooray! Robbery with violence got a hundred and fifteen lashes yesterday in Newgate.

Brown. A hundred and fifteen?

White. Yes; divided, however, between five ruffians. (*Reads*.) "BUCK, HURLEY, and BRYAN, received twenty-five lashes each, and the other two prisoners twenty lashes each."

Brown. Still the adequateness of a flogging much depends upon elbow-grease. If the stripes were laid on with a vigour and a will, twenty or twenty-five a-piece were perhaps enough, to make those gentlemen sorry they were cruel, and will very likely have the effect when they are let out of prison and penal servitude, of making them remember not to be so again.

White. Yes. In the meantime the expediency of gentleness in plunder will probably commend itself to their associates at large.

Brown. From their example? Perhaps. But their example is not made so much of as it might be. Their associates out of gaol, cannot hear them howl, or see them writhe. Imagination is a faculty not active amongst the criminal classes, and they form a dim idea of the punishment they don't see.

White. It has been suggested that tickets of admission to see garroters flogged should be issued to their friends.

Brown. Few of their friends would trust themselves inside of a prison. And private flogging may be thought a corollary of private hanging.

White. But, I say. I'll tell you what might be done. You know that convict's now have to be photographed. Photograph garroters under the lash. Whenever a villain is flogged for robbery attended by violence, let a photographer be engaged to attend and take his likeness.

Brown. Seizing, of course, the most favourable moment, when the expression of the sensations excited by the cat-o-nine-tails has culminated in his face.

White. Exactly so. The *cartes de visite* or vignettes thus taken could be multiplied for distribution to those whom they might affect.

Brown. Aids to imagination.

White. Some of them might be enlarged by the process which has been applied to the pencillings of popular artists.

Brown. To a size big enough to fit them for being posted on the walls.

White. So that every rascal who runs may read.—

Brown. The natural language written in the contorted features of the criminal yelling at the whipping-post.

White. There would be a useful extension of the idea of Sun-pictures of scoundrels.

Brown. Such portraits would be works of Art which, diffused amongst the masses, would indeed tend to elevate the truly lower orders.

White. Send the idea to *Mr. Punch*.

Brown. Ask him if he doesn't call it a happy thought, and will recommend it to the attention of his friend BRUCE?

(*Scene closes.*)

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

A VERY near approach to perfection is made in MR. LOWE's Budget; but what will be the effect of the following Resolution?—

"Resolved,—That, towards raising the supply granted to HER MAJESTY, there shall be granted and paid on and after the 6th April, 1870, upon a licence to be taken out annually by every person who shall use or carry a fire-arm of any description, or any air-gun, or any other kind of gun, from which any shot, bullet, or other missile can be discharged, the sum of £1."

A pop-gun is an air-gun, or if it is not an air-gun, anyhow it is another kind of gun. Though a shot or a bullet cannot be discharged from a pop-gun, there is a species of missile that can. Therefore, as the foregoing Resolution stands, every pop-gun is subject to a £1 duty. A sixpenny cannon is unquestionably a kind of gun whence a small shot can be discharged. Accordingly that same duty will also be leviable on a sixpenny cannon. The effect of these arrangements must be to disarm the infantry.

To Prevent Disappointment.

THE bills displayed at the various Underground Stations, bearing upon them "Metropolitan Railway," "Open Free," and "Easter Holidays," may have spread a belief that by an unexampled act of liberality on the part of a Railway Company, passengers by the Metropolitan line will be conveyed for nothing during the whole of this week. To dissipate such an extraordinary delusion, it is as well to observe that the words "The South Kensington Museum" also occur on these attractive bills, and that "Open Free" has reference to it, and not to the very convenient and useful Metropolitan Railway.



MRS. JOHN PHAËTO. (NOT IN LEMPRIÈRE.)

"I'LL KEEP 'EM STRAIGHT, JOHN, NEVER FEAR!—YOU MIND THE BABY!"

FIREARMS FOR THE FEW.



O MR. PUNCH,—Sir, please I should be much obliged to you if you would speak to BOB LOWE, and get him to withdraw that gun-licence, which will prevent me, and most other boys, from enjoying the sport of red-wing and fieldfare shooting at Christmas.

I and some more of us fellows read about it in the *Times*, and it quite bowled us over, but we couldn't help laughing to see how readily the Members of Parliameat voted for it, because the gun-licence is to be put on instead of the game-licence, which will be two pounds a-year in the pocket of every one of those Honourable Gentlemen who shoots. Of course the shooters are in

a great majority of the House of Commons. How jolly for them out on the moors in August, and the stubble, and turnips, and cover in September and October! No wonder they passed the gun-licence in such a hurry.

But I dare say Mr. LOWE won't care about offending us boys so long as he pleases the country gentlemen. So it's no use your telling him to consider us, but what you might say which he very likely would attend to is this, that his gun-licence won't make up for his game-licence. It will only have the effect of taking away chaps' guns. There's myself and my three brothers, we go shooting in the holidays, that is we used to, but shan't be able any more if we've got to pay a pound a-piece for gun-licences. Of course the Governor won't be able to stand it, as being a professional man without much tin, he never could afford a game certificate. So, please Sir, just you point out to old BOB that his gun-licence will only make a hole in the taxes for the good of nobody but landlords and squires, and will be a precious great bore to all schoolboys, and a good many grown-up people. I remain, *Mr. Punch*, your affectionate reader,

SMITH, SEN.

Proprietary College, April 12, 1870.

P.S. How is any fellow but a bloated aristocrat to learn to be a good shot? They may talk of education, but they won't teach the young idea how to shoot.

MR. CALCRAFT'S COMPLAINT.

i'me blode if i can old my Tung,
too true the docter's Tail his found,
so that air beger can't be Ung,
hand nix his mine for good Ten pound.

the sorbones as i ear should say
the Jobb ad Best he left Aloan,
cause wy a Webb is in the way
atween the Jor and Coller bone.

bilk the pore Angman of is fee
will yer, yu blessed Beaks? mean, mean.
this cooden't ave occurr'd to me
in france now. *weave ler gilloteen.*

AN APOLOGY.

THIS appears in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

TO BUTCHERS.—WANTED, to PLACE a YOUTH, aged 19, with a butcher, where he would have plenty of killing.—Address, &c.

This young gentleman is a little late. The First NAPOLEON, THEODORE of Abyssinia, and now LOPEZ of Paraguay, are unfortunately precluded from accepting pupils in their art. Perhaps there may be a Fenian opening. Ha! ha! He is very likely an honest young fellow, who has an honourable, hard-working life in Australia in his eye; and if so, we apologise for putting him into the same paragraph with those we have named.

"THE MUSICAL TIMES."—A Clock that Chimes.

OUR ÆSTHETIC MINISTER.

IT must be with agreeable surprise, my dear *Mr. Punch*, that you will peruse the following observations on the subject of music, made to a deputation by a member of Her Majesty's Government. The deputation came from the Regent's, Victoria, and Battersea Parks' Sunday Bands' Committee to complain of not being permitted to play dance-music in the Royal Parks. The Minister told them they were allowed to play music in the Parks under certain conditions, and—

"One of those conditions was that they were not to perform a description of music which was disagreeable to the ordinary visitors to the park, and he was informed that dance-music was. Moreover there was plenty of lively music which was not of that description. Their object should be to elevate and not degrade the national taste. There was no objection to their performing the national melodies with any variations they pleased, but it certainly was never the intention of the composers to degrade them into dance-music in the shape of quadrilles, waltzes, or polkas."

The spokesman of the deputation, MR. R. M. MORRELL, had said, on behalf of the Sunday League, that:—

"They considered it above all things necessary that they should perform lively and not heavy, dull music, and were at a loss to know what objection there could be to the performance of quadrilles founded on the national airs."

He meant, apparently, to say that, inasmuch as the national airs were "heavy" and "dull," it was thought necessary by the Sunday League, for the public recreation, that they should be rendered "lively" by being turned into dance-music. Concerning this method of dealing with music of the grand and solemn kind, which is what unspiritual and piggish-minded persons call "dull" and "heavy," the Minister, in continuation, informed them that:—

"The custom was commenced by M. JULLIEN, who, he considered, did a great deal of harm to the national music, and greatly vitiated the public taste."

Being asked by a MR. PALMER, a gentleman whose ears are manifestly rather long than musical, to define dance-music, the Minister replied:—

"Dance-music was perfectly well known to musicians, and they must have one to conduct their band. They certainly would not be allowed to select all the dances out of operatic selections, and perform them under the title of operatic music. In dance-music he included the whole category of polkas, waltzes, quadrilles, and all sorts of hurdy-gurdy music."

And now, Sir, who is this Member of the Government who has so much of music in his soul as to be able to make remarks about it in the high spirit which pervades those I have laid before you? My dear *Mr. Punch*, you will be no less delighted than surprised when I tell you that it is no other than MR. AYRTON.

Surely, Sir, we may now suppose that, when the CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF WORKS said that he was not an edile and not a gardener, very likely he was only joking, and might in the same humour, and would perhaps have said, if he had likewise had occasion to say, that he was not a composer, and couldn't play the fiddle. After what MR. AYRTON has said about dance-music as contradistinguished from music proper, I must, however, for my part, conclude that he is not merely an edile, but an edile comparable to AMPHION. I shall not wonder at all if the CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF WORKS should produce a work which, under the denomination of an "Op.," will one night be performed by HERR JOACHIM and his associates at the Monday Pops, or a symphony that may be played at the Philharmonic after one of BEETHOVEN'S. Believe me, my dear *Mr. Punch*, yours truly delighted in making a misconstrued man of taste and refinement the

AMENDE HONORABLE.

P.S. Perish the suggestion that he was coached for the nonce.

A Slap in the Face for Liberty.

"M. OLLIVIER'S Government, in losing M. BUFFET, loses its great hold on the Constitutional party in the Chambers and out-of-doors."—*Parisian Correspondents.*

THOUGH popular will back Imperial still,

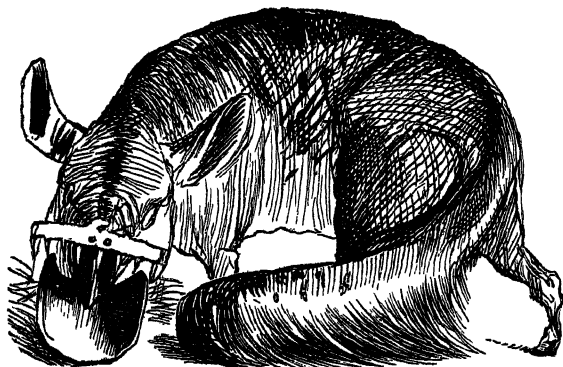
When an Empire it makes, or upsets one,

If the Government loses a BUFFER, the deuce is
That the cause of the Government gets one.

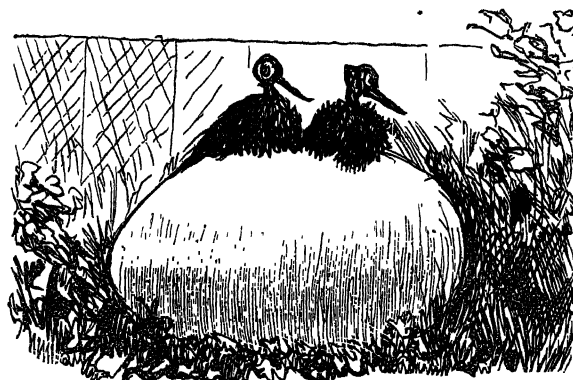
Looking Gift Horses in the Mouth.

GENERAL PRIM has presented NAPOLEON with a gift of twenty thousand cigars with gilt ends. The present would seem to be symbolical of something that ends in smoke and with gold for its end. PRIM's friendship, or Napoleon's? Spanish professions, or French policy? NAPOLEON reciprocates the gift with a pair of China vases. British bondholders will be apt to say that these must be types of Spanish promises to pay—they are so easily broken.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



THE RAKED-SHOVEL-MOUTHED WILD BOAR (APER SCAVENGERIUS).



THE KIWI LAYS SUCH A LARGE EGG THAT IT TAKES TWO KIWIS TO HATCH IT.



HEDGEHOG STEALING AN APPLE—STUDY FROM LIFE.

TALKING MEN AND WORKING MEN.

"At a Meeting which was held in London the other day for establishing an organisation 'for securing the direct representation of labour in Parliament,' one speaker urged that they should go to Government and say, 'If you do not allow working-men to go into Parliament unopposed by your own nominees, working-men will be brought forward in every borough where a vacancy occurs, and in those boroughs where working-class electors predominate working-men will be returned, and where the case is otherwise a Tory will get into Parliament.' We are sorry to find it stated in the *Times* that 'this suggestion appeared to meet with general approval.'"—*Manchester Guardian*.

I RESPECT the worthy working-man, whose life bears out his claim, But not the frothy talking-man, who usurps the workman's name: I see how the frothy talking-man contrives his place to keep On the back of the worthy working-man—like a tick upon a sheep.

This is he, who if we won't clear the way for *him*, holds up the danger Of finding *him* on each hustings installed, as dog in the manger. If he isn't brought in at the head of the poll, our operative Rory, Will divide the Liberal interest, and so let in a Tory!

Well, letting in a Tory may be bad—but I think I *can* Conceive something worse—and that's letting in the frothy talking-man.

Whose fustian rant like his fustian suit is, in plain English, gammon, And who's no more a real working-man than a Dutch smelt is a salmon.

For such humbugs this dog in the manger work may be a fitting game, But let each tub stand on its proper end, and each thing have its right name:

Don't call *this* the claim of labour to show why it's discontented, But the talking-man's claim, in the working-man's name, to have labour mis-represented.

Free and Easy.

YOUNG GOLIGHTLY says that his idea of a Free Breakfast-table, at least in country houses, is that every fellow should be free to sit down to his breakfast precisely when he pleases, and be also free to order, plovers' eggs included, just exactly what he likes.

"WHERE'S MY MUSIC?"

(Said the Giant)

"MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has left for the Continent. American journals express a great desire that she would visit the United States."

MR. PUNCH seldom interferes with a lady's arrangements, but on the present occasion he begs leave—takes it, in fact—to express a great desire that MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD would *not* visit the United States. As for the Continent, it is too late to grumble; but had we known of her intention, we should have taken the liberty of serving *a ne execat* on her. We are not clear that we cannot demand her back, under the Extradition Treaty. Perfection in Art has its duties as well as its rights, and MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD's first duty is to *Punch*. Who, in her absence, is to play BEETHOVEN and MENDELSSOHN to him in the way his soul loveth? Who is to convert his grand piano-forte from a box of (possible) music into a living and singing thing? He doesn't pause for a reply; for if anybody said anything but "Nobody," it would be bad times for that adventurer. If, however, this trip is merely an affair of a holiday, after a detestable winter, and much artistic work, gloriously done, *Mr. Punch* will say no more, except that he is rather a ready hand at peremptorily telegraphing. But as for the United States—not if the President undertook to send, in return, a receipt for the *Alabama* claims, and a *douceur* to *Mr. Punch* of all that was made by the Erie Ring in the days of the gold-jobbery. "GODARDUS, whence the GODDARDS, was seated in England before RICHARD THE SECOND," says the learned MR. MARK ANTONY LOWER; and the sooner MADAME GODDARD is seated in England before a Broadwood, the better *Mr. Punch* will be pleased.

Small Talk for Street Meetings.

Sharp. Hullo, BLUNT, how are you? Heard the last new riddle? Why's a pretty girl (don't look at *her*, you sly dog!) why's a pretty girl, I say, like a bad shilling?

Blunt. Can't say, I'm sure. P'raps 'cause she's got a head on.

Sharp. Ha! ha! No, that's not it. Look here, you sly dog you (*pokes him in the waistcoat*) it's because there is no passing *her*.

[Exit BLUNT in profound meditation.]

GREAT MEETING IN THE CITY.

A MEETING of Uncommon Councilmen was held the other morning in the Court of St. Bride, for the purpose of considering the condition of the City, with the view of taking measures for its general improvement. In virtue of his endless efforts towards this object, *Mr. Punch*, Uncommon Councilman, was by acclamation voted to the Chair.

In opening the proceedings, the Chairman remarked that he would not insult the understandings of his audience by presuming they were capable of comprehending any but the very simplest arguments. London was a big place, that was a big fact. (*Hear!*) But by the time when he had published his Four Thousandth Number, which great event would happen in less than half a century hence, London would be more than twice as big as it was now. Every one, of course, would want to come into the City, for the *Punch* Office was there. (*Hear!*) What then were they to do for the Coming Man, or rather for the Coming Millions?

ALDERMAN LEVELLER suggested that the Lord Mayor ought to take a leaf from M. HAUSMANN'S book. Let the City be pulled down, and built eleven stories high. Sweep away Cheapside and Fleet Street, and St. Paul's, and open a wide boulevard from the Strand slap to the Bank. (*Hear!*) Temple Bar might be removed, say to the Crystal Palace, and kept as an antiquity under a glass case.

ALDERMAN FOGY would protest against such atrocious sentiments. *Starey soup or wires*, as he used to say at school. Let them stare at their old streets as long as they were living, and let the coming millions look out for themselves. (*Applause.*) As for touching Temple Bar, they might as well pull down Gog and Magog, or Guildhall!

ALDERMAN GOBBLER concurred with the views of the last speaker. If they introduced French boulevards, they next would introduce French *bouillon* in place of turtle-soup. (*Sensation.*)

ALDERMAN GOAHEAD observed that, as ground had grown so precious in the City, new streets should be constructed a-top of one another, and the City built in platforms like the decks of a big ship. Captive balloons might be attached to the top platform, in order to relieve the pressure underneath. (*Question!*)

ALDERMAN PHUNKY said that, owing to their insufficient area, the City streets now killed pedestrians at the rate of three a week. He feared, as men grew more enlightened, the Corporation would be held responsible for this, and he quailed at the bare thought of being sent to Newgate, on a charge of wilful manslaughter through over-crowded streets. (*Sensation.*)

ALDERMAN TWENTYSTONE remarked the streets were safe enough for him. He had not the slightest fear of ever being driven over, for the fact was, as they well knew, that he never walked a step. (*A laugh.*) Still the overcrowding was certainly a nuisance. It often took him twenty minutes to drive along Cheapside, and, as time was money, he reckoned the delay cost him a fi'-pun' note.

ALDERMAN RANTER observed that, if more room were wanted, they might as well pull down a lot of the old churches which had lost their congregations, now that nobody remained in the City on a Sunday; or, if they ever did so, seldom went to church. (*Question!*)

ALDERMAN RAT-LEASH remarked that what they wanted was more railways. Now, he had in his pocket some half-score of prospectuses of lines that were projected, some to be suspended far above the chimney-pots, and others to be tunnelled underneath the streets. Every scheme, it had been calculated, would pay twenty-five per cent. (*oh! oh!*) and it was expected this percentage would be doubled by the opening of branches, which, as they all knew, were always found to pay. (*A voice, "Walker!"*) As he hoped his civic friends would largely profit by these projects, he would be most happy to supply them with the scrip. (*Cries of "Hookey!"*) (*"Don't you wish it!"*)

ALDERMAN HEAVY-SIDES considered they had had enough of railways, and especially underground ones, which he thought were regular bores. (*A laugh.*)

The City would soon be not safe for men of substance. The ground was everywhere so tunnelled that it was a mercy if, after a good dinner, one didn't tumble in. (*Shudders.*)

A discussion here ensued which promised to be interesting and practically useful; but the Chairman, opportunely proclaiming it was lunch time, the real object of the Meeting was discussed extremely eagerly in an adjoining room, and the further consideration of the subject was adjourned until next All Fools' Day.



"I WOULD I WERE A BIRD—"

IMPOSSIBLE, MY DEAR; BUT HERE IS A SUGGESTION.—EVER YOUR DEVOTED PUNCH.

THE CRY OF THE COMMONERS.

Ho, Wandsworth to the rescue! Ho, Clapham to the front—
Ho, Wimbledon! Ho, Tooting! Ho, Streatham, share the brunt!
EARL SPENCER, the devourer of Commons, opes his jaw,
To swallow such small fragments as yet have 'scaped his craw.

By cantle after cantle he has cribbed the broad domain
Where once the cows of Commons grazed o'er the unfenced plain,
Till with Prison and Reformatory, with coal yard, Church and School,
A wretched, ragged remnant's free from brick and mortar's rule.

Furze, fern and broom are banished; black pales shut in the sward:
Birch, grove and poplar clump give way to the builder's hideous
hoard:

And perky villa residence, or flimsy six-roomed row,
In still encroaching ugliness around the common grow.

So benevolent of purpose, so open of his hand,
I'd rather that his Lordship had been of his own land;
If he wanted to give sites for Schools, and ground for prisons thus,
Ad libitum, he might have given, so he had not plundered us.

There's PEEK will give his thousand, if his neighbours raise their
four,

To fight the cause o' the Commoners, and down-trod rights restore:
While a rough and ready regiment—whose acts I don't excuse—
Will pull down CORTEKER's palings, in defiance of the blues!

But as 'tis better to appeal to law, than law defy,
As the Court and not the Common is the place the cause to try,
Come forward with your money your Commons to defend,
Stout Wandsworthites and Claphamites—and fight to the bitter End!

HORSES AND THEIR TORTURERS.

SOME sharp pieces of granite, labelled "Instruments of Horse-Torture in the Nineteenth Century," were displayed at the last Meeting of the Royal Society, and were stated to be specimens of the material in usage now for mending London Streets. It is devoutly to be wished that at the next meeting there could be shown a fragment of the heart of a Vestryman, which would probably exhibit a granitelike formation, for the man who has the heart to lame poor animals by scattering sharp granite in the roadways must have a heart as hard and stony as the granite he throws down. As a matter of geology the exhibition would be interesting, but as we never heard of a heart-broken vestryman, there may be a difficulty in making the display. Now that the Royal Society have taken up the matter, they perhaps may be disposed to take up a few vestrymen, with a view to their indictment for the cruelty to animals they occasion by their stupid way of mending London streets.

'SHADES OF ROMAN OPINION.

A CONTEMPORARY's correspondent, watching the Roman Council, writes word that:—

"There are now in Rome a number of devout ladies, enthusiasts either for the ultras or the Liberals, and their opinions are easily recognised by the principles of the bishops who frequent their houses. These matriarchs of course tear each other's fair fame to pieces with more fury than Ultramontane or opposition orators display in their antagonistical diatribes in the Council Hall."

Theology is not the only subject which ladies can be enthusiastic about, though they know nothing. At the late Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race nearly every female spectator who could afford a ribbon wore either a light or dark blue one, according to her preference of this or that seat of learning. The Ultramontane ladies at Rome, and those of the other side, might display their partisanship, respectively, by analogous decorations. Say scarlet and pink.

RED-HOT MURPHY.

THANKS to Free Trade, we have no longer any riots about the price of bread: but though, happily, Bread-riots are things of the past, MURPHY riots, unhappily, are things of the present. Not that the riots are connected with Murphies, or Irish wall-fruit as potatoes are popularly termed; but they are occasioned by one MURPHY an Irish Protestant, who goes about lecturing against Popery, and by his lectures, wherever he goes, excites the Irish Roman Catholics to fury and violence. He has lately been giving intemperate lectures at Woolwich, where, as usual, he got mobbed and assaulted, and forced to fight, and has, in short, occasioned the usual Murphy Riots, which had to be quelled by the Police.

It is perhaps a pity that MURPHY's Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen should get so enraged with MURPHY as to want to maul him. If a MURPHY tells lies against their religion, couldn't a DONOVAN be put up to confute him, and turn him into ridicule? Perhaps, however, MURPHY annoys them, not so much by any lies which he may possibly tell, as by saying things which are too true, and ought not to be named. The greater the truth the greater the scandal, and consequently the libel. The only way to silence a fellow, who is not ashamed to employ such disgusting arguments in controversy as MURPHY's, is by force. There is no law which prevents him from using such arguments: therefore the other Irish naturally try to take the law into their own hands against him, and execute on Mr. MURPHY the justice decreed by JUDGE O'LYNCH, of the Secular Arm.

LACONIC REFORM IN PARLIAMENT.

WE have much pleasure in expressing an earnest hope that the Easter Recess has been turned to account by Ministers in devoting their leisure to the consideration of the best means of getting through business in the House of Commons, and expediting the work of useful legislation. Our trust is they have discovered that the most promising way to attain this end is that of themselves setting the example of compressing all the speeches they must needs make into the smallest compass sufficient for the statement of facts and arguments bearing on the question in debate; and therefore intend to set that example.

It has very probably occurred to MR. GLADSTONE that, if every considerable Member of Parliament is to talk a long pamphlet whenever he gets upon his legs, the Irish Stew will indeed be as much as the Legislature will get through this Session, whilst the other great article of Diet before the House may prove an Education Hash. Our excellent PREMIER is also as likely to have bethought him that Her Majesty's Opposition cannot be expected to desist from the loquacity which obstructs Her Majesty's Government unless the Chief of that Government and his Colleagues take the initiative in cutting it short.

If our sanguine anticipations are happily verified, the dry details of future Budgets, for example, will be laid before the House of Commons in the very fewest words requisite to explain them. When the upshot of a financial statement lies in announcing the reduction in this direction rather than that of a pennyworth in the pound, or so, of taxation, what is the use of delivering a discourse about six times as long and as dreary as the prosiest of all prosy sermons? For every Budget is a bore in the degree of taxation which it imposes. One Budget may be less of a bore than another, but it is still a bore, and the less that is said about it the better. We confidently expect, then, that Mr. Lowe's Budget for next year will not only gratify as his present one has gratified us with a large remission of taxation, but also with a more than corresponding abridgment of the eloquence wherein such reliefs are usually proclaimed. In that case it will be constructed on the model of an ordinary speech from the Throne (except as to grammar); not much exceeding the average of Royal speeches in prolixity. *Bis dat qui cito dat*. The Financial Minister doubles the boon which he announces briefly.

There is, to be sure, one thing to be said for the great waste of carbon which orators in the House of Commons burn out of their lungs; and of aqueous vapour which they exhale in enormous quantity together with carbonic acid gas in every discussion. Whilst beneficial legislation is impeded, vexatious legislation is impeded likewise; Sabbatarian legislation and Teetotal legislation: and if a massacre of innocents occurs annually, so does a massacre of imps. That certainly is some comfort and compensation. But the imps had better be massacred without the innocents, and the progeny whose merit is above mere innocence. It will be a feather in the cap of the Statesman who shall lead the way in correcting the tediousness of debates by enlivening them with brevity, and thus inspiring discussion with the soul of wit. Will not that feather be a becoming substitute, in the way of embellishment, for a coxcomb?

Happy day, shortly about to arrive, when the Collective Wisdom shall cease to be known by its much speaking!

Acid and Alkali.

COULD not MR. COGAN and MR. NEWDEGATE be brought to agree in some arrangement for ascertaining the truth about Convents without offending or insulting any one connected with them? If so, political Chemistry might describe this combination of those two honourable Members as a neutral salt; NEWDEGATE of COGAN.

An Extraordinary Omission.

THE Civil Service have, we believe, their Annual Athletic Sports, but we cannot recollect ever seeing in the programme an entry of the feat which is now and then performed by gentlemen in public departments—that of stepping over the heads of other men.



A DELIGHTFUL REMINISCENCE OF THE BOAT-RACE.

Sweep (to a carriage full of light blue ribbons). "WON'T YEE MAKE ROOM FOR A LITTLE 'UN, LADIES AND GENTS? I'M FOR THE CAMBRIDGE LOT!"

COMFORT FOR THE LOWLY.

ARE you envious of the great, the eminent, the distinguished? Think of only a few of the penalties of greatness, of the extra weight it has to carry, and your feelings will change from envy and jealousy to pity and compassion. Reflect on what you escape by being humble, obscure, insignificant, and small, and be content with your allotment in life.

For a sample—

You escape having to preside at public dinners and meetings; to make speeches and move resolutions, and respond to the toast of your health.

You escape having to put your name down for subscriptions considerably beyond your means, and for objects to which you are utterly indifferent.

You escape seeing yourself painted at full length (by TIPP TOPP, R.A.), on the walls of the Royal Academy, and hearing the somewhat plain-spoken remarks of the company on your attitude, expression, and features.

You escape gazing at your own photograph in the shop windows, bounded by a dancer in short skirts on one side, and by a notorious criminal on the other.

You escape persecution for your autograph, monogram, *carte-de-visite*, and possibly for a piece of your hair.

You escape being the subject of false and scandalous paragraphs in the newspapers.

You escape testimonials.

You escape laying first stones; inspecting hospitals, prisons, and lunatic asylums; having addresses presented to you; and being received by the local authorities.

You escape knighthood.

You escape *levées*, receptions and uniforms.

And, finally, you escape the publication of the contents of your will; you escape having your life written, and your private letters given to the world; and—greatest deliverance of all—you escape a public statue.

Strange Things Do Happen.

MRS. MALAPROP says she remembers years ago making an observation about an "Allegory on the banks of the Nile," but that she never expected to live to read of one being caught in the Thames.

THE BETTING BLACKGUARD'S BALLAD.

A PRETTY state of things this here,
What is the papers doin' ?
To rob a poor cove of his beer,
And bring him to his ruin.
What! make the turf respectable,
Against us chaps to shut it!
Sooner than that, I says it flat,
The Turf, indeed! I'd "cut" it.

What! horses to be growed up strong
Ere at a race you'll sport one;
And courses lengthened—go a-long—
Just let 'em go a short one.
"Improve the breed!" what 'orrid stuff,
It makes a party grin;
Improve the speed's my motter, boys,
And let the best horse win.

Not larrup colts! a pretty go,
Why, what are folks afraid on?
Why's horses born, I'd like to know,
Unless it's to get "laid on."
And when they've landed pots of tin,
For backers, and for owners,
They didn't ought to flinch when sent
To knackers and to boners.

"Keep off announcements" and so rob
Poor coves like me and you,
As tries to earn an honest bob,
As our scoopers do.
Stop all cobnobbling of the horse,
By jockey or by groom;
It makes a party wish as he
Could seek his silent tomb.

SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY—wery well
For independent Barts
Their vast experience for to tell,
And show they've feelin' 'arts.
They quite forgets there's others who
To honest be would try;
But can't afford the lux'ry till
They've put a little by.

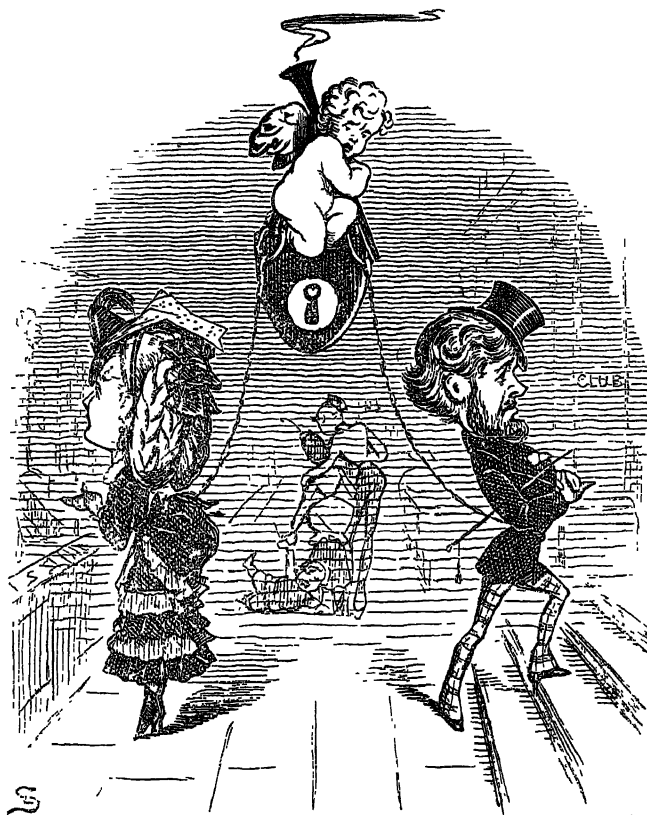
Hurrah, then, for the Jockey Club,
As won't stand no dictation;
And noble-arted parties snub,
As talks of alteration.
The turf shall not be purified,
But go on wuss and wuss;
What's wrong ain't fit should altered be—
Not by the likes of us.

But when I've pulled off soment smart,
I don't say what'll I do;
I'll go in for a feelin' 'art,
Take sittins' in a pew.
Do the respectable in short
(I try to do 'em now),
And then advise the friends of sport
To "turf reforms" to bow.

Till them times come, I begs to state,
I frowns on this here move;
And horses *may* deteriorate,
So long as I improve.
When I've my little 'ouse and grounds,
Convenient to a station—
And other joys, why then, my boys,
Hoorah for "Reformation."

The Reign of Licence.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, and other Bores of the United Kingdom Alliance, have been pestering the Government with inquiries pressing them to say when they intend to introduce their promised Bill relative to the Licensing System. Let us hear no more of the Licensing System. What with dog-licences and armorial-bearings licences, and the proposed gun-licence, we have quite enough of the licensing system already. In fact, what we now want is liberty and not licence.



HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

REFORM YOUR WINE-BILLS.

MR. PUNCH has been rashly attempting the desperate feat of taking an Easter holiday, and, considering the multifarious public duties that call on him, may even be said to have succeeded.

In this rush after rest and recreation, he chose the Lakes for his happy hunting-ground, and in four days of the brightest Easter weather recorded in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, managed to cover a large space of that lovely region of mere and mountain, doubly consecrated by Nature and Poetry.

He leaves it to other pens to sing the beauties of pikes and passes, lakes and vales. Are these not written in the verse of WORDSWORTH and WILSON, and the prose of BLACK and MURRAY? Mr. Punch's business is with the Hotels which rise in the trail of the tourist, till this Lake Country is completing its likeness to Switzerland by a system of inns at once stately, showier, and more commodious than any to be found elsewhere in England. Of these houses of entertainment and their charges, on the whole, Mr. Punch does not feel called upon to complain. On the contrary, he much doubts whether any part of England can show a better ordered set of hostelries, more honest and attentive hosts, civiler waiters, cleaner bed-chambers, airier and loftier sitting-rooms, better spread breakfast and dinner-tables, richer cream, fresher eggs, stronger tea, hotter and butterier toast, choicer trout, juicier mutton, and generally more satisfactory arrangements in the way of lodging and eating.

Only one thing he must protest against and wonder at.

Why, when lodging and eating are so well and wisely cared for, is drinking treated in a fashion at once so stupid, so short-sighted, and so dishonest?

At not one, or at only one, of these hotels, where Mr. Punch was so perfectly well lodged, well fed, and well waited upon, could he with any comfort or satisfaction arrange what he should drink at dinner, when once he swerved from the safe but narrow track of soda-and-brandy, or pale ale. Everywhere he came upon wine-bills, with a preposterous array of ports and sherries, at prices from 6s. ("very superior") to 16s. ("of exquisite quality"), champagnes from Moët and Chandon, at 10s. 6d., to Vézernay at 8s., and clarets, from Lafitte at 10s. to St. Estephe at 7s. 6d.; and so forth. Only at one place—the Prince of Wales's Hotel, on the shores of Grassmere—loveliest of sites and best-appointed of houses—let the fact be recorded at once in consideration of its rarity, and "*pour encourager les autres*"—did he come upon a Médoc at 3s., a fairly-priced, and drinkable dinner-wine. Everywhere else his

only choice was between B. & S. or Bass, brandied ports and sherries, horrible to the educated palate in such weather and on such an excursion, *vin ordinaire*, such as at home he drinks for 2s. a bottle, disguised under high vintage names and a corresponding high price, or champagne, worth, at the outside, 4s. a bottle, at more than twice the money. Why is this? Why will not these people keep a stock of sound cheap wines, at prices which, while giving a fair tradesman's profit, would yet allow the modest traveller to order them without the painful sense that he is calling for liquor considerably worse than he is in the habit of drinking at home, at a price about five times as high?

Why, in hotels like the Windermere, the Low-wood, the White Lion, the Salutation, the Royal Oak, the Borrowdale, and the Derwent-water, must my friendly, nay cordial, feeling towards host and hostess, waiter and chambermaid—all redolent of Cumberland and Westmoreland honesty, kindness, and good faith—be dashed by the sense of swindle which comes of these preposterous wine-charges—the sole blot of unreasonableness and dishonesty on a scale of prices and a system of management which in all other particulars seems to me eminently reasonable and honest? I have not yet ceased to wonder at this apparently ineradicable vice of English hotel-keeping. The stupidity is so palpable. Look how it checks consumption. It is not that I should grumble about giving a high price for choice wine. But I do not wish to be obliged to drink choice vintages when my purse dictates *vin ordinaire*. Still less do I wish to be made to pay vintage price for unmistakable Gladstone. There is no want of sound cheap wine in the market. Let my friends and hosts of the Lake hotels go to Mr. DENMAN for his White Keffesia; or to MONS. DUPUIS for his Mont Ferrand; or to HEDGES & BUTLER, for their Capri, or their lighter growths of Burgundy, Tuscany, or the Garonne; or to MAX GREGER, for his Hungarian Erlauer and Voslaue. Let them have a tariff and a cellar of plain wines at from 2s. to 4s. a bottle, White and Red Burgundies and Clarets, Rhenish, and Greek, and Italian growths—humble but honest—such wines as refresh without heating, and stand admixture with the reaming seltzer or soda, or hardly less sparkling water of the lake streams.

Mr. Punch will answer for a quick draught, and a handsome profit. As it is, not one traveller in ten drinks wine in these places; or if he does, drinks it grudgingly and under protest—or, worse still, in a spirit of rivalry and ostentation, such as seemed to prompt the guests at our Easter Sunday's *table d'hôte*, where every other party ordered champagne with their soup, following the lead of a Manchester swell "sinking of money," while the intermediate parties who could not, or would not, emulate this daring flight in the way of "liquoring up," sneered and whispered contemptuously, till what with ostentation on the one side, and annoyance on the other, the Sunday's dinner seemed poisoned.

The only party which seemed to escape either contagion was a group of four wise men, who had discovered the 3s. Médoc—miraculously present in this one cellar—and stuck to it.

When and where, among all the Hotel Associations, Limited, will there arise a Hotel Association limited to bounds of common sense and fair tradesman-like profit in its wine-tariff?

RYE'S BABY-FARMING.

MISS RYE has found homes in Canada for the first batch of seventy neglected children rescued by her from a future of crime and misery in this country, and announces that she has a hundred more homes ready for the next hundred. This form of baby-farming at least we can approve.

Rye-bread *ought* to be sweet, doubly seasoned, as it is, by the benevolence of her that rescues and those that receive these poor little waifs and strays of humanity. Other promoters of emigration look to it to reclaim lands: Miss RYE turns it to a nobler purpose—to reclaim lives.

Mr. Punch is tempted to parody the old song for the occasion, and to ask,

"Will a body meet a body coming with Miss RYE?
Will a body house a body? Will a body try?"

Almost Too Much of a Good Thing.

WHEN SACHEVERELL HUMBERSTON came away from a visit to the interesting collection of Chinese and Indian Art at the rooms of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, he declared there were so many objects in one particular kind of stone to look at, that he felt quite fatigued—indeed he might say positively *jaded*.

A SHOOTER'S ILL.

It is proposed that every one who uses any fire-arm shall pay a pound a-year for the privilege of doing so. Are the volunteers to be exempted from this charge, and if not, may we not expect them to fire with indignation?

FAREWELL TO THE NEW FOREST.

(BY AN OLD BADGER.)

Ad Majores, ad Majores!
To my fathers I am bound.
May I go ere yet the glories
All have gone from English ground.
Ere yet Mammon reign sole master,
Flowers and verdure all have fled,
And the meads, with brick and plaster,
In their lieu, are quite o'erspread.

For this isle which, blithe and blooming,
Merry England used to be,
Is another land becoming,
Land of Philistines to me.
Daily I see disappearing
From its changed face some old charm,
Here a factory chimneys rearing,
There laid out a model farm.

Friend, that Nature's foes abhorrest,
Hark, they have begun to cry,
"Tell, enclose the wild New Forest,
Turn it to a Peckham Rye,
Go ahead all bounds o'erstepping
To achieve material good,
Make that Forest ev'n as Epping,
Make it like unto Combe Wood."

What if, to their fathers going,
They, not as I go to mine,
Back be turned, their spirits flowing
Into forms of sordid swine,
And be then, to make them fonder
Of that Hampshire forest fair,
Turned in Autumn forth to wander
Grubbing mast and acorns there?

Not as hogs our fathers wandered
Through the woods, in spirit fed,
SHAKESPEARE's value have you pondered,
Business men of pudding head?
England, in her days of beauty,
Grew a race of nobler men;
England ne'er will, drear and sooty,
Look upon their like again.

Ad Majores, ad Majores!
From the ruin soon to come,
Woodlands piled with civic storeys,
Mid them many a crowded slum,
Through increase of population,
Which will cover each square mile,
When a great progressive nation
Has outgrown a little isle.

"THE EARTH HATH BUBBLES AS THE WATER HAS."

THE *Daily Telegraph*, in commenting on the increase of fish in the Thames, regrets the appearance of an alligator in its clarified waters, and alarms its readers by hints of possible horrors of an amphibious and unwelcome nature. Perhaps we shall have the hippopotamus puffing up the Thames like a steam-tug, and crocodiles may be tempted to try their luck in the immediate neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament. Sharks, whales, and swordfish we may confidently expect, and dolphins and sea serpents are not altogether improbable. Unfortunately, however, it turns out that the poor creature was simply a large lizard escaped from a menagerie, and the one great event in the boatman's life is denuded at once of its importance. The savage alligator softens down into the gentle lizard. No matter, it has served its purpose, it has swelled the hopes of a toiler of the—river, it has enabled a sensational writer to produce a picturesque leading article, and it has given an opportunity to the thoughtful observer of life to make the following remark—never be too sure that the ugly monster of a mystery you may fancy you have unravelled is the amphibious horror termed an alligator; for how frequently it turns out on closer examination to be as harmless as MR. JAMRACH's lizard.

ALL CLEARED UP.

MRS. CHITTERBY says she knows all about the Spots on the Son, for her little CHARLEY has just been vaccinated, and is doing beautifully.

VARIETY IS CHARMING.

MR. PUNCH,

WHY are women unfit to have the suffrage? Because they are. A woman's reason ought to satisfy women.

Not my view of female emancipation is that above expressed, Sir. It is the view, mostly, of my political adversaries. On many points MRS. FAWCETT, I am afraid is one of them; but I side with her as to the constitutional rights of women. These, however, appear to me to rest on rather different grounds than those whereon she claims them. The objection that women are unfit to exercise the elective franchise because they are intellectually inferior to men, MRS. FAWCETT, in her Dublin lecture the other day, maintained was, whether true or false, irrelevant to the question. She demanded:—

"If it were proved as a fact that women were intellectually inferior to men, should that exclude them from the franchise? Suppose black-haired men were proved intellectually superior to red-haired men, would that be a sufficient reason to deprive red-haired men of the franchise, or would red-haired men be satisfied to relinquish their rights in that respect?"

Now, Sir, I go farther than MRS. FAWCETT, and hold that, the intellectual inferiority of women to men being assumed, it constitutes a special reason why they ought not only to be allowed, but also to be encouraged, to vote for Members of Parliament. Every man of us almost, above a beggar in station, and in intelligence exceeding an idiot, is a voter. The number of fools, therefore, who vote according to their folly must be very great. But as fools differ in their politics according to their prejudices, one fool's vote neutralises another's. Now there are great moral differences between men and women, and if the latter are intellectually inferior to the former, inasmuch that generally considered, with a few exceptions, such as MRS. FAWCETT, and your wife and daughters, Sir, they are absolute fools, the addition of their folly to the constituency of the country would be necessarily attended with a large addition of feeling opposite to that which the male fools are impelled by. The female fools, therefore, had they votes, would balance the male, and their blind but beautiful instincts would probably give a preponderance to the right side. Accordingly a few fools more added to the free and independent electors of the United Kingdom, a few more soft persons of the softer sex, would give no alarm, but on the contrary afford some reassurance to your ancient

Castlereagh Cottage, Eldon Grove.

TRUE BLUE.

FRENCH MODISTES AND FRENCH MODESTY.

FRENCH ladies are reputed to have good taste in dress, but here is a French fashion which we hope no English lady will have the bad taste to follow:—

"The low square cut corsage now in vogue, which has come to be disrespectfully styled the *étalage*, consists of little else than a mere band of cerise velvet, bordered above and below with blonde lace, which with a rose posed at each shoulder suffices to form the sleeves."

What is called full dress is often barely decent, and ladies when most dressed have commonly least clothing. They who practise such exposure as is hinted at above deserve to be exposed to the severest form of censure. It is not enough to say that they are barefaced, for it is not their face which is the front of their offending. A cut at them in *Punch* is castigation they well merit; but were *Punch* to represent such women as they are, and as they ought not to be, *Punch* might cease to be regarded as a decent publication. Want of decency, the poet says, is want of sense; and no one but a fool would deem herself dressed properly, with a shred of lace, two roses, and a little scrap of velvet.

THE NOMINATION NUISANCE.

WILL anybody tell us what earthly good there can be, excepting to the beer-shops, in having nomination days as preludes to elections? Voters who can read the addresses of the candidates may well cry, "What imports the nomination of these people?" And voters who can't read can hardly be much edified by the speeches which on these days are mostly made in dumb-show. The show of hands leads usually to the show of fists, and the mob-leaders who beat each other black and blue do little good by this display of their electioneering colours. Old nuisances die hard, and electioneering nuisances are, perhaps, especially tenacious of existence. Still we hope to live to see all nomination days abolished, and candidates elected without calling one another names, which is commonly the case on days of nomination.

A NAME OF ILL OMEN.

PERSONS who are subject to fits of toothache, and do not wish to be reminded of their distressing malady, should avoid going down Long Acre.



THE COAT OF THE PERIOD.

Gus (to his favourite Sister). "Now, Cis, your candid opinion, please, and no humbug! How do you like this coat?"

Cis. "Well, dear, since you appeal to my candour, I think it would be none the worse for an additional flounce or two."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. PUNCH, who usually composes *currente calamo* (as his compositors know, and rejoice not in that knowledge) owns to having paused for some fractions of a second between writing the above heading, and his revered name.

For when you have expected a friend at the beginning of February, and he never appears until the end of April, it is customary for him to offer some slight explanation.

But stories are better than an explanation. Most people's stories, however, require explanations. [Hence dinner-parties are now so dull.]

There is a Kentucky story about a lad of sixteen, who was commanded by his father to go out, one wet night, and fetch a log for the farm-kitchen fire. He did not much like the errand, and grumbled. Now Kentucky fathers are in the habit of administering paternal rebuke in phrase that at all events is not open to the charge of obscurity of meaning. This Kentucky father opened the door, signed to his son to go out, and explained to him with exceeding clearness that he had better not come back without the log. The youth went forth, but not to the woodhouse. It occurred to him that he would go and see the world. He went, saw men and cities, worked, and filled his pockets with dollars.

Ten years passed, and the stout boy had become a stalwart and bearded man. Perhaps somebody mentioned a log, and he recollected that he had heard the word in youth. Anyhow, it occurred to him that he would go and see his parents.

They were still in the old farm-house, and as he approached it, at night, he saw through the window that his father was just sitting down to supper. Seizing up a vast block of wood, he heaved it to his great shoulder, and opened the kitchen door.

"Who are you, stranger, and what do you want?" said the old man.

"I'm JOHN, father, and I've brought that log you sent me for."

"Well," said his father, after looking at him steadfastly, "you've

been a darned long time fetching it, I will say. Now put it down, and eat your supper."

Parliament met for the Session on Tuesday, the 8th of February. The Sovereign, like one of her most faithful subjects, was unable, from indisposition, to take part in the proceedings of that day, and the Speech from the Throne was read by LORD CHANCELLOR HATHERLEY, author of the *Continuity of Scripture* (MURRAY). It was thought to be rather too full of promises, especially as those who framed it knew the garrulity of Parliament. Mr. Punch, with his habitual keenness and felicity, pointed this out in a memorable Cartoon, in which MR. GLADSTONE, Head Cook, was apprised by MR. BRIGHT (assistant), that one Dish, Irish Stew, was about as much as would be got through. Self-praise is called in an idiotic old proverb (proverbs are nearly all idiotic) no recommendation. This is trash, if self-praise be uttered by one who speaks only the truth. Mr. Punch is truth itself, and merely adds that at this date, Easter being passed, the dish of Irish Stew is not only about the only thing that has been discussed (except LOWE'S "bag-pudding," which wasn't half so praiseworthy as KING ARTHUR'S, though the "blameless King" stole the barley-meal), but the Dish is not half empty yet.

As for rattling the now dry bones of the debates on the Address, Mr. Punch would perform the feat, if he thought that anybody could be, as POPE says,

"Pleased with a rattle."

But not believing that such a person exists—"there is no such man (or woman) it is impossible"—he prefers proceeding to the work of "tickling with a straw," or any other implement which may seem suitable. Those debates, however, were lively at the time, LORD CAIRNS solemnly charging the Government with having encouraged crime in Ireland, and MR. DISRAELI, in gayer fashion—let us say Perfunctorily—giving similar agreeable intimation of what his party pretended to believe. The PREMIER was accused of having taught the Irish tenant "wild anticipations" about the Land.

When the said tenant came to perceive the arrangements proposed



“MUCH CRY AND LITTLE WOOL;” OR, SHAVING THE PARLIAMENTARY PIG.

by MR. GLADSTONE, in the Land Bill, the Irishman, so far from finding any wildness there, would have quoted COWPER, if he had ever heard of that bard, and said

"Their tameness is shocking to me."

In a splendid speech of three hours, the PREMIER, on the 15th of February, introduced his Land Bill. What it was when laid upon that table, *Mr. Punch*, aided by the luminous address of MR. GLADSTONE, could have told pretty clearly. What it is now, after two months of debate, *Mr. Punch* declines to say. It was the first of the omnibuses which MR. BRIGHT (unfortunately still too ill to attend the House) had said could not be driven through Temple Bar six abreast. At present it sticks in Committee of the Commons. Generally, its object is to prevent a landlord from turning out a tenant without giving him compensation for eviction. It clearly creates a new kind of property, and it is held that the exceptional condition of Ireland demands a departure from the ordinary rules of Political Economy. MR. LOWE, one of the most politically economical of men, admits this, and has been scoffed at for inconsistency by dull folk who cannot even comprehend that an exception proves a rule, far less that a person may be educated by events out of one opinion into another. Law tribunals are to see that no injustice is done either to landlord or tenant. As for details, they can be interesting only to the parties concerned, and they don't read *Punch*. The Second Reading of the Bill was carried by 453 to 11, and that is the best answer to anybody who wishes to know whether some such measure is wanted or is not. Since that time the Bill has been in Committee, and there has been vast talk on details. Little progress has been made, but the PREMIER has announced that he means to carry the measure un mutilated, as regards principle—or not at all. He has a majority of 120, or so.

About a month later, a strong Coercion Bill, for Ireland, was introduced. It has been so lucidly explained and so magnificently illustrated by *Mr. Punch*, in Cartoons, that he need say nothing here, except that if the powers of the Act (it speedily became Law) are vigorously used, Irish Fenians and Agrarian Murderers will be in the pleasant condition of the English Habitual Criminal. LORD SALISBURY thought that it would not be efficacious unless we did away with the necessity for unanimity in juries; but that suggestion stands over for future consideration, if necessary. Of course, there is no magic in the number twelve, or in any numbers, except *Mr. Punch's*. This Coercion Bill, strong as it was, obtained a vote of 425 to 13 in the Commons.

Of course, the most important measure of the Session is the Education Bill. It was introduced by MR. FORSTER, in a most admirable speech. Against this measure Bigotry of various kinds has fulminated; but rational men, who have long called for a law that shall compel Education to be administered to those who are growing up untaught, can see no valid objection to the scheme. It violates no rights of Conscience, but it asserts the rights of Society. We will not have a multitude of children brought up in ignorance. We are wronging them—wronging ourselves. Against this, sectarianism of all sorts, clerical and dissenting, brings no argument, but is not ashamed to confess a cowardly terror lest its own position should be damaged. The PREMIER has not spoken very hopefully of the chances of passing the Bill, but *Mr. Punch* trusts that the majority of 120 will be freely used in the interest of the children of the humbler classes.

The remainder of the topics which have occupied Parliament is "nought but leather and prunella;" and as nobody understands those words, *Mr. Punch* quotes them in sheer gaiety and wantonness of heart. If, as somebody has suggested, "leather" means aristocracy, and "prunella" plebeianism, each being an accident, and native Worth (not the English Parisian milliner) being independent of either, that meaning (POPE never thought of it) will do as well as any other. For a bit of aristocracy, here is the fact that the Conservatives in the Lords could not find a Leader. The new EARL OF DERBY is too calm to be a dashing champion. LORD SALISBURY is also too large-minded for the place; and then he is not a devoted admirer of the author of *Lothair*. LORD MALMESBURY prefers fighting in the ranks, and others also prefer that place for him. LORD CAIRNS's health is not strong enough for troublesome work. So the sensible and business-like DUKE OF RICHMOND is now the Conservative Leader in the Lords; and if he fights no brilliant battles, he will make no absurd mistakes.

We have had the Estimates, and to the honour of the Ministers in charge thereof (and of their subordinates, of whom nobody hears) vast savings have again been made in national expenditure. Needless to say that the details of many of the savings have been cavilled at savagely. But so it would be in any household in which economy was adopted for the first time: *Mr. Grundy* would abuse the salt-butter, and *Mrs. Grundy* would make faces at the cheap claret.

MR. PETER TAYLOR urged that Members of Parliament ought to receive wages. MR. GLADSTONE demolished him in first-rate style. But if a constituency wants a man, and he is too poor to sit, unpaid, there is no law against a subscription to support him. Only his income ought not to be below £5000 a-year. Any man with a shilling less than that, the *millionnaires* think would be open to a £10 note from a

whip, or to the sweet influences of a card for his wife and daughter when a political great lady gives a party.

The Wellington Monument in St. Paul's is to be finished—some day. *Punch* has promised his daughter, now twelve, that if she marries to his satisfaction, and has a son, grandpapa will take the dear boy to see the inauguration.

Being told that MR. BRIGHT had promised the Spaniards that he would give up Gibraltar to them, and then being asked whether this were so, MR. GLADSTONE said that he had not had an opportunity of communicating with MR. BRIGHT, but believed that he might say no such promise had been given. And he replied as gravely as if he had been repeating the Ninth Commandment, which folks who write untruthful paragraphs should get by heart.

MR. NEWDEGATE carried a Committee for inquiry into the management of Convents and Monasteries in England. His success has given the utmost offence to the English Catholics, men have protested on the platform, and ladies in the papers. The earnestness of both has been more respectable than their logic. *Mr. Punch* hopes, however, that some pacific arrangement will be made, and the bigots on both sides be left out in the cold. He would be happy to be the sole Inspector of Convents, and to make his own report, and he is certain of being welcomed, no one extant having done so much for Catholic liberties—as distinct from licence—as FATHER PUNCH.

Lastly, the Budget. That is a thing of the other day, and you all know all about it. MR. LOWE takes off the Abyssinian Penny from the unjust Income Tax, and half the Sugar Duties. Newspapers, from October next, are to be carried at the rate of a Half-penny for Six Ounces. Air-guns and other Firearms are to pay £1 a-year. A heap of small impositions go. Do you like big figures. He takes off nearly Four Millions of Taxes, and has about Three Hundred Thousand Pounds in hand. He will not reduce the National Debt, as Posterity has not as yet done a great deal for us.

Mr. Punch thinks that he has "Eaten his Supper" like a gentleman, and drinks all your good healths and your families, and may they live long and prosper.

A LIVE SEA-SERPENT.

WHAT is there better than an enormous gooseberry when in season, that is, during a political lull, when Parliament is up, and people are out of Town? Here is something, we thought, when first we read it, published by a contemporary on Easter Monday, which, in point of strangeness, and in the verisimilitude of its details, much excels the enormous gooseberry:—

"AN ALLIGATOR CAUGHT IN THE THAMES.—W. POCKLING, a waterman of Bermondsey, came before MR. PARTRIDGE, at the Thames Police Court, on Saturday, and said he had caught an alligator that morning in the Thames while rowing up the river. It was alive, but much exhausted. It is about four feet in length. He took the creature into his boat, and conveyed it on shore. Two young men carried the alligator to MR. JAMRACH, a dealer in wild beasts and natural curiosities, in Ratcliff Highway, who refused to part with it. MR. PARTRIDGE said that MR. JAMRACH had no right whatever to detain the alligator. He would send a police constable to speak to MR. JAMRACH on the subject, and if it was not restored to the waterman he would issue a summons."

Easter Monday, we said, was the 18th of April. Had it fallen on the First, comment upon the foregoing statement would be superfluous. Considering the length to which Reviews, and other extraordinary notices in newspapers have usually to be extended on that holiday, we can be at no loss to account for the publication of the surprising paragraph we have just read.

Perhaps, therefore, we continued, it is idle to inquire how the alligator found in the Thames crossed the Atlantic, or to speculate on the probability that it escaped from some vessel importing it for MR. JAMRACH, or for the Zoological Society. We may, however, exercise our rational faculties perhaps to advantage, by considering whether, if we should be surprised at the appearance of an alligator in the Thames, there may not have been equal reason for surprise to those who saw the first crocodile that appeared in the Nile? Suppose an alligator to be merely a development of a water-eft. If MR. DARWIN's theory is right, the wonder is that we do not rather frequently find such a small novelty turn up as that of an alligator in the Thames.

The Thames alligator, we concluded, seems rather to have been developed from the inner-consciousness of an unusually imaginative penny-a-liner. Otherwise, perhaps, if an actually living creature, it will turn out to be a porpoise, or perhaps an otter.

We were wrong. It turned out to be a *Lacerta*, not also an alligator, which had escaped from MR. JAMRACH's collection.

Much Wanted.

IN North Germany they have an Assembly which they call "The Customs' Parliament." A Parliament of that sort in this country would find a good many bad customs to investigate and correct.



QUITE OUT OF DATE:

Isabel. "BUT, GRANDMA! DEAR, SHE'S NOT A BIT PRETTY, LOOKS VERY STUPID, AND HASN'T A SHILLING! WHAT CAN HE BE GOING TO MARRY HER FOR?"

Grandma. "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU WILL THINK IT ONE OF MY OLD-FASHIONED NOTIONS,—BUT PERHAPS IT IS FOR LOVE!"

THE FOUNTAIN OF HONOUR IN FRANCE.

THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT of a contemporary mentioned, the other day, that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH had "honoured the races," that is to say, had attended them.

But when a Sovereign honours a horse-race, how does he honour it? By condescension or by homage? Does he honour it as he would honour a tailor by noticing him, or as he honoured his father and mother?

Horse-races are honoured by some men with an honour amounting to veneration. They attend them as festivals of horse-worship. LOUIS NAPOLEON has always shown devotion to the horse.

But if we are to understand that when his Imperial Majesty honoured the races, he honoured them simply with his presence, and by setting his eyes on them, we must suppose that he confers the same honour on everything he takes in hand. What a number and variety of things, then, he must honour in the course of the day, from the time of his getting up in the morning to that of his going to bed at night!

The first thing which he honours is perhaps his wash-hand bason, by pouring into it a quantity of water, unless he is accustomed to commence his ablutions at once with the tub. Or, unless he first honours his tooth-brush by plunging it into a dentifrice, and using it.

He then honours a cake of soap of some description, which may possibly be yellow. Very likely he next honours a sponge, and, after that, a rough towel, or, may be, a pair of horsehair gloves.

Having honoured, as he learned in England to honour, all the requisites for a practice which by too many of his countrymen is more honoured in the breach than the observance, NAPOLEON THE THIRD proceeds, probably, to honour his socks and drawers by putting them on. In the same way, of course, he honours his under-waistcoat, if he wears one; likewise his shirt, his trousers, and his slippers. At this point, very likely, he honours a razor (for his cheeks and chin are apparently shaven), having previously honoured the other appliances necessary for shaving, inclusive, perhaps, of some advertised "euxesis" or "emollio." In the meantime he must needs have honoured a piece of shaving-rag or paper, and may have honoured a strop.

The next appurtenances of the toilet honoured by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, presumably, are a hair-brush or pair of hair-brushes and a comb. Moreover, it is not impossible that he may honour some quantity of bear's-grease or pomatum, not to say hair-restorer.

ALL ABOUT NUTTING.

OUR Correspondent, a Left tenant Kernel, is incorrect in surmising that Cob-nuts are a variety of the Horse-chesnut. The racing expression of "cracks" does not refer to either species. COMMODORE NUTT did not invent shell-jackets, though the famous crackers owe their origin to his genius. The "Nut-brown Maid" was not composed by SHELLEY, as you seem to imagine, and, the phrase "a nutter failure" need not of necessity apply to the fact of finding it a bad one. Yes, certainly, there is a town named Knutsford, in Cheshire, but it is principally remarkable for the thick heads of its juries, which may possibly explain your confusion as to *nuts*. What you say about "cracking the Gordian nut" we attribute to your ignorance or the heat of the weather, also your observations on the opera of the *Nutze di Figaro*, which are unworthy of you, and if the singer in question did exhibit too much of the "voce di testa" (we pass over your remark about "detest her" and so on, because, really—) or "nutty flavoured" voice, there are some, remember, who like that sort of thing, and who instead of the liquid "*ut de poitrine*" prefer a good strong heady whine. However, for all further information we must refer you to *Nuttall's Dictionary*.

Queer Taste.

"Ask 'your grocer for the London tea.' Remembering our suspicions as to the seat of the manufacture of a good deal of the tea sold in the Metropolis, this is the very last article we should think of asking our grocer to supply.

"DE TE."—What the "thoughtless husband" said to his family—"I don't think much of you."

When he has honoured his hair by the act of arranging it, if he does not honour a hairdresser with the office, he honours his necktie, if he rightly conjecture, and, that done, honours his waistcoat, honouring lastly his dressing-gown or lounging jacket. By this time he doubtless finds it necessary to honour a little more soap-and-water with manual use, likewise a nail-brush.

There are a few other matters that he may have honoured besides, or will honour shortly, and, before he walks down to breakfast, it may be that he honours his boots, which a footman has previously honoured sentimentally in cleaning.

At the morning meal His Majesty, we hope, heartily honours certain eggs, rashers of bacon, bloaters, sardines, cups of tea, coffee, or chocolate, and at the same time never fails with his perusal to honour *Punch*.

Of course he honours some other journal.

Further specification of the many material objects which the Ruler of France, as well as every other monarch, is accustomed and obliged to honour daily might be tedious.

A Busy Man.

MUCH has been written about the division of labour. But, according to one of the papers, a remarkable instance has just occurred of the accumulation of labour. A gentleman has been appointed to the office of Pro-proctor in the University of Oxford (not a sinecure), who is also a Master of Arts, in Clerical Orders, a Fellow of His College, and "Assistant Secretary to the Board of Trade"!

Brothers and Sisters.

MR. NEWDEGATE's opinion of the monastic institutions, respecting which he proposes inquiry, implies no great veneration for St. Benedict, and the other saints who founded the principal orders. MRS. MALABROB might truly say that Benedict is no saint in the Newdegate calendar.

DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

WE read in a Liverpool paper that in Bonny the mothers of twins are "drummed" out of the town. Of course the tat-two is played on the occasion.



A PRETTY LITTLE DONKEY IN A LION'S SKIN.

A GRAND SENSATION FOR TAWNY-HAIRED BEAUTIES.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

(Looked at Socially.)

FINE summer day, delightful out-door fête in delicious gardens, charming women charmingly dressed, high spirits, witty remarks, well-fitting clothes, and—a large smut on your face not discovered until the end of the entertainment.

Laborious duties of Government appointment over for the week; Park balmy, breezy, rhododendron; boots easy, shiny; agreeable companion in arm-chair ladylike, chatty, muslin; infallible dinner to come, favourite opera to follow—peremptory creditor, whose vulgar underling has waited upon you that morning for the last time, stalks by.

Beautiful place on the coast, beautiful weather, beautiful ocean, good sands, good shrimps, good bathing accommodation—you discover on leaving the machine, buoyant, and full of spirits and appetite—you a complete stranger at Bythesea—that the only coin you have about you is a bad half-crown.

Winter evening, wind and sleet outside, easy chair and bright fire within, curtains drawn, lamp splendid, grog at your elbow, dog at your feet, pipe between your lips, concluding volume of new novel in your hand—has been a good deal read, so pages 286 to 302, in the thick of the final excitement, are missing.

Magnificent church; crowded congregation; friends, neighbours, relatives, old servants all around pleased and smiling; lovely bride, lovely bridesmaids, lovely bouquets, new suit, highly-polished hat, happiest, proudest day in your life, and—ring forgotten, wife elect rather superstitious, time nearly twelve.

Business at a distance settled sooner than you expected, train back home most convenient, little plan to surprise "Pussy" (your wife) by returning to-day instead of to-morrow, luncheon at the "Saracen's Head" capital and moderate, journey safe and pleasant, calm tranquil evening with golden sunset, civil and conscientious cabman, hasty happy knock at your own front-door—opened by veteran charwoman: wife out, gone to stay all night with her mother, general cleaning in progress, house topsyturvy.

Dinner-party early in married life, all going off well, cook sober, waiters disciplined, guests cheerful, wife radiant—wealthy but somewhat irascible and capricious blood relation, who is fond of a glass of Madeira, reminds you of your promise to give him that last bottle of particular old East India which your godfather left you, and which

your (temporary) butler has that moment informed you he has had the misfortune to break in the bin.

Ball delightful, partners charming, music inspiring, buffet irreproachable, the whole thing Paradise, elysium, seventh heaven, &c.,—glove splits gapingly, conspicuously, hopelessly.

Great work all but completed, years spent upon its production, friends to whom it has been shown in MS. enthusiastic, publisher liberal, encouraging, advertisements about to appear—book on precisely the same subject announced in evening paper as "Just ready."

MACBETH NOT DOGBERRY.

MACBETH, MACBETH, MACBETH! Had you three ears you'd hear me? You have only two ears, but those two would be thrice as long as a Macbeth's should be, if you were capable of the utterance which a newspaper ascribes to you. What is that? Braying, MACBETH, Provost MACBETH; expressing yourself not as *Macbeth*, but as *Dogberry*. Worthy MACBETH, what a shame it is that you should be so misrepresented by some dreaming reporter, as you must have been in the *Glasgow Herald*! In that journal it is stated that you and your brother Magistrates held a court the other day at Rothesay, when deputations from branches of the Free Church, a Total Abstinence Society, and a Parochial Board, prayed your worships for a reduction in the number of public-house licences, and called your attention to the fact that billiards and other games were being introduced into hotels and public-houses, and declaring that they held the tendency of those amusements to be pernicious. The report of your proceedings contains the incredible statement that—

"The Provost, on behalf of himself and brother Magistrates, expressed their willingness to keep down the number of licensed houses, if at all possible; and with regard to a billiard table which had been introduced into one of the hotels, indicated that they were quite willing to allow it to be used by strangers lodging in the hotel, or by strangers visiting them, but that they could not tolerate its use by people living in the town. With regard to dominoes, draughts, &c., being used in public-houses, he said the Magistrates would not grant licences unless these instruments of gambling were removed, and a promise given not to introduce them."

What a rage I should have been in had I been a Provost, and had seen in print such nonsense put into my mouth as the *Glasgow Herald* has made you talk about billiards! For many people, inclined to believe rather than to doubt the truth of any imputation of folly to others, would not suspect the story that I had uttered that nonsense to be a hoax. And, if I had uttered it, what a donkey I should have been! Billiards objectionable in a hotel! Why, who can play at billiards drunk? Sobriety is a necessary condition of the game; and as to billiards in a tavern, so far from their having any pernicious tendency, the billiard table must tend to divert frequenters from the beer-engine and the bottle. I should also feel highly indignant at being represented as having been such a fool as to talk about dominoes and draughts as though I confounded the games so called with hazard and blind hookey, not even perceiving, in my dense stupidity, that those recreative draughts were likely to wean all amused with them from those other draughts that make men drunk. To write down MACBETH, as the *Glasgow Herald* has virtually done, that which *Dogberry* requested to be written, is too bad. It may suggest a bad joke to some one of your countrymen—the riddle why is Provost MACBETH like *Macbeth's* castle? which of course you know was called Dunsinane. But no, Provost, ye're na that inane dunce that you have been made out by the Glasgow contemporary of

PUNCH.

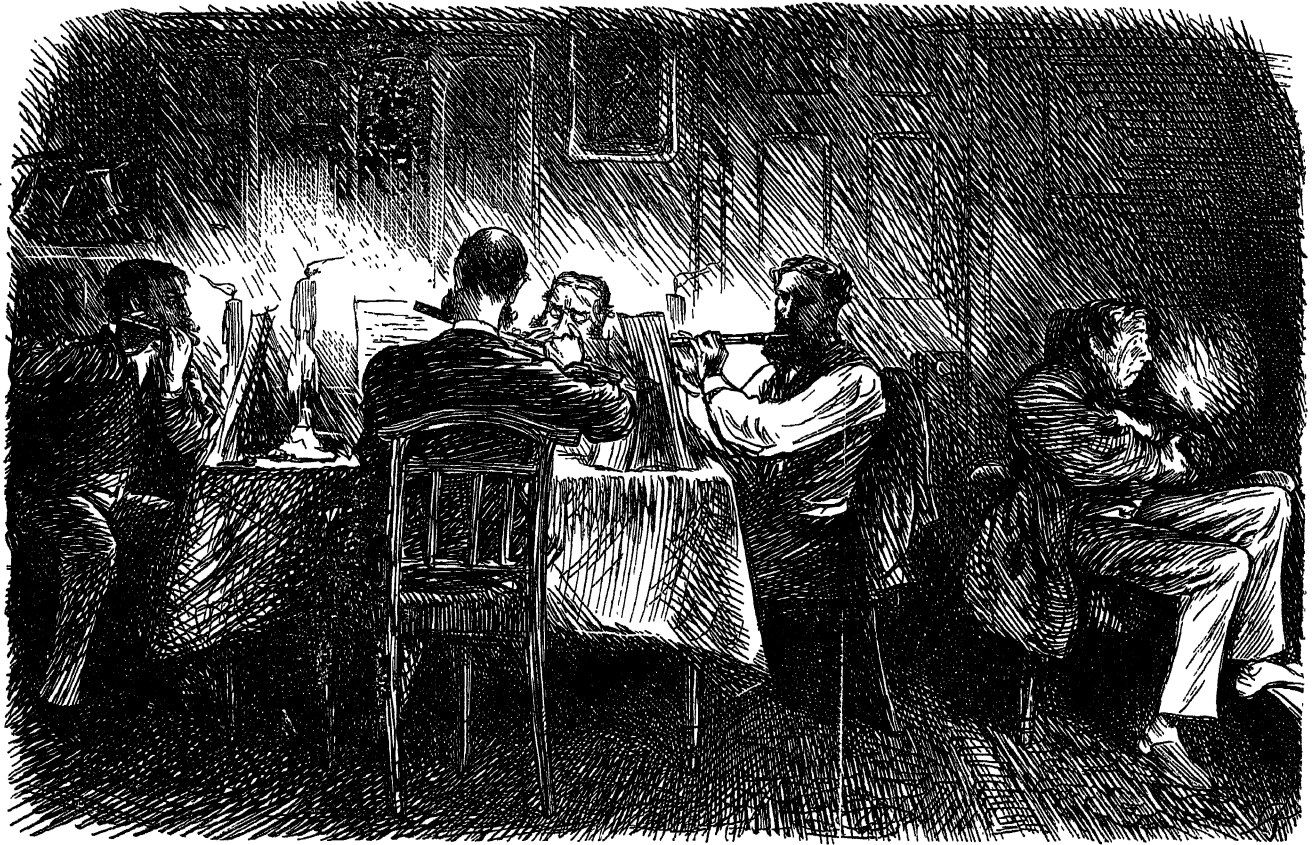
Down with your Dust.

WHY will not MR. AYRTON water Rotten Row as nicely for the five o'clock as the one o'clock equestrianism? Among five hundred other sufferers, Mr. Punch, whose duties to his country detain him at his office until the later hour, has lately been half blinded on more than one occasion while taking there his needful exercise ere dinner. With the barometer at Set Fair, each fair lady who may sit by the side of Rotten Row gets as dusty as a miller, in the absence of Aquarius. Will our B-Edile kindly take pity on her chignon, and bid his water-carts at five o'clock to do their work like one o'clock?

Fact.

A MONSTER who was present at the opening of the Vaudeville, and whose coat he declared was spoiled, said when going out, "Well, it may not be remarkable for its size, but it's unpleasantly conspicuous for its paint." If MR. MONTAGUE remunerated this person he made a great managerial mistake.

THE MOST FATAL FORM OF CONSUMPTION.—The consumption of strong drink.



"WIND!"

BROWN HAVING UNGUARDLEDY CONFESSED TO BEING MUSICAL, HIS FRIEND WIFFLES OFFERS TO COME AND BRING THREE OTHER FELLOWS, AND PLAY SOME BEAUTIFUL FLUTE QUARTETS IN HIS ROOMS. POOR BROWN SAYS HE NEVER SAT FOR HOURS IN SUCH A THOROUGH DRAUGHT IN HIS LIFE!"

FROU-FROU.

AIR—"Du, du liebst mir in Herzen."

Frou-frou greets me in Wych Street,
Frou-frou greets me in King's!
Frou-frou *SHOULD* be a rich treat,
 To judge by the buzz of her butterfly wings.
 Ladies like Mademoiselle *Frou-frou*, I fear,
 Whether in fiction or fact they appear,
 Get men who come within whiff of their skirt
 Into what's best and most briefly called "dirt!"
 And leave them bedraggled, and drenched through and through
 To curse their own folly, that followed *Frou-frou*!

Frou-frou frêts a Vice-Chancellor,
 For her called to quicken a dead-letter law,
 In her *unauthorised* form prayed to cancel her,
 Spite of Bar quibble, or Parliament flaw.
 Asked—poor V.C.!—to distinguish "translation,"
 From what in the statute's called "fair adaptation!"
 To pronounce, to the hair's-breadth, what scruple of *sum*
 Will sanctify swag, and make *meum* of *tuum*.
 And decide by his verdict, with consequence big,
 If a brave British dramatist *can* be a prig!

Frou-frou greets me in posters,
 Hails me from off a man's back and a board:
Frou-frou, on a sheet like a coaster's
 Mainsail full spread, grins from hoard after hoard.
Frou-frou in English, or French—you have either—
 And eke in French-English that's both and that's neither,
 From Miss PLESSY MORDAUNT, by no means *the* PLESSY,
 To MADemoiselle BEATRICE, doleful and dressy,
 And—the true Simon *Impure*, the *Frou-frou pur sang*,
 Painted à la Française, in le rouge et Le Blanc.
Frou-frou, with jupons a rustling,

Authors, adapters, translators agog,
 After poor JAMES, down to Dorking abustling,
 To hang round his holidays' neck like a clog,
 In the might of thy mischief, thy whirlwind of charms,
 Alike courts and stages thou callest to arms:
 But one good may spring from this butterfly bobbery,
 If it teach our stage-prigs there's a law for their robbery;
 That the highwayman's craft's out of tune with the age,
 And that rogues will be grabbed who rob e'en the French stage.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY MADE EASY.

"MYOPS" (Myops?) in the *Times*, appeals to the Royal Academy for the publication of a pocket-edition of their Catalogue for the accommodation of near-sighted persons and others who would like to visit the Exhibition casually, but cannot lug a big catalogue about. No doubt a small catalogue would sell without interfering much with the sale of the large one, of which most people would prefer the print. Neither is it likely that many catalogues the fewer would be sold if the Academy would have the pictures lettered each with its subject and artist's name, as in the National Gallery. Turning out the number of picture after picture distracts the attention grievously, and in many cases turns the head giddy. I can answer for one, and hope the Royal Academy will consider not only "Myops's" case, but likewise that of

VERTIGO.

Medical.

We are delighted to read that King's College Hospital is out of debt, and the authorities are at once going to build another "wing." Whether this is advisable at the moment is a matter of a-pinion.

OPPORTUNE SONG FOR THE JOCKEY CLUB. — "HAWLEY's lost now!"



OIL AND WATER.

NO WONDER THIS OLD GENTLEMAN FROM THE COUNTRY IS PUZZLED. HIS FRIENDS HAVE CARELESSLY SENT HIM TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION WITH A "WATER-COLOUR" CATALOGUE!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, April 25. The House of Commons, re-assembling after the recess, had at once to listen to details regarding the atrocity which has been perpetrated in Greece. Save as matter of record, the frightful story would not find place here, for every Englishman and Englishwoman is acquainted with the facts. Travellers—ladies and gentlemen—visiting Marathon, were set upon by brigands. The ladies were released. Ransom and pardon were the demands of the brigands. Both would have been given, but for the conduct of the Greek Government, which displayed imbecile pedantry and mischievous violence. The miserable end was, that four of the travellers—three Englishmen and an Italian—were murdered. No, not the end, for there is a heavy account to settle with Greece. For the moment, let us gladly pass from a horrible story. It is due, however, to our own Executive to say that it exhausted every endeavour to save the lives of the victims. And a word for the manly conduct of the young KING OF GREECE, who acted as became the brother of one whom England loves dearly.

The Commons proceeded with the discussion of the Budget, and assented to MR. LOWE'S Stamp propositions, so the reduction on newspaper postage is a fact—or rather will be, for the present system, like the tippler,

"Dies in October."

The War-Office arrangements are to be hugely altered. MR. FIELDEN did not admire the new plan, and like the House of Commons in the famous ballad which tells of *Billy Taylor*,

"Declared 'twas a Regular Job."

But the House, dividing 80 to 6, majority 74, declared that it was nothing of the kind, and the Government champions, MESSRS. CARDWELL and STANSFELD, insisted that the responsibility of the War-Gods to Parliament would be increased by the change. It is needless

THREE BAND OF HOPE BOYS.

(*Anti-Bacchanalian Song, dedicated to the Temperance Society, as an Aid to Moral Suasion.*)

AIR—"Three Jolly Postboys."

THREE Band of Hope Boys, drinking, on their mettle,
Three Band of Hope Boys, drinking, on their mettle,
And they determin'd,
And they determin'd,
And they determin'd again to tap the kettle.

We'll have t' other cup; pour on the water.
We'll have t' other cup; pour on the water.
Fill us the teapot up,
Fill us the teapot up,
Fill us the teapot up, strong liquor's self-slaughter.

Tea cheers the gloomy, the sad, and melancholic,
Tea cheers the gloomy, the sad, and melancholic,
And it not inebriates,
And it not inebriates,
And it not inebriates like potions alcoholic.

He that drinks mixed punch, and goes to bed mellow,
He that drinks mixed punch, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he shouldn't do,
Lives as he shouldn't do,
Lives as he shouldn't do, and wakes a seedy fellow.

He that drinks mild tea, and goes to bed sober,
He that drinks mild tea, and goes to bed sober,
Lasts as the leaves do,
Lasts as the leaves do,
Lasts as the leaves do, bright green in October.

No Triumph for Newdegate.

WHAT if investigation of convents should prove them all to be really the abodes of peace and innocence which those who protest against it assure us they are? It would probably result in a great number of conversions. Does not MR. NEWDEGATE seek it at his peril? Or rather, if you like, should he succeed in obtaining it, may he not possibly get converted himself? Then, perhaps WHALLEY would be converted too, or avow the conversion of which he has been suspected.

for *Mr. Punch* to say that his want of confidence in the present war-system at home is Absolute, and that, while no created party exceeds him in his admiration for the chivalry of the British officer, or for what SIR CHARLES NAPIER proudly calls "the Majesty with which the British Soldier fights," he is much too often reminded of a mordant verse, forming part of a poem written (no one shall ever know by whom) in Crimean days,—

"His heart is with the brave
Whose glorious banners wave
Where, pointed on Sebastopol, the cannon roars,
And he knows they only fear
The foe in the Rear,
The Blunderers at Home," says the Barber out of Doors."

Passing from martial considerations to pauperdom, the House then read a Second Time a Bill for improving the means of Relieving the London Poor. But the subject (not that *Mr. Punch* derides temporary makeshifts, if they are necessary) must be dealt with in a very much larger way. The scandalous fact is, that with all conceivable machinery for treating poverty, and a perfect Pactolus of golden ointment ever flowing to keep the works in order, we have a state of things which would be disgraceful to a nation that had never heard of Political Economy, and which is a black, dismal, and overwhelming shame to a nation that reads MILL and PUNCH.

Nextly, by way of making things pleasant, we departed from considering how money is used foolishly, and addressed ourselves to experiences of its being used criminally. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, which his name is SIR ROBERT COLLIER (these explanations will be found convenient a few hundred years hence), moved the Second Reading of the Bill for abolishing Bridgewater and Beverley, *pro criminibus*. Of course the measure was opposed, but the disclosures had been so perturbing that Honourable Gentlemen could not find much to say, and we had the old story of the instruction to counsel—"There is no defence to this action, but please to abuse the plaintiff's attorney." It was urged that the Commissioners—on the strength of whose report

the fatal sentence went forth—had been very unkind, and occasionally very rude to parties concerned, and witnesses. No doubt they were so, and most properly. A light, however, is thrown upon the sentiments of sundry persons of highest "gig respectability," when it is actually made matter of complaint that there is anything like harshness in the treatment of bribers. What a row would be made if an ordinary prisoner in the dock should "flare up" (why has that good old bit of abominable vulgarity gone out?) because his witnesses had been tortured by MR. CHAFFANBRASS, or any other gentleman whose avocation it is to get the truth out of those whose predilection is for telling lies. Yet which culprit is the worse, he who punches an enemy's head and throws his property out of window, or he who spreads corruption and demoralisation (nice word, that) over a whole population? We could pursue this theme, with a lavish display of virtuous indignation and well-selected adjective, but other people can do that (and don't they, eh?), whereas *Mr. Punch* prefers to be the inimitable.

"There is no one beside him and no one above him,
He standest alone, as the nightingale sings."

[If any questionable grammar be found in one of the above lines, it is the fault of the poet for originally writing "thou," and manipulating his verb accordingly, but *Mr. Punch* apologises to MISS ELIZABETH PHILIP, whose rendering of the beautiful words has stamped them perpetually on his memory.] The opponents of the Bill had to withdraw their amendment—in fact, anything like amendment is entirely apart from Beverley and Bridgewater—and the Bill was read a Second Time. Also, similar progress was made in the measure for inflicting a similar castigation on certain Norwich voters. For indeed

"The 'Man in the Moon'
He rose too soon,
And asked the way to Norwich,"

and somebody was indiscreet enough to give him the information which he desired. Whereby, consequences were disastrous. Let that be a warning against Early Rising—also bribery.

Observe that in Committee of the whole House leave was given to bring in a Government Bill for Abolishing Religious Tests in the Universities—and Colleges. It is, say its enemies, a more sweeping Bill than any previous Reformers dared to ask for, and contains everything that all of them have asked. This is an undoubted merit, and let us hope that the fact will occur to the House of Lords. *Mr. Punch* tolerates no Tests except such as are used, for the benefit of mankind, at a certain temple in Albemarle Street, and in the laboratories of the high-priests of that Fane.

Tuesday. Let Snowden listen—he cannot as yet be bored with the accents of London tourists, ascending his "shaggy side" on shaggier ponies. Notice was given by MR. WATKIN WILLIAMS, who, to judge by his name, is probably what *King Henry* calls "a Welsh" (the "a" is manifestly a typographical blunder, against which SHAKESPEARE, if he had read his proofs like a careful author, as no doubt he ought to have done, would have written *dele*; but it makes the passage jocular), that on a given day, in this month of May, he will bring in a Bill for the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales! We may just as well mention at once, while the matter is in our minds, that MR. WATKIN WILLIAMS's Bill will not become law. Asks any rash creature what right *Punch* has to say this? He replies decisively, if politely,

"By that great right the vast and towering mind
Has o'er the grovelling instinct of the vulgar."

Not, of course, that he is accusing anybody in particular of grovelling or vulgarity, for, as must have been observed, he invariably takes care never to "give offence." (*Vide Walker*.) But the signal for battle has been sounded, and already Welsh cannon on both sides are crammed with missiles. Let the welkin roar.

A Colonial Debate in the Commons. A motion by MR. TORRENS, (not the excellent M.P. for Finsbury) for a Committee on our relations with those outlying parts, was resisted vigorously by the PREMIER, (MR. GLADSTONE—these explanations will be found convenient a few hundred years hence), and negatived by 110 to 67.

Wednesday. As *Mr. Punch* sang, years ago,—

"My sister-in-law, they're trying again
The Consanguinity Table to flaw,
And the House of Commons declares it plain
That a man should marry his sister-in-law."

These exquisite lines indicate the occupation of the House on this day of Woden, and probably will be enough for most persons, including Persons. MR. WALPOLA opposed the Bill for allowing you to marry your wife's sister, and so did MR. BERESFORD HOPE, and SIR ROUNDALL PALMER; but MR. GLADSTONE gave the Bill vigorous support. There was little of the theological argument introduced, the less, perhaps, that it is proposed that such marriages shall be before a

Registrar. The majorities in favour of the Bill were first 70, and then 87.

Thursday. In the Lords, the Foreign Secretary, and LORD CARNARVON, who is a connection of one of the victims to the Greek Government and its brigands, spoke upon the painful topic, the former explaining his own course, which all must see was admirable; the latter tendering thanks for it, and urging that Parliament and the nation "should not allow delay to dull the keenness of their present feelings, or to abate one jot or tittle of the punishment that must be exacted when the hour of reckoning comes." His words of manly indignation will be echoed in every heart.

In the Commons some progress was made, by the Committee, with the Irish Land Bill—*Mr. Punch* presumes that he need not enter into details—at any rate he declines to do so.

Friday. The LORD CHANCELLOR (HATHERLEY. These explanations, &c) proposed to go into Committee on the High Court of Justice Bill. He stated that he had improved it very much, and hoped that the amendments would give their Lordships satisfaction. LORD ROMILLY complained that he had not had time to read the improved version, which he had received but a few hours before. We cannot exactly say that we saw him at the Private View of the Royal Academy that Friday, but he might have been there, and if so, we congratulate him on the good taste which led him to prefer seeing LORD HATHERLEY, in a clever painting, to reading him in a prosy Bill. LORD CAIRNS was dissatisfied with the Bill, not being able to see that it provided for a binding marriage between Law and Equity. *Mr. Punch* will not quote SHERIDAN, and suppose that those parties are already married, as they are so seldom seen together, but will make the much duller, yet more practical remark, that if clever men like LORD CAIRNS keep on forbidding the banns, there is small chance of the couple ever being made happy. LORD WESTBURY thought highly of the end in view, but lowly of the means employed. LORD PENZANCE, in urging that judges were quite qualified to draw up rules of proceeding, paid an unaffected but effective compliment to his predecessor, SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, who, as should be known, did everything but codify the Law and Practice of the Divorce Tribunal (of course we could have said Court, but who is going to lose a sonorous word?). Finally, the CHANCELLOR, not without a murmur, consented to allow the Committee to stand over for a few days, but thought that the Judges ought to look alive (all of them do, we are glad to say) and let him know their sentiments. Did *Mr. Punch* mention the object of this Bill? Well, he has no space to do so this week, but the object is, as LORD WESTBURY said, a very good one, and that knowledge ought to be enough for any right-minded person.

An incident, which happily was harmless, marked MR. CHARLES BUXTON's domestic history this day. A short-hand writer, whom he was dismissing for neglect and impertinence, fired a pistol at MR. BUXTON, but missed him. When explanations were made in the House, which was of course anxious to know what had really occurred to one of its most respected Members, the would-be assassin had not been captured; but he is hardly of the class of criminal to be long latent, and on this side the Irish Sea we do not protect murderers.

MR. GLADSTONE, yielding to the general feeling that opportunity should be given for a great row over MR. NEWDEGATE's Committee on Catholic Convents, presented the following Monday night, after 11. He made a sort of suggestion for oiling the waters by hinting to MR. NEWDEGATE that he would do well to explain exactly what he wanted, so that the ideas as to dragging frightened young Catholic ladies before a bigot Committee might be slightly allayed. MR. NEWDEGATE promised to expound.

A quarrel over the dismissal or resignation of COLONEL BOXER (formerly of the Royal Laboratory) was not very amusing, and it ended in nothing but the ventilation of the alleged wrong done to a gentleman whose military inventions have been valuable; but there was laughter over the case of a couple of appointments to the magistracy at Leitrim,—one of the Beaks having been, it was said, in the Rag and Feather trade, and being at present, it was also said, in the habit of weighing butter in a public market. The law has many old rags, and reasons light as feathers; and why a man cannot weigh butter and justice also is not clear. The Irish Secretary amusingly declared himself unable to justify the appointment at that moment, but would inquire further; but it was next to impossible to arrive at a truthful relation of any Irish fact.

Some matters of no particular interest occupied the rest of the night—i. e., till 2.20 on Saturday morning, but *Mr. Punch* designs only to immortalise a smart quotation (he himself never quotes, except from himself) by the PREMIER. Remarking on somebody's remarks on the delay of business by talk, MR. GLADSTONE said:—

"Such discussions rather reminded him of the lines in that clever volume the 'Rejected Addresses,' where the author speaks of people who, in the theatre, shouted silence in order to obtain quiet:—

"He who, in quest of quiet, 'Silence!' hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes."

NEW BOOTS FOR BOBBY.



I think that the *Morning Advertiser* has been doing the public a service in advertising, for the benefit and information of those whom it may concern, the objectionable character of our brave Policemen's boots. This does concern everybody. That the Police shall succeed in catching the fugitives they run after, all people are concerned, except only those fugitives and their friends, whose concern it is that they shall escape their pursuers. The more flexible, light, and easy, if sufficiently strong, their pursuers' boots are, the better for the community; the stiffer, the clumsier,

and the tighter, the better for the pursued; rogues and thieves. At present the Policemen's boots are of such a make as to be very much the reverse of Seven League Boots. They are so made as if they had been made to order of the thieves, and rogues, and dangerous classes. The ends of Justice, and the protection of Society, would be furthered if those boots were allowed to be made to order of their wearers. As INSPECTOR O'BALLAGHAN says,—"Them only that wears the boots it is that knows where the shoe pinches." An ill-booted Police is one on just the footing to be desired by every freebooter.

There is something very reassuring, especially at night, in what "E. A. M." in the *Advertiser* speaks of as "the measured monotony of a Policeman's tread."

It is, indeed, a music like that of "the watch-dog's honest bark." But, whilst a surety of our Protector's presence, it is a warning of his approach. By the thick heavy boots, in which he cannot help treading noisily, he lets the burglar, the garrotter, and the pickpocket know he is coming as effectually as he could if he wore bells on his helmet, or a rattle at his coat-tail.

So needful is agility for the efficiency of a Policeman as to render it highly desirable that the Police drill should include lessons in dancing; and the Police boots ought accordingly to be boots in which it would be not impossible to dance. Perhaps the Home Office will adopt these suggestions. Then we may be, by-and-by, occasionally amused with the spectacle of a Policeman collaring an offender and waltzing him off in custody. Dance music might be composed with relation to the Police as well as to the Army, of which, indeed, the Police force is simply a domestic branch, equally gallant, and deserving to be equally fashionable. Let us hope soon to see "A 1 Quadrilles" exhibited in the music-shop windows, with a full-length portrait of A 1 himself on the cover, in boots of a description corresponding to that letter and that number. At present purloiners, as light-footed as they are light-fingered, can lead Bobby a dance, and dance clean off, but they would soon be overtaken if he were taught to dance properly, and had proper boots wherein to dance after them, tripping it on the light if not fantastic toe.

It is desirable that the amelioration of Policemen's boots should be accompanied by a considerable addition to the existing number of pairs, corresponding to the numerical increase of the Police which is urgently required to render their presence reasonably approximate to ubiquity, instead of, as at present, from the impossibility that a few men should be in many places at once, apparently often being equal to nullity.

A NATURAL REFLECTION.

A POLICEMAN the other night was overheard remarking, that before he went to bed he thought of a good supper as his *area pensée*.

SONGS OF THE SORROWFUL.

I.—"THE GIFT OF THE GAB."

I'm wealthy, I'm healthy, I'm young, I'm admired,
I've excellent taste both in music and art;
I can knock off a sonnet or two when required,
And in a discussion can well bear my part.
But this latter gift renders life such a bore,
That every day do I suffer a stab:
I never can hope for true happiness more,
For alas! I was born with the Gift of the Gab.

At home when the cook is in vinous condition,
And each dish is spoiled as a matter of "course,"
She comes the next day in a state of contrition,
Repentant, regretful, a prey to remorse.
My wife who should speak to the wretch—'tis her duty—
Catches me as I'm off to my Club in a cab,
Exclaiming, "My dear, you must talk to this 'beauty,'
Because, love, you know you've the Gift of the Gab."

When I get to my Club, where I'm on the Committee,
I find that JACK JOHNSON has done something wrong.
All his friends say it's shameful, and though it's a pity,
We must have him up, and pitch into him strong.
It was I who proposed him, I long to be out of it;
But "No," say the others, "you are such a dab
At this sort of thing, you're our spokesman, no doubt of it,
You shouldn't possess such a Gift of the Gab."

I break JOHNSON's heart, for my eloquent tongue goes
Nineteen to the dozen when once I commence;
Like beer from the barrel when outward the bung goes,
And JOHNSON's expelled for a trifling offence.
Next week in a row quite as dreadful I tumble,
They say that political secrets I blab
Outside the club-walls, and I feel rather humble
As folks lay it all to my Gift of the Gab.

BROWN bolts from his wife, and in Fleet Street I meet him
In tears, for he's anxious repentance to show;

He seizes my arm, and in vain I entreat him
To calm himself—bootless—he says "You must go
At once! See my wife, state my case, urge it strongly"
(His wife's a strong Scotchwoman, *née* Miss M'TAB,
Who thinks I'm her husband's accomplice—though wrongly.)
"My life's in your hands—you've the Gift of the Gab."

Of course I succeed—now they're wretched together,
But that's not my business. I settle to go
Away for six weeks with my wife, for the weather
Is really delightfully balmy, you know.
A Charity Dinner, a dreadful affair which
I try to escape, but they manage to nab
Me just as I'm off, "Come, you must take the chair, which
You promised you would. You've the Gift of the Gab?"

I go to a party, which dull p'raps a shade is,
The supper is solemn, and everything's slow.
"Come, come, our friend JONES will propose, hem! 'the Ladies,'"
Exclaims the dull host, seeing every one low.
I'd longed for a holiday once in a way, but
They won't let me off—so I lose my dressed crab:
Of course on the subject I've nothing to say, but
What's supper compared to the Gift of the Gab?

Oh, what would I give for a stammer and stutter,
And why such a fool could DEMOSTHENES be
To hold in his mouth pebbles, merely to utter
His sentiments rather more "slick" to the sea.
I envy those folks who when called on to speak feel
Upset, whilst they first turn deep red, then pale drab,
Their hearts palpitating, their knees very weak feel,
How blissful's their state—they've no Gift of the Gab!

Dulcet.

HALF the duty is taken off. Sugar is down in price. SACCHARISSA says there is a line in TENNYSON, which all consumers, whether of moist or lump, may now quote with peculiar propriety:—

"Sweet and low, sweet and low."



A DISCUSSION.

Mrs. Brown (at the left of the Picture) THINKS IT A GREAT SHAME THAT A LADY CANNOT WALK BY HERSELF IN LONDON WITHOUT BEING FOLLOWED, ACCOSTED, AND OTHERWISE ANNOYED BY MEN. SUCH, AT LEAST, IS HER EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Jones (with the feathers in her hat) IS OF THE SAME OPINION. SHE NEVER STIRS OUT ALONE—HER HUSBAND WOULD NEVER ALLOW SUCH A THING. BUT, EVEN THEN, MEN WILL STARE IN THE MOST OFFENSIVE MANNER.

Mrs. Robinson (in the middle) IS MUCH SURPRISED TO HEAR THIS. ALTHOUGH IN THE CONSTANT HABIT OF WALKING BY HERSELF, SHE HAS NEVER YET MET WITH ANY ANNOYANCE OF THE KIND MRS. B. AND MRS. J. HAVE DESCRIBED.

DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

BORN, JANUARY 25, 1811. DIED, APRIL 25, 1870.

TITAN in strength, but guileless as a child;
In whom the large heart balanced the large brain;
Whose patient life, and manners plain and mild
Lessoned the fretful, and rebuked the vain.

None knew but loved the man, who seemed to grow
Only in power and passion for his art:
Not in ambition for rewards or show,
The hustling and the hux'ring of the mart.

Who seemed above the craving e'en for fame—
Such fame as asks the trumpet of the time;
Content to work, and wait until there came
That nobler Fame, whose laurels keep their prime.

Unto his loving heart and eager soul
Pleasure came early, with her winning wiles;
Few steps he followed her: then paused and stole
Beyond the magic of her side-long smiles,

To the cool Palace of the Queen he loved,
And therein ever after dwelt alone;
Unboastful, but by loyal ardours moved,
For Art's advancement, careless of his own.

Not greater the examples left to show
His power of toiling hand, and shaping brain—
WALLINGTON girl with death at Waterloo,
The Victory's deck, and NELSON'S dying pain—

Than is the example of a life so given
In loyallest allegiance to his art,
A strife so silently but stoutly striven,
A worship where no baser thought had part,

To times like ours, hot, hasty, full of care,
Loud, not as deeps roar, but as shallows rave:
That prizes beauty as a market-ware,
To buy and sell, as Moslem holds a slave,

Not as a Queen, and something more than Queen,
As Queen and Saint, that hallows where she rules:
Such was to him the Loveliness unseen,
That mocks our traders and eschews our schools.

He lived the life an artist ought to live:
Has died the death an artist ought to die,
Swift, sudden, with a hand still strong to give
Shape to the visions of the inner eye.

He leaves the name an artist ought to leave,
Of one serene of mood, of manners bland,
Unknowing to defame, defraud, deceive,
Sweet temper, open heart, and generous hand.

Jumping to Conclusions.

A SPORTING Contemporary notices a novel Cricket Match in which the competitors were one-legged and one-armed pensioners. It concludes by saying, "The game was decided in favour of the one-legged men by twenty-eight runs." This is, of course, a mistake; the writer must mean hops.



RENEWING THE LEASE.

LOUIS, "MADAME WILL NOT OBJECT, I HOPE, TO *TWO* LIVES IN THE LEASE?"
MADAME LA FRANCE (*aside*). "HMI I SUPPOSE I *CAN'T* OBJECT!"

THE SPANISH TOAST MYSTERY.



ERTINGLY, or certainly (as some purists affect to spell the word) nobody in his senses believed that the new EARL OF DERBY—

“Behold him here!”

(as *Warwick* says in a play that is not SHAKESPEARE’S) committed the indiscretion of rising at a Roman banquet, and proposing the health of the PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS, coupling the toast with a wish that his royal highness might speedily succeed KING JUAN PRIM as Sovereign of Spain. The idea could have occurred only to some idiotic clerk in one of the foreign telegraph offices, into which, enraged editors and infuriate merchants think (with reason) that it is the Continental custom to insert persons of the class more humanely taken care of in England—say at Earlswood. The EARL OF DERBY, with whose praises as Foreign Minister all the journals, Liberal as well as Conservative, rang! He make such a blunder! He shoot

an arrow o’er the Roman house and hurt his brother statesman in Spain! The notion was dismissed with a contempt so profound that like *Bottom’s* dream, it had no bottom. LORD DERBY is a wise man, wiser than most. He let his wisdom appear, the other day, in refusing to become the leader of the Conservative Lords. Why should he mix himself up in fifty quarrels, over-valued at two-pence a-piece, and perhaps half commit himself on important questions, when there is every chance that so exceedingly Liberal a Conservative may be asked to return to the Foreign Office one of these fine days? With that act of prudence in all our minds, we burst out laughing (angrily) at the notion of his suddenly proclaiming a Bourbon.

But then who gave the toast? It appears to have been settled that it must have been a Lord, and that his Lordship’s initial was that of the First Whig. So LORD DENBIGH was selected. He had been in Rome,—his initial is “D,” and he is a very devoted Roman Catholic, who would look unfavourably at the results of the Spanish Revolution, if it had any. “An Englishman, if you please, but before all things a Catholic,” was LORD DENBIGH’S description of himself, and is what he will probably append to his respected name when he signs the Census paper next year. The thing was doubtful, but then as free-thinkers are warned by an orthodox poet,

“What can be doubted, may be true.”

But LORD DENBIGH writes to say, that he never “set eyes” (he is not writing about potatoes) on the Prince in question, and sertainly (or certainly) never proposed such a toast, or anything like it. Then, who *did* propose it?

Mr. Punch is a deeper thinker than any one else in the world, and he proposes,—not a health, but an inquiry,—“Was the toast given at all?” In the next place he would ask, what it signifies to mankind whether the toast were given or not? Are QUEEN ISABELLA’S friends likely to drink her son—a good youth, we hear—to a throne? That process was tried in England, some years ago, when a Pretender’s admirers quaffed hugely; but we never heard that they got anything by it,—except the gout. However, at present, the Mystery of the Toast must remain unsolved; and *Mr. Punch* merely adds his congratulations to the LORDS DERBY and DENBIGH that they, for two, have not done a stupid and offensive thing.

“THE UNION WHEEL.”

WITH exceptionally bad taste the manager of the Sheffield Theatre has produced a drama called *The Union Wheel*, which deals with “Broadheadism” (*hiss’em*, it should have been) and other unpleasant trade matters. The sentiments in favour of the ruffianism of the “Union” were received with delight by the gallery. We always thought the jurisdiction of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN extended to the provinces so far as the licensing of new plays was concerned. If so, where was MR. DONNE on this occasion? Perhaps the piece was produced without his knowledge. If so, we beg to refer him to a recent number of the *Sheffield Independent*, in which this charming drama is fully described.

THE RIGHT WAY OF TAKING IT.—To liquor up is the usual expression, but to liquor down would seem to be the more correct one.

IS TIGHT-LACING INJURIOUS?

A MEETING of fine ladies was held the other evening at Phillis’s Rooms, in order to discuss this interesting question. In virtue of possessing the most fashionable figure, her waist only measuring fifteen inches and three-quarters, Miss WASPE by acclamation was voted to the chair.

In opening the proceedings the Chairwoman remarked that, as her breath was rather short, she would beg to be excused from making a long speech. (*Hear!*) Fashion, they all knew, was omnipotent with ladies, and, now that fashion had revived the custom of tight-lacing, ladies were obliged to cultivate a fashionable figure. They might not all arrive at the perfection she had herself attained (*Cries of “Question!”* and “*We’ll try, dear!*”). The advantage of acquiring so slim a waist as hers was only to be gained by hours and hours of actual torture. (*Sensation.*) *Mais il faut souffrir pour être belle*; and if they did not mind a few fainting fits at first, followed by continual debility and headache, many ladies might enjoy the pleasure of possessing a waist not much exceeding the dimensions of her own. (*Cheers.*)

Miss PINCH said her experience entirely agreed with that of the fair Chairwoman, though, unhappily, her suffering had not yet been rewarded by the rapture of obtaining quite so fashionable a figure. Still, her waist barely exceeded eighteen inches and a half (*shudders*); and she hoped, by perseverance and a good strong lady’s-maid, to reduce it before long to more genteel dimensions. (*Applause.*)

Miss LOVEBLAZE said she also had suffered much from headache since she wore tight stays, and once or twice had fainted at the dinner-table. Her doctor had told her she was ruining her health; but she didn’t mind her doctor while she obeyed her dressmaker. (*Brava!*)

Miss GASPER would like to ask, what could doctors know about it? They didn’t wear stays, did they? How, then, could they tell what ladies suffered from tight-lacing?

MRS. M. BONPOINT observed that, although she tried her utmost, she could not reduce her waist to less than nineteen inches. (“*Poor dear!*”) Even this, however, made her wretchedly uncomfortable; and after eating a good dinner she was frequently obliged to have her laces cut, to save herself from fainting. Her doctor tried to frighten her, by talking about fatty something of the heart which often had proved fatal. But she would rather die a martyr than dress out of the fashion. (*Applause.*)

Miss WHEYFACE said she feared that by acquiring a small waist she had injured her complexion. Her nose was getting red now, and her cheeks were pale and pimply. Some one had told her this was owing to impeded circulation. But she was consoled by having a fashionable figure.

Miss TUCKER said the worst of wearing a tight dress was that it sadly took away one’s appetite. Since she had reduced her waist, she could not eat one-half of what she used to do. (*Sensation.*) Now, this was a great misery, for she was fond of eating. Still, she had rather give up her custards than her corset. (*Cheers.*)

Miss GOSLING thought it was not ladylike to eat much. Rude health was a most unfeminine possession. A person to be fashionable should be always rather delicate; and nothing insured this so nicely as tight-lacing.

Miss LAZIE remarked that another of its benefits was, that it prevented any muscular exertion. To lie upon a sofa and read novels all day long, was her idea of almost perfect earthly happiness; and, as tight-lacing unfitted her for any useful work, she had borne like a martyr the torture it had caused her.

Miss WADDLER said she could not walk well in her stays, they made her feel so stiff and wooden. But her waist looked well on horseback, though she never dared to venture at more than a foot-pace, for her habit was so tight that she could hardly breathe when trotting.

Miss PRANCER observed that, much as she loved dancing, she had found it impossible to waltz in her new ball-dress. She felt so squeezed and faint that the utmost she could do was to walk through the square dances. (“*Poor thing!*”) In consequence she had lost a number of nice partners, and that odious Miss WHIRLER had sadly cut her out, although her waist was nearly two feet in circumference. (*Shudders.*)

MRS. WISEMAN said her husband would not let her wear stays (*Sensation, and cries of “What a wretch!”*), and she would advise young ladies to leave off lacing tightly if they wished to get good partners. Men loved healthy wives far better than small waists (“*Gracious goodness!*”), and no one but a fool would link himself for life with a woman in bad health, however she might pride herself on having a fine figure. (“*Question!*”) She would propose a resolution:—

“That this meeting, being satisfied, from most abounding evidence, that tight-lacing is injurious to happiness and health, will do its very utmost to discourage and discountenance so barbarous a fashion.”

Here several ladies interposing, began all to speak at once, and hence ensued a scene of violent excitement. Many of the fair combatants fainted from exhaustion; and it was not until a number of corsets had been cut, that the sufferers were able to be taken to their carriages.



AMBITIOUS.

Miss Ethel. "MAMMA DEAR, I THINK I SHALL BE A DUTCHESS."

Mamma. "WHAT NONSENSE, ETHEL! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

Ethel. "WHY, HOW WOULD IT BE IF I MARRIED A DUTCH?"

HARD WORK FOR HOOFS.

We stand no longer on the old paths; we strike out new: needs must, to make thoroughfares amid, and approaches unto, the spreading clusters of bricks-and-mortar and stucco required to house the ever-growing population of this great and flourishing country. Go where you will, your eyes are outraged and your steps impeded by newly made roads. What manner of roads are they that impede rather than assist, the steps of wayfarers? English roads. Roads, in the neighbourhood of London, not Dublin or Drogheda. Roads rough with shingle and broken granite a little more pleasant to walk upon than broken glass. Truly does the *Chamber of Agriculture Journal* say of the French:—

"They keep the best of their roads free from mud in winter and from dust in summer, and where road materials are scarce and dear, they find a great economy in bestowing such attention. We boast of being a mechanical people; but our mode of forcing good horses and light carriages to grind down broken stone is a disgrace to the nation."

No doubt this is one of the barbarisms which make foreign visitors laugh at us, quite goodhumouredly. When they ride and drive over our granite or shingle they ride and drive our horses. That consideration only serves to render unqualified the amusement with which they observe not only that the road before them has been mended with granite, but also that, at the sides of the granite patch, which are smooth, logs of wood have, with a thoughtful simplicity of contrivance, been laid down so as to make the horses go over it. If the horses and carriages, having to do this granite-grinding, were the foreigners' own, they would laugh on the other side of the mouth, uttering maledictions. They would curse the Government, meaning the Ministers, and generally cursing the wrong people, the Government of the nation instead of some local self-government, consisting of Bumbles.

Why don't the Bumbles send steam-rollers about their highways to crush the granite, flints, and pebbles with which they pave them, into soft powder? Because they represent the ratepayers, the majority of

EDWIN TO ANGELINA.

I NEVER knew how dear wert thou
Till we were man and wife,
When to perform my marriage vow
Became my task in life.

Since then there scarce hath passed a day
But some expensive whim
Of thine hath made me dearly pay,
Although my funds were slim.

Thy various costly tastes to please,
In living and in dress,
My purse hath grown small by degrees,
And beautifully less.

Ah, if in wooing men could know
How dear their wives would be,
Less haste for wedlock they would show
Than erst I showed for thee.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

"The REV. W. MOLLOY, Roman Catholic Priest at Hanley, denounced Fenianism from the pulpit on Sunday morning; and, after warning his hearers of the consequences of complicity in the movement, declared his determination to spare no pains to root out the Fenianism he had discovered to be existing in the town, even if it cost him his life. It is said that there are a good number of Fenians among the Irish population of the Potteries, and the courage, influence, and energy of the Rev. Gentleman give hope that his crusade will not be unsuccessful."

THE REV. W. MOLLOY's name and act deserve to be cited everywhere with admiration, approval, and respect. He has set an example which every priest and minister of religion throughout the land, who may know of the existence in his flock or congregation of disloyalty and disaffection, would do well to copy and follow. MR. MOLLOY will have the hearty good wishes and the earnest sympathy of all who love peace and order and obedience, and are dismayed and saddened by strife, and lawlessness and blood-shedding; and the results of the brave and righteous words he has uttered from his pulpit at Hanley will be watched and waited for with an ardent hope that they may prove as great and successful as he and all who are like-minded with him desire and pray.

whom are not of the equestrian order, and a steam-roller would swell the rates. Would the horsekeepers and carriage keepers submit to a horse and carriage rate? Then every district might be furnished with its steam-roller by a smiling vestry. Centralisation could establish everywhere the same instrument for smoothing the way of a noble animal; but Britons never will be centralised, although the way in which parishes repair the roads is a remarkable example of that local self-government which LORD PALMERSTON called local tinkering.

GROUNDLESS PANIC.

GREAT consternation in the kitchen, both in London and the country. Uncontrollable excitement in the Servants' Hall. Petitions are being got up, Public Meetings are about to be held, and Leagues will certainly be formed. A public demonstration in Trafalgar Square is threatened. The usual Spring cleaning is generally suspended. A report has gone abroad, and is spreading from area to area throughout the length and breadth of the land, that MR. LOWE is instantly going to abolish "Followers!"

(We are happy to be able to allay the alarm this startling announcement has naturally caused in the breasts of the female domestic servants of England, by assuring them that this contemplated abolition of "followers" has nothing whatever to do with JOHN THOMAS, or the police, or the military, or the postal force, or even the baker, but refers solely to stamps, and parchments, and lawyers' bills, matters which we trust and believe have no power to cause Cook and MARY a single moment's uneasiness.)

Latest from Paris.

AMONG other fashionable novelties, we see mention of "an absinthe green robe à train" as being all the rage with the swellesses of Paris. Had we to propose the health of our fair neighbours, we might include them not unfairly among "our absinthe friends."

LISTENERS HEARING GOOD OF THEMSELVES.



EAR young ladies, attention to a judicious observation delivered by an eminent composer now lecturing on the subject of Music, at the South Kensington Museum, to large, attentive, and instructed audiences. MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, in concluding his introductory lecture, said:—

"It is better to be a good listener than an indifferent performer."

Bear that in mind, dears. Why are you, most of you, taught music at all? In order to the superaddition of a charm to the various other charms with which you are endowed, that they may ultimately compel some fellow to marry you. The more permanent all those charms can be rendered the better. Some of them are, unhappily, fugacious. You cannot, outwardly and materially, be, or be made, beautiful for ever. But inwardly and spiritually, being beautified, you

may remain beautiful for life. The music which you learn is an increment of your interior beauty. That is, darlings, in so far as it is an interior music, a cultivated sense of music, and not a mere external power of execution, however skilful. It is the "music in the soul" mentioned by the divine WILLIAMS, that makes your loveliness more lovely; and if you have that, you will be good listeners, and, as such, better mates for any man of musical feeling than you would be if not such, though ever so brilliant performers; ay, better than the best mere performers, even though you can't play at all.

Faithfully to have learned true music refines the feelings, and does not suffer them to be low, or frivolous. The wife whose feelings are thus refined is a perpetual joy to her husband; otherwise, she is a perpetual blister, especially if, whereas she listens not well, she performs indifferently. And in general, dears, she can hardly perform else. At best the nursery soon shuts up the piano. But if she be a good listener; if she will, on occasion, sympathetically with the husband who has taken her to a concert or the Opera, at a cost altogether, tickets and cab-hire, perhaps exceeding two guineas, listen to HANDEL, or SEBASTIAN BACH, or HAYDN, or MOZART, or BEETHOVEN, or WEBER, or CHERUBINI, or, let us add, ARTHUR SULLIVAN, the result is that conjugal harmony of which the sweetest concord of sweet sounds is but an expression. Finally, a good listener possesses this great recommendation to be the spouse of any sensible man, that she will always listen to her husband.

A CARD DELIVERY COMPANY WANTED.

How we should all be blest if something could be done to expedite the interchange of ordinary civilities! For instance, what can be more irksome than making morning calls on folks you only care to meet as evening acquaintances? How conversation languishes upon these sad occasions, and what a waste of time and temper such formalities occasion! How everybody hopes to hear that everybody else is announced as "not at home," and with what relief the card-case is produced, and a corner is turned down to show the call has been made personally! It is not thought "the thing" to send one's card by post, or this would be an easy way of morning-call making. But what a blessing it would be were a company established for social card delivery, and were such an agency admitted by society as being a correct equivalent for calling!

To make the thing genteel, the servants of the Company might all be dressed in livery, and for ultra-swell society they might even wear hair-powder, for which an extra charge would doubtless willingly be paid. Messengers on foot might serve perhaps for central and suburban districts, such as Hornsey, and Woburnia, and Islington, and Hackney; while in Bayswater, Belgravia, and other fashionable neighbourhoods, the cards might be distributed in well-appointed vehicles, which should bear the semblance of being private carriages, and in no manner betray either their hiring or their use.

IRISH DISARMAMENT.

Ye with whom no man, sane, his life can trust,
Disarm you, kindness can't; coercion must.

THOSE ILL-USED B.'S!

(Beverley and Bridgewater.)

My sweet pair of boroughs, why furnish a handle
To satirical rogues in the House and the Press?
We know there are cases where truth must be scandal;
And you know what occurs when you stir up a mess.

What use on Commissioners' blue-books to comment,
To prove each owns some stain from which t' other is free?
Which is best, which is worst, is a point of small moment,
When both, 'tis confessed, are as bad as can be.

When the pot slangs the kettle, who thinks of comparing
Their several blacks, to a shade less or more?
And since the Commissions gave your blacks an airing,
Self-measurement surely 'twere best to ignore.

In odious comparisons waste not your labours,
Nor into your past invite England to look:
Change your tone, and contend you're no worse than your
neighbours,
Except in the fact that they've brought you to book.

Don't let Beverley say, "I'm than Bridgewater whiter,"
Or Bridgewater, "Beverley's blacker than I;"
But both boroughs join 'gainst the blue-book back-biter—
And the charge of exceptional blackness deny!

Declare that *your* colour's the colour of money,
And *that* is the colour *all* hustings love best;
That each borough's a hive, where all go in for honey,
And that you've but been busier B.'s than the rest!

ANOTHER IRISH GRIEVANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WELL knowing you have great influence with the English people, I take the liberty of bringing before you the sufferings of a large and influential body of the Irish nation.

As MR. GLADSTONE (God bless him!) is going to redress the wrongs of the tenants, he ought to consider thousands of others in just as oppressed a state. I want you to spake up for the servants, the missuses are as great tyrants as the landlords. I am not axing too much. I'm not going in for "fixity of tenure," but why should there be "freedom of contract" atune the Mrs. and me, and not with the master and his tenants, and why shouldn't we when evicted get "compensation for improvements?" but I'll now state my case, and that of thousands. I hired with my mistress for £3 a-year and 6s. a week board wages. I was to keep her house clane. Well, Sir, when I come in I find the house as dirty as a pig-stye, and every thing going to decay, the dust on them walls and carpets was dhreadful. I spent my time and breath claneing them, the rust on the fire-irons was an inch thick, now they are as bright as new; but that's not all. I told you I had board wages, so I lived mostly on tay, and I collected every day all my *own* tay laves, and spread them out on the land—carpets I mane—till the shamrocks that were in them come out as bright and as fresh as ever you seen with the twiggig afther the tay laves. If the Mrs. was to call an auction to-morrow, sure and she'd get double value now for them; and yet afther all she gave me notice to quit yesterday, and not a word of compensation for improvements.

Plase to tell MR. GLADSTONE, if he don't give us justice, we'll frighten the English into giving it. There's many a servant as has the sperit of "Rory of the Hills," and the Mrs.'s deservies to be peppered as well as the landlords.

I am, Sir, yours respectful,

MOLLY O'REILLY,
Upper Housemaid to Judge O'RAFFERTY,
98, Fitzwilliam Square, North.

May-day, 1870.

Something like a Bonnet.

WE read in that delightful organ of feminine Fashion, *Le Follet*,—that the spring bonnets will have "fronts, crowns, and curtains." *Le Follet* may well call bonnets with so many features of the bonnet about them "elegant novelties!"

A LOCAL ASSOCIATION.

THE common belief is that the modern practice of cooking horse-flesh for the table was first introduced in France; but it seems far more probable that it originated in this country, at a place called STREWPNY.



"THE SERVANTS!"

Jeames. "WELL, I WISH MY OLD WOMAN WOULD MAKE HASTE! I WANT MY LUNCHEON!"

Charles. "IF SHE'S GOT CHATTERIN' ALONG O' MY GALS, SHAN'T SEE HER THIS 'ALF-OUR, DESSAY!"

[Overheard and mentally noted by her Ladyship, who was close behind.]

A FEW PREDICTIONS.

SOMEBODY will live to see the last prize-fight, the last guinea-and-a-half novel, the last five-act play, the last Lord Mayor's Show, the last half-crown, the last stage coach, the last lawyer's wig, the last grand juryman, the last powdered flunkey, the last threepenny morning paper, the last sixpenny ice, the last beadle, the last dean and chapter, the last Quaker, the last sinecurist, the last oyster, and the last bottle of old port wine.

SOMEBODY will live to see certain City churches pulled down, in which the congregation averages about seven souls a service.

SOMEBODY will live to see Army reform and the end of promotion by purchase.

SOMEBODY will live to see the disappearance of the anomaly of Biggborough, with a population of 15,000 people and a living of £300 a-year, and Littleton with a population of 300 people and a living of £1500 a-year.

SOMEBODY will live to see Christ's Hospital removed into the country.

SOMEBODY will live to see the streets of London properly cleansed, and fewer persons killed in them in the course of a week.

SOMEBODY will live to see improvements in cabs and omnibuses.

SOMEBODY will live to see begging put down.

SOMEBODY will live to see fees abolished at theatres.

SOMEBODY will live to see the new Law Courts built, the new National Gallery opened, and the Duke of Wellington's monument completed in St. Paul's.

SOMEBODY will live to see the Corporation of London reformed.

SOMEBODY will live to see the public statues removed from the Metropolis.

SOMEBODY will live to see the British Museum open every day in the week.

SOMEBODY will live to see every child in the land educated.

SOMEBODY will live to see the public-houses closed, and the public museums opened on Sundays.

SOMEBODY will live to see women adding M.P. to their names, preaching, performing surgical operations, addressing the ladies of the Jury, shooting at Wimbledon, attending TATTERSALL'S, Mark Lane, and the Stock Exchange, and proposing the health of the gentlemen.

SOMEBODY will live to see the pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition labelled with the name of the painter and the title of his work.

BUT nobody will live to see the last number of *Punch* issued.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN DANCING.

THE French have odd ideas of pleasure. Look how some of them were pleased to amuse themselves the other evening at a ball in Paris:—

"There was a cotillon, in which the candidate for a partner had to go through a stove and put his head in a hole which was closed by a dishcover. The lady took off the cover, and if she liked the *plat*, she ordered him up hot."

If not, we may suppose that the gentleman dishcovered would probably be dished. Well, there is no accounting, certainly, for tastes; but, if to get a dance we put our head under a dishcover, we would give our friends permission to consider us a spoon.

AWAKENED BATH.

WEDDING presents are, we believe, never too late; so the gift which the Ladies of Bath offer to the PRINCESS OF WALES, "on her marriage," will doubtless be as acceptable at Marlborough House as if the presentation had been made seven years ago. In the case of the Royal couple who dwell in Pall Mall, there can be no awkwardness, for their happiness is of the permanent kind. But, on the whole, *Punch* does not recommend imitation of the course of the tardy Ladies of Bath. It is just possible that a long delay might find some couples in a situation in which presents would not be apposite. The Mesdames Trop-Tard of Bath give an *escritoire*. In some cases such a thing might arrive just in time to be used for the signature of a deed of separation. *Bis dant quæ citò dant*, Ladies of Bath.

GOOD NEWS OF A NEWSPAPER.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* resumes its old form. Sincere is *Punch's* Hooray.



A DEFINITION.

Shoeblack (pointing to Unsteady Party by the lamp-post). "TEA-TOTALER ON 'THE STRIKE,' SIR!"

KING MAW OR ANOTHER?

"Under which King, Bezonian? Speak or die!"

SHALL MAW be King? He better had,
If it is understood
That every man, not being mad,
Seeks but material good.
Then, as refined hogs, let us roll
In luxury, for squash,
Without concern for mind or soul;
With turtle-soup for wash.

Then all the cunning of our hands,
And study of our brains,
Will serve but to fulfil demands
For barley-meal and grains;
Grains, so to speak, and barley-meal:
Choice viands, dished with skill,
And, added thereunto, some deal
Of transcendental swill.

Saint Electricity, Saint Steam,
Invoking, we may cry,
Increase our wealth; bid Nature teem
With plenty for the sty.
MAW-worship being our belief,
Philosophers, then we
May boast ourselves among the chief;
True Bacon's sons to be.

Snort, grunt, and snuffle, scream, and squeak,
O music of the Spheres,
When hogs do grub, competing, seek,
Together by their ears!
So shall they join in chorus, who
Would fain be truly wise;
Such be this planet's tribute to
The concert of the skies?

Yes, making prog our sole pursuit,
If piggish ways are ours,
Like hogs if in the fields we root,
And never mind the flowers.
No, if, unlike the swine that need,
In nose, restrictive ring,
We spare the flowers, meanwhile we feed,
And MAW is not our King.

SADDUCISMUS TRIUMPHANS.

A PARAGRAPH in a contemporary, headed "Superstition in Devonshire" contains the following defence, addressed by an old shoemaker named BURCH to the Barnstaple Magistrates, before whom he was charged with assaulting an old woman by scratching her in the arm:—

"Gentlemen, I have suffered five years' affliction from her. I have been under her power, and more than a hundred people advised me to fetch blood of that woman to destroy the spell. I have lost 14 canaries, and from 40 to 50 goldfinches; as fast as I got them they died, and I have had five complaints brought upon me at once."

On hearing this declaration:—

"The Mayor said that it was most extraordinary that such ignorance and superstition should prevail in the present enlightened age."

In the present enlightened age persons of position in society and of education believe that they shake hands with spirits at dark *seances*. His Worship the MAYOR OF BARNSTAPLE cannot have known that, or he would not have called the belief in witchcraft ignorance and superstition. If spiritualism is true, sorcery is possible, and, as there is no legal remedy against it, old BURCH may be considered to have been justified in taking the law into his own hands for self-protection. Accordingly since he was fined 2s. 6d. and costs, and, as he couldn't pay the money, sent to prison, perhaps a subscription to get him out of gaol, and make him amends for the trouble he has got into, will be raised amongst affluent and superior "spirit circles." For if one medium can float about a room, why may not another ride upon a broomstick?

The Greater Guy Fawkes Day.

"ALL the world," writes the *Times* Correspondent at Rome, "has heard of Roman fireworks." It has. Happily, however, in the present age, those fireworks are such as we should be only too proud to emulate, if we could, on our Fifth of November.

10½d.

TENPENCE-HALFPENNY per diem is offered by an advertiser in one of last week's papers, to any lady who is willing to undertake the duties of governess to five children and look after their "wardrobes." She must have a thorough knowledge of English, Music, French, and so on—we were nearly writing "sew on," for the situation seems to combine that of a seamstress with that of governess. Those ladies who may be on the look-out for such windfalls will feel it an extra inducement to strive for the lucky berth when they are informed that the salary is to "include laundress." There is, however, a vagueness about the manner in which this is expressed, and we should not be surprised if the announcement really means that the governess is also expected to act as family washerwoman. Why not! Remember, Ladies, the salary is sixteen pounds! You say that a good cook gets more than that. Ah, but remember you are not asked to fulfil *her* functions. You have simply to teach the children, English, French, music, and of course any other accomplishments you may happen to have acquired, and it's tenpence-halfpenny every day in the year, remember, and possibly you may be occasionally permitted to see your friends.

Suggestive of a Want.

In his excellent speech at the Royal Academy Banquet, the American Minister is reported as saying, that "in these classic precincts, sacred to the arts and humanities, the voice of the turtle alone is heard." We hope there was no omission from the *menu*—we trust the fat of the turtle was also tasted.

A MILITARY BLUNDER.

MRS. MALAPROP, reading in the *Gazette* that there had been some "substantive" promotions in the Indian Army (in which she has an Uncle-in-law) remarked that she supposed the Adjective General must have had something to do with them.

UNBLUSHING INNOCENCE.



THE majority of British girls who have happened to notice it, will have been more puzzled than alarmed by the subjoined denunciation, which occurs among the batch of "Canons" just fired off by the Ecumenical Council:—

"If any one blush not to affirm that there is nothing besides matter, let him be anathema."

"Him," they have learned now-a-days enough of language to know, means "that Person" indiscriminately. "*Si quis (homo) non erubuerit*," &c., "let that *homo* be," &c. By the canon above quoted, they well understand that they, equally with the other *homines*, are told to be anathema if they blush not to affirm that there is nothing besides matter. Being quite sure they have no idea of affirming anything of the sort, of course they feel that they needn't mind the malediction; but what probably they cannot make

out is what there can be to blush at in the condemned saying, and, if there is what would once have been thought something, how anybody, in these days, can be supposed, even by the Pope and the Council, capable of blushing at anything.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 2, Monday. Amusing! The North Dublin Union, (whatever that may be) petitioned the Lords to dissolve another Union, that between England and Ireland. The N. D. U. also expressed its regret that HER MAJESTY has not a Palace in the Green Isle, and does not occasionally reside in such edifice. LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE vouched for the respectability of these Union Anti-Unionists, and while dissenting from their prayer, regarded it as a straw showing how the wind blew. In old days we should have said that the straw had been taken from the head of one of the petitioners, but we no longer so treat a certain description of unfortunates that they lie as MRS. MARGERY DAW did. Repeal the Union! Restore the Heptarchy. We have some idea that this has been said before, but the moral is the same, which has also been said before.

A third kind of Union, the matrimonial, seems to be attended with some technical difficulties in Ireland, which is a pity, as marriage is a good deal encouraged by the fair daughters of Erin (the thought of whose sweet fresh faces often stays Mr. Punch's hand when he thinks of bringing down his shillelagh upon the sconces of sundry Paddies) and the law is to be improved. There is no improving an Irish girl's beauty, and Mr. Punch rejoices to know that she is generally too wise to make the attempt.

Government intends to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. Mr. Punch has some slight notion that MR. NEWDEGATE and MR. WHALLEY will have something to say to Government on this subject. An alteration of the law has, however, become necessary in the Protestant interest.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES intimated that he should introduce a Bill for putting down Scotch Betting Houses. Most persons will be surprised to hear that the canny and careful youths of Scotland risk their bawbees in wagers, and all persons will be rejoiced to hear that such evil courses are to be stopped.

More Irish Land Bill debating. "Everything hath an end, and that which we call a pudding hath two—your worship will forgive me for being facetious," quo' the MAYOR OF WOODSTOCK.

Eleven being then marked on the dial, the House proceeded, by appointment, to further consideration of MR. NEWDEGATE's proposal in regard to Catholic Convents. Strangers crowded to listen, for warm work was expected. The honourable Protestant expounded (per invitation of MR. GLADSTONE) his views, at very considerable length; in fact, too long for MR. BERNAL OSBORNE's patience. MR. NEWDEGATE managed, though with an intricacy and wealth of words worthy of one of the Jesuits whom he detests (not that he was trying to be cuttlefishy, but the faculty of explanation is not universal), to convey the fact that he wanted a good deal more than mere inquiry into the property of the monastic folks. MR. WINTERBOTHAM, eminent Dissenter, opposed the plan, as calculated to excite uncharitable feelings; and Mr. Punch commends a boldness which may not command the admiration of all

MR. WINTERBOTHAM's non-conformist friends. Further, he ridiculed the statements that conversions to Catholicism were frequent in England, and asked how many of the thinking sort—practical men—went over to Rome, and whether the converts were not chiefly "women, parsons, and peers?" MR. B. DAVENPORT was for mutual concession—a sensible suggestion. MR. GLADSTONE regretted the vote the House had come to on the subject, thinking that the balance of inconvenience was against the vote. But Government, though not responsible for the result of the discussion, would interfere in a conciliatory spirit. He was for confining the investigation to the state of the law respecting convents, and the terms on which they hold property.

MR. NEWDEGATE did not like this, of course; and refused to recede from a decision which had, he said, been approved by England and Scotland. MR. DISRAELI did not approve of discharging the order that had been made. But on division it was discharged, point blank, by 270 to 160; and then on MR. GLADSTONE's motion, (and despite some Catholic resistance), a Committee was appointed by 343 to 57 (a large House) for the inquiry suggested by the PREMIER. So both sides claim the victory, and that is always a desirable state of things. There is nothing in the investigation proposed that should annoy sensible Catholics; and as they have defeated the plan, if it ever existed, for dragging reluctant ladies before a Parliamentary Committee, it will be graceful in the witnesses who may be examined, to be as frank as becomes Englishmen, when asked plain questions.

There is to be no Licensing Bill this year, M.M. the Publicans; but all new Licences are to be subject to anything Parliament may enact, mind that. The reprieve is due to the garrulity of Honourable Members.

Tuesday. The British Naval Squadron has been ordered not to go to Greece, as it is not fitting that in existing circumstances our officers should receive Greek hospitalities. MR. ORWAY, for Government, considered it premature to ask what the intentions of the Administration are, in regard to the recent tragedy. The Greek Government will it is thought, provide for the family of MR. LLOYD, who "had nothing in the world but his wife and children." He had more—a country whose representatives will take care that his fate shall not be forgotten.

We had a Protection v. Free Trade Debate. "Talk to me of ADAM," said the French lady, who was reminded of something that had happened twenty years before. Enough to say that a motion for inquiry into the French Treaty was rejected by 133 to 50.

Wednesday saw the Triumph of Woman. Led by MR. JACOB BRIGHT, her friends advanced, and demanded that the County and Borough franchise be extended to females. He spoke out for his clients, admitted that they were religious, which he seemed rather to regret (attributing the weakness "to the mode in which they were brought up," and in which Mr. Punch hopes that they ever will be brought up, for a truly irreligious woman, were she not an impossibility, would be a monster), but urged that they were not politically ignorant. Moreover, Woman votes in parish matters.

COLONEL SYKES could not see that it mattered whether a voter wore petticoats, or (the gallant Colonel named the other article), and reminded the House that women used to vote for East India Directors, who governed two hundred millions of people.

MR. SCOTTFIELD thought a woman did not desire a vote, and would consider it a *Damnosa Hereditas*. As all ladies read Latin now, we do not translate, but there is a Scotch story about a tipsy barrister interpreting the words into an allusion to the something red nose of the judge. You must be tipsy yourself to see the point of this piece of wut.

MR. FOWLER said that Woman's place was home, and her business the education of her children. She was also to adorn her sphere. If "sphere" have the meaning of "orb," and "orb" have the meaning of "head" (see *Hamlet*), she usually does, to the best of her ability—and, by the way, we are glad to see bonnets coming back.

SIR CHARLES DILKE explained that this Bill applied only to a woman who was the real head of the house. A woman might be a Queen, and a good one, yet she was not to have a vote!

MR. BERSFORD HOPE was evidently afraid of seeing women come into Parliament. Also, he thought that a lady candidate could bribe, with her tears, in a most effectual manner.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, as a philosopher, and therefore knowing what women are made of, supported the Bill. There are, he said, 487,000 widows, and 1,100,000 spinsters, who ought to have the franchise. Women did want it, though they did not pull down Park railings.

SIR GEORGE JENKINSON thought women laboured under a grievance. It was only those who had property that were to be enfranchised, and women managed property much better than men.

MR. MUNTZ could not see why a lady should be deprived of that which was accorded to her gardener and her groom.

SIR H. CROFT did not like women to intrude themselves on public notice. He quoted Mr. Punch, who once playfully observed that the females who wanted woman's rights wanted woman's charms—but Mr. Punch did not mean anything by what he said, and is certain that there will be myriads of pretty electresses.

MR. HOME SECRETARY BRUCE said that this was a question which

the Government had not had time to consider, and he was not prepared to express any opinion on the subject.

The Previous Question having been moved, in order to get rid of the actual question, the former was rejected by 124 to 91, majority for the Women 33.

The cheering was a caution. But—we would not damp anybody's happiness; on the contrary, we would dry it as much as possible—but notice was given by MR. BOUVIERE, next day, for rescinding the vote.

Thursday. MR. AYRTON said that he was going to give pedestrians new advantages, by throwing into Kensington Gardens the portion of Hyde Park lying west of the new road from Paddington to Brompton. Having no acquaintance with either of the last-mentioned plebeian localities, *Mr. Punch* has not a distinct idea of what is contemplated, but he will consult the map—or rather, he will permit anybody else to do so who likes. Being no pedestrian, but a spangled aristocrat who reclines in his gilded chariot, the topic is without interest for him.

Government do not mean to appropriate the seats vacated by the disfranchisement of Beverley and Bridgewater. We hear that Lowestoft has put in a claim, and by way of endearing itself to the Executive officers, it allowed members, to call itself Boblowestoft.

During the Convent debates, MR. WHALLEY thought he heard somebody cry, "Kick him!" "Strangle him!" The probability is, that some Member, who had dined, did use the words; and if so, ought to be ashamed of himself. But MR. WHALLEY wrote to the *Times* about it, and was awfully castigated by the SPEAKER for not bringing the matter before the House at the time, instead of writing a letter. Nobody seems to have heard the language, however, except the Member for Peterborough.

More Land Bill debate, redeemed only by LORD ELCHO's telling MR. ROBERTSON, Berwickshire, that he had reduced himself to a state

of Moral Molluskousness. MR. ROBERTSON was angry, and MR. B. OSBORNE was much amused, and moreover, was very amusing, over this polysyllabicalistality.

Friday. MR. COWPER TEMPLE wants to know why MR. EDWARD BARRY, son of SIR CHARLES, has been dismissed from the office of Architect to the Houses. So does *Mr. Punch*, and the explanation had better be more satisfactory than he expects.

The Red River Row is to be settled amicably. We hope that this announcement will enable millions of Englishmen to sleep quietly in their beds. To assist in producing this beneficial result, we would mention that the Red River does not run out of the Red Sea, but is somewhere in North America.

A good deal of debate as to whether the National Gallery and the British Museum can safely be opened at night, for the benefit of those who cannot go there in the day-time. The authorities reluctantly come to the conclusion that this cannot be done. A fire might easily occur, and the disaster would be irreparable.

MR. WHALLEY stated that he had ascertained that neither Catholic nor Irish Members had desired to kick and strangle him. This is a contribution to European history.

More Irish Land debate, rendered pleasanter by a disturbance with SIR H. CROFT, who had been ordered by the Chairman to be a Teller, and who went and voted instead. So SIR H. CROFT had to explain that he did not know that a man could be told to be a teller against his will. In the course of the debate SIR ROUNDELL PALMER enunciated so beautiful and rational a social rule, that *Mr. Punch* must close by quoting it. "I have acted on the most intelligible of principles upon which a man can act. I have endeavoured to get as much as I could, and I have taken that which I was able to get." We always respected SIR ROUNDELL PALMER's genius—his rule is precisely that on which *Mr. Punch* ever has acted.

AT THE ACADEMY—PERPLEXED.



THE young man of the period whose education has been carefully neglected, outside the classic precincts of ancient Greece and Rome, a visit to the Royal Academy Exhibition, in the company of female relatives or friends curious for a little more information as to the subjects of the pictures than the Catalogue usually supplies, must too often prove a gloomy trial and a painful operation, for which good looks and dainty garments, and an accurate moustache and a considerable reputation for proficiency in the waltz cannot wholly compensate.

Let us enumerate a few of the things which the superior being (as man is playfully imagined to be)

will be expected to know, on any day and at any hour between eight in the morning and seven in the evening, from now to the end of July, without help from dictionaries, encyclopædias, gazetteers, compendiums, or manuals, in his humiliating progress through the galleries in Piccadilly.

He will be expected to be familiar with the history of CLEOPATRA, MR. KELK, St. Perpetua, SIR CHARLES LYELL, TORQUEMADA, REV. DR. CANDLISH, DIANA OF POITIERS, GENERAL LAFAYETTE, ROBERT THE BRUCE, MR. BURNE JONES, MARSHAL NEY, SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, *Andromeda*, VICE-CHANCELLOR JAMES, LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI, MICHAEL ANGELO, THEMISTOCLES, MRS. ROUSBY, the Pharmaceutical Society, *Endymion*, St. Francis, the Pythley Hunt, LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH, JUDGE JEFFREYS, Jochebed, RICHARD BAXTER, *Christabel*, BARON PIGOTT, the Earls of DESMOND and ORMOND, *Sophia Western*, SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE, ULYSSES, MR. LAIRD, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *Sir Galahad*, ROBESPIERRE, Undine, the EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, BEAU FIELDING, *Launcelot Gobbo*, the KING of ROME, Nydia, the DUCHESS D'ANGOULÊME, GIORGIONE, GABRIELLE D'ESTRÊES, Daphne, and the Seven Bishops—about all of whom, with the exception of MRS. ROUSBY, whom he has had the good luck to see and hear, the Pythley Hunt, SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY (in connection with the dance of which he was the inventor), and perhaps one or two of his old *Lemprière* friends, the young man of the period will be utterly vague, unsatisfactory, and dumbfounded.

Furthermore, he will be expected to have at his fingers' ends the exact geographical position of the Doggerbank, Sherwood Forest, McGillicuddy Reeks, the Piræus, Pompeii, Leith Hill, Salamis, Swanage, the Scheldt, the Lido, the Lizard, Calabria, Cheyne Walk, Knole Park, Brixham, and the Oise; and may be counted as finding himself completely out of his latitude, and proposing an adjournment to the refreshment-room long before the banks of the Oise are reached.

Lastly, he will be tormented with questions on such subjects as Fata Morgana, Maundy Thursday, the *Decameron*, the Vestal, Herne the Hunter, *Mimosa pudica*, the *Sentimental Journey*, and the Broach Exhibition; and will be asked What is a rebec? What is a mangold? What is an acolyte? How is Pharmaceutical pronounced? Where do you put the accent on Tadema? Who was *Sir Charles Grandison*? When did the LORD CHANCELLOR become a Fishmonger? Who are the *Contadini*?—and What is the derivation of chalybeate?—until he will wish himself away at billiards, or athletic sports, or pigeon-shooting, or any other pursuit which requires no historical research, and can be followed without reference to chronology or poetry.

But let him take heart. There are plenty of pictures before which he may stand in comfort, with fair companions, free from all alarm as to dates, undisturbed by the apprehension of biographical queries. There are the portraits of the people about whom the Catalogue says everything that need be known; there are the landscapes and seascapes with judicious general titles; there are the little domestic pictures telling their own story; there is fruit, there are flowers, there are horses and dogs, babies and pets, cats and kittens, monkeys and birds, bankers and orphans, Grand Chaplains, Town Clerks, and Masters of Hounds, St. Paul's and the Monument, and—never-failing delight—there are Lords and Ladies, and the Royal Children.

PLENTY TO FIGHT FOR.

THROUGH the French Atlantic Cable, the other day, came the following message from Washington:—

"It is reported that the Mormons are secretly arming for the purpose of resisting the enforcement of the national laws against polygamy."

Chiefs and Rulers in prospect of invasion, have ever found that the strongest incentive to vigorous and determined resistance they could address to their people was an exhortation to fight for their wives and children. How strenuously, then, may the Mormons be expected to resist the United States Government when that appeal, always so effectually made to other communities at large, is made to every one man of their community. BRIGHAM YOUNG, of course, will call upon each individual male Mormon to fight for his wives. Being, as the Mahometans are, polygamists, the Mormons will fight like Turks.

WANTED THERE.—Young Ladies should never have Misgivings, except at Church after a Charity Sermon.



AN ENTHUSIASTIC PATRON OF ART.

(SCENE—The Lobby of the Royal Academy on the day of the Private View. The doors have just been opened.)

"WHAT, YOU HERE, CAPTAIN RAGGE?"

"YAAS! GOT A COUPLE OF HUNDRED POUNDS TO SPEND, AND THOUGHT I SHOULD LIKE TO BUY A PICTURE, YOU KNOW."

"O! INDEED? LET ME CHOOSE ONE FOR YOU."

"WILL YOU, REALLY? THA-ANKS! IN THAT CASE I SUPPOSE IT'S HARDLY NECESSARY FOR ME TO GO UP, AND I'LL SAY GOOD-BYE."

THE PROFESSORESS'S PROPHECY.

(Apropos of JACOB BRIGHT's Bill, for doing away with the Electoral Disabilities of Women, read a second time, by 124 to 91, Wednesday, May 4.)

In the close ladies' pen at the back of the gallery,
A strong-minded Fair-One thus mused, as she sat,
Confounding male reason with feminine railery,
And dealing M.P.'s far below tit-for-tat:—

"In the 'ladies' pen' now, with brass grating—no doubt on 't,—
We must sit, like caged birds, but 'twill soon come to pass,
Ladies' pen you'll have none, but thank ladies' tongues out on 't,
Sweet sounds with your 'grating,' and gold with your 'brass.'

"Our fate is fore-cast, by Darwinian selection—
To the floor of the Commons to rise from the pen!
When once we are 'Ladies' confessed 'of Election'—
Pretty 'Lords of Creation' you'll be, you poor men!

"Like a vision before me rise new generations,
Of lady-Professors, and men whom they school:
While o'er Commons, new-cultured with petticoat-patience,
Those best Lords of Manners, the Ladies, hold rule!

"Like a well-governed household, with woman for head on 't,
How unlike old England new England will feel!
Nothing we have to say on a point left unsaid on 't—
And our foul linen washed, as we wash—*en famille*!

"With smiles, sighs, lips and eyes, of the lady-whips [busy],
What male combination of parties can stand?"

Think of GLADSTONE and HUBBY, and JOHN BRIGHT and DIZZY,
Tooled along, tame, by me, in a neat four-in-hand!

"Of Lowe's head in its place, 'neath the heel of my slipper—
Of brakes fixed to each male-sex-talking-machine,
Or, for cutting its yarns short, a feminine clipper—
'Mrs. Silencer,' where 'Mr. Speaker' hath been!

"No more of the public time wasted in talking,
As it now is, in manly discussion absurd;
For, besides our machinery male prate for balking,
As women we always will have the last word.

"If the waves stoop *their* crests to BRITANNIA's ruling,
The storms of the Commons will soon yield to ours.
And o'er any that kicks—we'll stand no 'LORD CHARLES'* fooling—
Our 'dashing white Sergeant'-at-Arms shall have powers!

"We'll have no more of wars—for our sex don't like fighting:
We'll have no more of debt—for our sex don't like tick:
We'll have no more old maids—for, their injuries righting,
We'll *make* batch'lors marry, at point of the stick!

"*Ce n'est que le first pas qui coûte!* We have won it!
Once insert the small end of the wedge—it remains!
Second reading is carried! The men think *they've* done it!
No—the voice may be JACOB'S—but *ours* are the brains!"

* LORD CHARLES RUSSELL, now Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, is a mild officer, who does his sergeanteeing gently.

A "NOISELESS SEWING MACHINE."—A Good Wife.



“CRITICS.”

(WHO HAVE NOT EXACTLY “FAILED IN LITERATURE AND ART.”)—See Mr. D.’s New Work.

MR. G-D-S-T-N-E. “HM!—FLIPPANT!”

MR. D-S-R-I-L. “HA!—PROSY!”

TEMPERANCE TO EXCESS.



"When he should have the happiness of hearing ladies after coming from their parties say, 'Those vulgar people had wine on their table,' then he should expect to see a change in the habits of the people with respect to drinking."

But, at present, ladies coming from parties, dinner-parties, for example, would certainly say, if facts had given them occasion to, "Those vulgar people had gin on their table." Hence, however, there appears little reason to expect any change, with respect to drinking, in the habits of the people who drink gin. The parties, on the other hand, at which ladies are present, and there is wine on the table, are, for the most part, assemblages where temperance is the rule, and intemperance, in the slightest degree, the derided exception. Can ladies, too, be expected ever to call people vulgar simply for having wine on their table? There is one party, at least, of which, surely, they will never impute vulgarity to the givers for that reason. The thought of it might have occurred to Mr. Bowly in Exeter Hall. Where is the lady who will venture to call those people vulgar who have wine upon their table at a wedding-breakfast?

HEN SHAKSPEARE, by the mouth of *Hamlet*, tells the *Players* that they must "acquire and beget a temperance," he gives them advice which, in a sense, is good for all who act in the play of life, unless, indeed they are, or are qualified to become, consistent members of the National Temperance League. That laudable Society (which works by moral suasion) held its annual meeting on Monday last week at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of MR. SAMUEL BOWLY, who, in addressing his congregation, said, not perhaps altogether without consideration, that:

A PERI OUTSIDE OF PARADISE.

(Song of the Season.)

HORSECOURSE, whereon, well mounted, ride
The rich and happy to and fro,
How didst thou get, O place of pride,
The homely name of Rotten Row?

Beside the high equestrian throng,
On foot (alas!) thus questioned I,
Admiring as I paced along;
The Row returned its own reply.

The scuffle made in soft moist earth
By hoofs of many a gallant steed,
Together, all, what thousands worth!
Explained its humble name, indeed!

And, if mine eyes I did but close,
Save rumbling coach-wheels' distant sound,
All that disturbed the deep repose
Was that mild scuffle in the ground.

Far were the shout and the guffaw;
No voice ascended on the gale;
The Great were hushed in mutual awe:
Serene composure did prevail.

A wallet at my back I had;
A boy with newspapers was near:
"I fancy I'm the only cad,"
Methought, "besides this urchin, here."

An Indignant Answer.

WHAT is CARDINAL ANTONELLI supposed to have said to COUNT DARU, when DARU proposed to interfere with the Roman Council? "How dare you!" of course.

RATHER OVERSTRAINED.

MISS HONORIA FORTYTURR, who is very correct, was overheard at the Academy to say that she thought *Hugging the Shore* a most improper title for a picture.

A BRITISH BLESSING FOR INDIA.

EVERYBODY who is interested in the material as well as moral prosperity of the Eastern portion of those dominions below whose horizon the sun never descends, must wish success to SIR RICHARD TEMPLE's endeavour to make up the deficit of the Indian Revenue. This object he proposes to effect by a slight augmentation of a popular impost.

That is to say, he is going to raise the Indian Income-Tax from the ridiculously low figure of 1 per cent. to the moderate amount of 3½. The fraction in excess of the whole number bespeaks a nicety of adjustment which will be appreciated by "Oriental scrupulosity."

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE expects, by thus little more than tripling the weight of an extremely light burden, to raise an amount of money nearly treble—nearly, not quite, because there are a few untruthful persons even in India who would be quite capable of withholding information, especially information required for the purpose of assessing them under any fiscal arrangement whatsoever, even one so fair and equitable as that of Schedule D. But most of them would much rather be robbed than cheat their Government; and their conscientiousness is equalled only by their artlessness. They would make that Government the most accurate returns of their affairs they possibly could, although fully convinced that they were thereby supplying it with knowledge which it wanted to be enabled to plunder them.

Does not SIR RICHARD TEMPLE very much wish he may get it? Of course he does, and with every reason. By the natives of India in general a tax, ever so unjust, would no doubt be honestly paid, even though the amount of their liability to it had to be calculated on data supplied by themselves in an enforced confession.

Of the small number of Indians who will possibly understate their incomes to be taxed at only 3½ per cent., the majority will assuredly be induced by feelings of compunction to pay up the full amount which they ought to have subjected themselves to be charged, to the last anna. Occasionally the leading Journal of India will contain acknowledgments by the Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer of the receipt of certain rupees, "conscience money" on account of "Income-Tax unpaid," from defaulting but repentant Baboos and Zemindars. Even Ryots may not be quite out of the question.

Whatever quantity of Income-Tax the Government of India may determine to screw out of an open and ingenious people, there is not the slightest likelihood that, in order to do it, they will need to employ thumbscrews.

THE SLANG OF THE STAGE.

HERE is an odd theatrical advertisement:—

WANTED, a HEAVY MAN for the Tragic and Melodramatic business.

We have heard of "heavy fathers," but we fancy they are chiefly to be met with in light comedies. To ask for heaviness in any tragic English actor appears to us like asking for blackness in a blackberry, or sweetness in a sugar-plum. But perhaps this heavy man may be wanted to give weight to the characters he personates. We can fancy a fat *Hamlet* might, merely for the novelty, make somewhat of a hit. Certainly his pinguity, during the warm weather, would give especial point to such a passage, say, as—

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

THE ABILITIES OF WOMEN.

If the political disabilities of women are entirely removed, of course Persons of the gentler sex will be eligible for Members of Parliament. The divine WILLIAMS, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, represents the QUEEN OF EGYPT as making a conditional tender, in these words:—

"There is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss."

Cleopatra says this to one whose condition is not above that of a messenger. A British CLEOPATRA, qualified to represent a borough, might say as much to a British elector, or she might only say half as much, and, if that were the latter half, as the law now stands, she could not be unseated for bribery. *Verb. sat. insip.*



A HOPELESS CASE.

Lady (who has been studying every possible description of hat and bonnet for the last half-hour).
 "YES, THEY ARE ALL VERY PRETTY. AND NOW, CAN YOU HELP ME TO REMEMBER WHAT I INTENDED TO HAVE AT FIRST?"

Give him a Stone.

"ASKING for bread, and giving a stone," is the antipodes of true charity; and yet there are cases, when a stone—being asked, because bread and stone are both wanted, and the buying the bread leaves nothing to buy a stone with—should be given, with the hope that it will bring a blessing with it, and lift off a reproach. Such a case is that which *Mr. Punch* is here glad to make known to his readers.

GEORGE CATTERMOLLE, living and working, late and early, could pay the day's need by the day's work, but could do no more. He could not put by for his own rainy day, or make a provision for those whom his labour supported so long as his hand maintained its cunning. GEORGE CATTERMOLLE, dying, did not leave behind him enough to provide him with a tombstone.

GEORGE CATTERMOLLE did too memorable a work in Art to be left without a record to mark where he sleeps, now that his life's work is done.

There is no such record over his grave at Norwood.

No husband and father ever left a more loving and sorrowing widow and children to mourn his loss, as never widow and orphans had tenderer husband and fonder father.

But they cannot do what their hearts long to do, in honour of the husband's and the father's memory.

Some of his friends have determined that, for the honour of English Art, GEORGE CATTERMOLLE's grave, shall no longer be left unrecorded.

Here are the names of those who will be glad to receive contributions for this object:—W. P. FRITH, Esq., R.A., Pembridge Villas, Bayswater; WILLIAM EVANS, Esq., The College, Eton; TOM TAYLOR, Esq., Lavender Sweep, Wandsworth; S. C. HALL, Esq., F.S.A., 16, Southampton Street, Strand; and E. FRANKS, Esq., India House, Treasurer.

Or those who choose may pay their tribute direct to the Cattermole Memorial Fund at COUTTS'S Bank. *Verbum Sap.* *Punch* will only add, that "*Bis dat qui cito dat*" is a good motto even for those who subscribe to a tombstone.

No Trusting Titles.

SIR LOMBARD BANKES, at the private view of the Royal Academy, was much pleased with No. 147. *The Banker's Private Room—Negotiating a Loan*; but considerably disappointed when he found No. 823. *A Check for a Large Amount*,—not exactly the sort of work he expected to see.

SWIMMING AT SYDENHAM.

THE Crystal Palace, in addition to its thousand and one other entertainments (for they are really now as numerous as those of the *Arabian Nights*) will offer shortly, it is stated, a thousand and second, in the shape of baths where we may entertain ourselves by swimming, or by seeing others swim. In these speculative days it is not always easy to keep one's head above water, and practice in that element will probably enable one to do so to perfection. By all who are conservatives of cleanliness and health no doubt the Crystal baths will be most liberally patronised; and they who have a radical abhorrence of cold water may have as much warm as they please, if they merely ask and pay for it. Aquatic Derbies will be swum, and we are promised "exhibitions of ornamental swimming," which to help the treasury will probably be useful. We expect that the Crystal Palace Companions of the Bath will speedily subscribe the floating capital required, and there is little ground for doubting, now the scheme is well afloat, that their enterprise and they alike will go on swimmingly.

A Thought for a Topper.

A MAN may properly be said to have been drinking like a fish, when he finds that he has taken enough to make his head swim.

A DOUBTFUL ERRAND.

"*Qui facit per alium facit per se*," as the debtor said who sent his friend to face the bailiff.

LOW GAMBLERS AND THE BETTER ORDERS.

WHILST Parliament is talking the law remains, and is likely to remain how much longer Heaven only knows, in the state attested by the following item of news:—

"BOY GAMBLERS.—JOHN FERGUSON was convicted at Willenhall, Staffordshire, yesterday afternoon, and fined 25 and costs, or two months' imprisonment, for keeping a private gaming hell for apprentice boys. The house was sometimes crowded with locksmiths' apprentices, who paid defendant a fee upon every game of dice and cards. Boys seven years old were amongst the gamblers. Wine, whiskey, and ale were drunk, and heavy sums were won and lost. Defendant was stakeholder. The evidence showed that he counselled the boys, if they had no money of their own to stake, to rob their masters of two or three sovereigns."

All this villany has cost the criminal convicted of it only five pounds, which he probably paid snapping his fingers. If he had not the money, he is undergoing a short two months' seclusion. Forfeiture of goods and chattels, with, and not or, five years' penal servitude, would have more nearly met the demerits of his case. When will such a fellow be rendered liable by statute to be punished as he deserves? When Parliament shall have done spouting, and has set to work? Not even then, perhaps, for some time; probably not until Parliament shall have made its mind up to put down all gambling whether in high life or low. The Legislature, doubtless, feels that the contrast between the punishment of the keeper of a gaming-house for the inferior classes as a felon, and the absolute impunity of the proprietor of an aristocratic betting-office under another name, would be too striking.

A Rousing Question.

WHEN the Jockey Club met at Newmarket on Wednesday last week, ADMIRAL ROUS, according to the newspapers, moved the appointment of a Committee "to take into consideration the present condition of the Turf, excluding the subject of betting from their deliberations." This may seem like proposing to perform the play of *Hamlet* with *Hamlet's* special business omitted. But, on the other hand, the gallant Admiral of the Green may very fairly ask the great Racing Tribunal this question, "What's the odds, so long as you're happy?"

WHAT MRS. PROFESSOR FAWCETT CONSIDERS THE LADIES.—The Commons Preservation Society.

THE MUTUAL TESTIMONIAL GUARANTEE ASSOCIATION.



TERN is the truth that testimonials are nowadays as plentiful as gooseberries. They are given to all kinds of people, for all sorts of service, from sweeping down an enemy to sweeping down a street. A dustman or a duke alike is deemed to be deserving of them. Fortune, with equal hand, assigns them to a marquis or a milliner, a costermonger or a count. Even a cab-driver may wake to find himself famous some fine morning, and may get a testimonial for having driven some one safely through the arch of Temple Bar, and reached the Bank without a capsiz in Cheapside; or the captain of a river steamboat may receive a testimonial from his truly grateful passengers for piloting them safely through the perils of the Pool.

As testimonials are things now in such general demand, it is thought a fitting season to establish a society for their regular supply to all who are in need of them. This important object the Guarantee Association, whose title heads this notice, is intended to effect; and considerable trouble is expected to be saved by it. Men of every rank and station, not omitting the cab-rank, nor excluding the police-station, will be eligible to be members of this association, and will be each presented with a fitting testimonial, in proportion to the money they think proper to subscribe. While LORD TOM NODDY gets a handsome candelabra or *épergne*, in grateful recognition of imaginary service he has rendered to the State, MR. BINKS, the bagman, may receive a pair of bellows, or an elegant tobacco-box, in graceful recognition of supposititious services, while he mentally took the chair of some imaginary club. SENEOR SOLFA, the unrivalled tenor (in his own opinion) may receive a silver tuning-fork, on which may be engraved the thanks of somebody or other, whose opera he has saved by his high *ut de poitrine*; and MR. STALKER, the stage-manager, may get a plated coffee-pot, in acknowledgment of the many acts of quite imaginary courtesy which somebody or other may assert he has performed.

In order properly to meet the wants of the subscribers, a great number of things fitted to be given as testimonials will be always kept in readiness by the Guarantee Association; and an author of experience in writing works of fiction will be daily in attendance for composing fine inscriptions, setting forth the fancied services for which a testimonial is decreed as a reward. Special penny-a-liners will likewise be engaged, for inventing the reports of imaginary meetings, at which a testimonial is supposed to be presented, and detailing all the speeches presumed there to be made. In short, no pains will be wanting to carry out the object of this excellent society, and supply a testimonial to all who are in want of one, to decorate their drawing-room or advertise their name.

FRENCH JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

COMPARISONS are not always odious. We can take no offence at the comparison implied in the query which concludes the subjoined observation made by the *Journal des Débats*, respecting Greece:—

"We see with regret that the tone of the English Press has become much more vindictive. An entire nation cannot and should not be condemned for a single crime. Some of the London papers speak of nothing less than of putting Greece in a state of siege, and of making a descent there with Zouaves. What would they say if we proposed to send some to Ireland?"

Certainly Greece and Ireland are very much like one another, especially Ireland. What should we say if our French friends proposed to send some Zouaves to that isle of mutiny? That they were very kind indeed, and we thanked them heartily, but would save them the trouble.

SONG FOR THE POSTMEN.—"Oh, letters, be happy together!"

SONGS OF THE SORROWFUL.

II.—THE UNLUCKY JOKER.

VERY few go through life without making mistakes, And, alas, I made *one* which has cost me a deal, Not in money, with me that small difference makes, For I'm wealthy; but think what a fellow must feel Who has really a horror of punsters and puns— Who's a dull person holding a post in the Mint, One who drinks potass water, likes yesterday's buns— But who once made a joke, and it got into print.

At my lodgings—I've lived there a good twenty years, I am known as the quietest, glummiest of men, And my rent has been never one day in arrears, I am always in bed at a quarter past ten. But, alas, on one fatal occasion there came A waggish relation possessing a squint, To play at backgammon, and during the game I made a bad joke, and it got into print.

My life from that evening has been one of sadness, That joke in my teeth my companions will fling. I cannot conjecture what midsummer madness Could ever induce me to do such a thing. They swear I'm a jester who's only concealed his Droll powers through cunning; each action they tint With colour that's comic; they say, "He's revealed his True self by that joke which has got into print."

At luncheon they laugh till I'm terribly flustered, And snap up my chop in a hurry to go; They roar when I ask for the salt or the mustard, And this to a man who is solemn and slow. The waiter, his countenance scarcely controlling, Annoys me, and at his behaviour I hint, And he grins as he says (which is hardly consoling) "It's 'cos of that joke, Sir, as got into print."

My landlady laughs as she's laying my table, A soberer person I never yet knew; I see that to keep down her mirth she's scarce able, And has to go out for a minute or two. A snigger I hear in the passage—I know it— I happened to mention the word "peppermint;" The idiots think it sounds funny and show it— That joke is the reason which got into print.

I've letters by dozens from distant relations, From friends and from strangers, who seek autographs; Each knock by the postman brings on palpitations— I'm not at all one who is given to laughs. I'm steady and heavy, and stupid one might say, In matters of business am firm as a flint, And none of my friends heard me anything bright say, Till I made that vile joke which they put into print.

Oh, if you are dull don't attempt to be funny, But take a most terrible warning from me; For what is good health and possession of money To one who gives vent to a bad *jeu d'esprit*, And who pays for it thus. I can never live through it— Or, if I succeed, 'twill be purely by dint Of an effort gigantic—why, *why* did I do it? Never venture a joke that may get into print.

One view of the matter gives slight consolation To one who's a thinker, as I am, you know; And that is what trifles may bring reputation, And sometimes small talents may make a great show. One daub may make Maulstick, one slang-song make Quaver, One coarse speech make Browbeat, one pill Doctor Lint; And though no owl's stupider, grimmer, or graver, One joke may make *you*, if it gets into print.

The New Rule of Rome.

THE rule hitherto observed by Ecumenical Councils has been that of *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. This, should the Council now in Session declare the Pope infallible, will have to undergo a slight alteration. For the future, as modified, it will be, *Quod nunc, quod Roma, quod ab uno*.

CLINICAL LECTURES.—Curtain Ones.



"THE SERVANTS."

Cook. "YES, SUSAN, I'M A WRITIN' TO MARY HANN MIGGS. SHE'VE APPLIED TO ME FOR THE CHARACTER OF MY LAST MISSUS, WHICH SHE'S THINKIN' OF TAKIN' THE SITUATION—"

Susan. "WILL YOU GIVE HER ONE?"

Cook. "WELL, I'VE SAID THIS. (*Reads.*) 'MRS. PERKITS PRESENTS HER COMPLIMENTS TO MISS MIGGS, AND BEGS TO INFORM HER THAT I CONSIDER MRS. BROWN A RESPECTABLE YOUNG PERSON, AND ONE AS KNOWS HER DUTIES; BUT SHE CAN'T CONSENSUALLY RECOMMEND HER TEMPER, WHICH I HAD TO PART WITH HER ON THAT ACCOUNT.' IT'S ALLUS BEST TO BE CANDIED, YOU KNOW, SUSAN!"

LORDS AND COMMONS.

THE Master of the Rolls has decided against the right of Queen's College, Oxford, as Lord of the Manor, to enclose Plumstead Common. It was natural enough that the Commoners of that lively marsh should exult in their triumph, and no way unnatural that they should take a rather irrational style of commemorating the event—

"By the old English method of roasting an ox, and by gigantic bonfires and fireworks."

Nor can we blame those who, like their commons, have been so audaciously taken in, for letting out a little,—by deciding on the demolition of—

"All the existing fences and other encroachments."

But when we learn that—

"The work of demolition commenced in earnest on Friday, during which day miles of fences were broken down, and carried home for firewood;"

That—

"On Saturday morning the rioters demolished 2,000 feet of fencing on the land of Mr. WILLIAM TONGUE, builder, Montem Villa, Burrage Road, Plumstead, purchased from the Lords of the Manor, and enclosed some five years ago, and in respect of which the Master of the Rolls made no order;"

and that these bold wreckers subsequently announced their intention of pulling down—

"Five houses erected on Mr. TONGUE's land, together with all other houses, walls, &c., recently erected on the common, including the garden of the Plumstead vestry clerk, the premises of the Prince of Wales Tavern, &c., &c., &c.,"

we begin to see that Lords of Misrule are apt to better the in-

struction of Lords of Manors, in the way of trampling rights under foot; and to feel that the plundering of the one cannot be pleaded in justification of the pilfering of the other.

Mr. Punch, as an advocate of common rights, is bound to set his face against common wrongs. He is glad to learn that out of the—

"Crowd of 500 or 600 persons, nine-tenths of whom had no pretension to being commoners, whom the police found busy with axes, hammers, and carts, demolishing and carrying off the wood of the wrecked fences,"

three were fined by the magistrates, and summonses granted against a dozen more.

Plumstead Commoners claim "right of turbary," but that is no reason why those who are not Commoners should exercise the right of "disturbary" in this lawless fashion.

If Lords of the Manors trample the law under foot, the more reason those who invoke the law against them should respect the power they appeal to.

Not Half Enough.

"A new daily paper will, it is said, be shortly started in London, combining the peculiar characteristics of the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, and *Punch*."

WHY stop short? Why not also combine the "peculiar characteristics" of *Bell's Life*, the *Record*, the *Economist*, the *Illustrated London News*, *Notes and Queries*, and *Le Follet*?

A MAN'S REASON.

WE can never feel the "Electoral Disabilities" of Women a hardship while we have so much doubt about their Electoral Abilities.



HYPERCRITICAL.

Stumpy Artist. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE SHOW?"

Long Ditto ('forte'). "THE PEOPLE YOU MEAN! WELL, I WAS THINKING THEY LOOK AN UNCOMMON SEEDY LOT, FOR THE FIRST DAY—"

["Marry come up!" thought the old lady on the left, with the two beautiful ginger-haired daughters.

PUZZLED TO DEATH.

A QUIET old English gentleman came across the following item of news in his Sunday paper:—

"It is stated that the QUEEN has granted the DEAN OF WINCHESTER a dispensation from all attendances at the Cathedral, on account of his advanced age."

After deep consideration he came to the conclusion, that HER MAJESTY must be acting for the POPE. "He's the only person who grants dispensations," he said to his doctor, who happened to look in. "I beg your pardon," replied his medical adviser, "That's a common error. Haven't I a Dispensary in the village?"

The poor gentleman retired to his room, and has not been seen since.

"The Master hath Spoken."

"MISS MARIE WILTON intends to retire from the stage," states a contemporary. Of course she does—at the end of each performance, and after the enthusiastic "call," in her case a custom which *Mr. Punch* (usually hostile to such demonstrations) heartily approves. Why should she remain when the play is over? But that is the only retirement, on the part of MRS. BANCROFT, of which *Mr. Punch* will hear a word for many a long year—to be rendered shorter by delightful evenings contrived for him by that lady and MR. ROBERTSON.

The Educational Question.

APROPOS of the "Religious difficulty" the managers and publishers of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* are delighted at hearing that there is a fair prospect of a "Time Table" being introduced into all schools as a solution of the religious difficulty.

THE BUNG AND THE BOROUGH.

(A Lamentation.)

THE times is gettin wus and wus,
For bisnis, in respect to BUNG;
No more not what they was for us
In them there days when I was young.
Lor' what a difference in the Trade,
'Ow many thousands for the bad,
Them there Election laws has made
Now from since when I was a lad!

The church-bells rang in sign of joy,
'Cause why the candidates come down;
I well remember, as a boy,
'Twas like a windfall to the town.
Gay flags from hall the steeples flew,
And bands of music played about,
And meanwhile hevery Public drew
No hend o' gin and hale and stout.

Blue or buff colours wore each soul,
'Amost, as ever you could meet,
There was poshayes to the Poll,
And hevery sort o' standin' treat.
Live and let live was then the word,
And with your neighbour part your store,
But different ways is now preferred;
And we shan't see sitch days no more.

That Bribery Hact is so sewere,
That in his skin a cove may quake,
A ten-pun note, a pot o' beer,
'Tis fine and quod, and no mistake!
And whether gentlefolks or no,
It isn't of the least avail;
Upon conviction off you go,
As sure as eggs is eggs, to gaol.

And when this 'ere new Bill do pass,
What 'ARTINTON 'as got in 'and,
'Twill prove a reg'lar coody grass;
That's werry plain to understand.
No nomination days, nor not
Committee rooms in Pubs no more,
And polling checks to show you 've got;
So can't be drunk as 'eretofore.

A BAR-RELIEF.—An Abolished Turnpike.

A CRYING NUISANCE.

LITERATURE is a good thing, and so is exercise of lungs; but sometimes, when combined, they are productive of a nuisance. This, the hawking of cheap newspapers by loud-voiced little boys, has recently become. One can hardly walk a step without being half deafened by the bawling of these brats. No sooner have you put your foot beyond your doorstep, than the *Penny Olbora Times* is dinned into your ear, followed in few moments by the *Apenny Smiffel News*, or the *Farthing Strand Gazette*. Almost every parish has its local "organ," and this, when shouted out by small boys, is pretty much as great a nuisance as a barrel one. On a Sunday morning, too, when after six days' row and rattle, one sighs to be at peace, in certain "quiet streets" the weekly newspapers are cried, and the bellowing of their names is as much a crying nuisance as that of "Cree-ceses!" or "Fine awringe!" later in the day.

"More than Echoes Talk Along the Walls."

THE Echo that "answered in the affirmative" has long been historical. But its fame will be rivalled by as extraordinary a response which was given, the other day, in the Home Office. Some strong-minded ladies came to MR. BRUCE to ask for the repeal of a very useful police law. One of them assailed MR. BRUCE with the dreadful words, "I bring you a message from the men of Kent. They have not forgotten their countryman, WAT TYLER!" "What Nonsense!" was Echo's prompt but uncivil rejoinder.

SONG FOR THE BURGLAR TO HIS "PAL" WHO "PEACHED."—
"Never again with you Robbin'."

CONSTABULARY DESTITUTION.



WAS an ATTENBOROUGH, whose iron shutters were quietly and slowly bored through the other night in Fleet Street. B was a BEAUMONT, into whose house in Piccadilly burglars made their way a few evenings ago between 9 and 9.30, and stole jewellery to the value of £10,000. Everybody naturally screams, "Where were the Police?" and Echo answers, not "where," of course, but "ice," with the i soft. C is a castle, as every Englishman's house is supposed to be, but it is a castle liable, in London at least, at any hour of the night, if not the day, to be surprised and broken into by burglars. The Police are our earthly Guardian Angels; but their number is so small, comparatively to our own, that they would need angel's wings to

be ordinarily at our beck and call in case of need, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, angel's ears also, to be able to hear us call them. And their visits are, in regard to each householder, like those of angels.

The A B C of Police inadequacy having been stated, it is unnecessary, though it would be easy, to go through the whole alphabet. Our social Army requires to be augmented. COLONEL HENDERSON would probably find it enough to commission a Police-sergeant to hold up his finger; at any rate a bunch of ribbons in the sergeant's helmet would prove a sufficient attraction, or, besides, a number of bills might be posted about inviting spirited young men to enlist in the corps, indicated by a handsome full-length illustration representing one of its gallant officers. No necessary increase of pay would be grudged by judicious and truly economical rate-payers, and any that is needed should be promptly allowed.

It is very much to be desired that the Chief Commissioner of the Police Force should rank with a Field Marshal, and be raised to the Peerage, with a salary sufficient to maintain his dignity; moreover, that he should receive the first vacant Garter; but in the meantime he could be created a C.B., which letters, supposed to stand for Cold Bath, might strike terror into the minds of evil-doers.

Baronetries, in reasonable plenty, should be conferred on meritorious inspectors and successful detectives. Medals, with any fitting number of clasps, should be awarded to private constables who have distinguished themselves; and any uncommon act of daring on the part of any member of the Force, performed in apprehending a ruffian, or otherwise in the discharge of his duty, should be recompensed with the Victoria Cross. The thing is as cheap as a cabman's badge, and homage costs nothing.

By these acknowledgments of the due position of the police in the scale of honour, that branch of the service would be rendered popular and attractive, and then it would never be either under-officered or under-manned. Men of education would gladly enrol themselves among its members, and the complaint that we lack competent Detectives would cease. The demand for such experts would be answered by a supply of clever men such as many of those who now go to the Bar, and they, if not themselves the best of all possible thief-takers, would know well how to set a thief to catch a thief.

Something ought to be done to terminate the present insecurity of metropolitan property, if not life too. As long as nothing is done, to abuse the Greeks so violently as some of us do, for tolerating brigandage, is cool. The saucepan might just as well call the tea-kettle a nigger.

A Serious Canard.

THE *Record* having contained a paragraph, stating that LORD HERVEY, Bishop of Bath and Wells, had ordered a credence table for his cathedral, and intended to introduce credence tables throughout his diocese, MR. HENRY BARNARD, chapter clerk of Wells Cathedral, writes to that journal authoritatively contradicting those statements. The only credence concerned in this case appears to be that which the *Record* has given to a hoax.

The Plébiscite.

"WILL you have me?" the EMPEROR cries:
From France what's the answer that flows?
Seven millions turn up their "Ayes,"
And more than a million their "Noes."

BRIDGEWATER AND BEVERLEY TO WIT.—"Revising the Lectionary" is, no doubt, a good thing. But oh, if JOHN BULL could revise his "Electionary!"

COLLARADO;

OR, THE STARCHY PARADISE.

Preface.

FORGET the city and its penny boats,
Forget the organ-grinders' horrid notes,
Forget the inharmonious German Band,
Forget the cabs and 'busses in the Strand.
And think that near an inn beside the stream
Wanders a broken man as in a dream.
Pass with him onward, to the inn, behold
Six youthful oarsmen and a steersman bold
Seated at table, where with jest and laugh
They quaff in equal draughts the Shandygaff.
To them the ancient bending form appeals,
Who laughingly present him with stewed eels;
And calling to him shrivelled, sore, and grey,
They bid him tell a tale or go his way.

Argument.—The old man chooses to tell his tale, with which decision the Preface is concluded.

I do not wish to rival MISTER MORRIS,
Nor can I sing as did the Roman Oris,
["HORACE, my friend," the president objects;
"We've enough 'h's' to supply defects."] Fresh words I pour out on your willing ears,
To raise your hopes, or soothe your idle fears.
Of ancient Rome and Greece I will not sing,
To other bards I leave that sort of thing;
But, sooth, I'll tell a tale with sorrow rife,
And burden'd with the burden of my life.

What reck you of the where or whence I came?
Who were my ancestors or what's my name?
Once it could grace an honoured cheque, and still
It has a certain value on a bill.

"Fill him the gaff cup!"—

Ah, in days of old
For me my servants golden goblets fold.*
And every guest I greet† I was the—host,
Who joined all hearts in one compunctive toast.
Such was I in the days when—

Here's to you!
Now to my tale, romantic, strange, but true.
But ere the Bard resumes, send round the haf,
Remember, friends, *Bis dat qui cito dat*.
I've been a wanderer. This furrow'd brow—

A Guest.

Straight to thy point, and do not wander now.

Collarado.

Gay jesting youth, thou hast an empty head,
Though in thy best thou art apparelled;
And could fine feathers constitute fine birds,
Then thou wouldst be—

But I refrain from words,
Which have no bearing on my present tale.
Here's to you all, once more, in generous ale.

The President.

Mix, you around me,—for his tale will halt—
The beer of ginger with the tear of malt.
Refresh the aged. What he has to tell
Must clear as lymph be. Truth lies in a well.
Nay, my old man, the sparkle in thine eye
Proclaims that thou wouldst say, Truth cannot lie.
Youth bow revering, and with head bent low
Honour the jest made milliaries ago.
Begin and finish: age will have its joke
As youth its fling. Strike lucifers, we'll smoke.

[During the President's Speech the old man has been drinking, and is now prepared to commence his strange tale.

* *Fold*. The perfect tense of *To fill*.

† *Greet*. Perfect of *To greet*. Should, in the course of this poem, *note* strike the reader's eye, it will save much trouble to take it as the perfect of *To meet*.

This about "*note*,"
Will save a note.

THE STRONGEST CONSCIENCE-CLAWS.—Pangs of Remorse.

EUPHEMISM BEFORE ACCURACY.



THE contrast between our own delicacy and the coarseness of our forefathers is very self-gratifying, especially when we regard the ideas of verbal propriety entertained by the sensitive playgoing public of the present day. An abridgment of SIR JOHN VANBRUGH'S comedy, originally called "*The Relapse; or Virtue in Danger*," was produced, under the title of "*The Man of Quality*," on the evening of last Saturday week. On that occasion the immense superiority in refinement of the present age to former periods was strikingly illustrated. Of course the play had undergone the most careful expurgation; but even this was not enough to satisfy

the delicacy of a modern British audience. According to a theatrical critic:—

"It was well for the adapter that he executed his difficult task with the requisite vigilance, for it so happened that there was among the audience on Saturday evening a handful of virtuous spectators who were determined to resent the slightest attempt to sacrifice good manners to wit. The hisses with which these precisians received *Sir Tumbelly Clumsy's* energetic denunciation of all the personages of the scene, just as the curtain is about to fall, evoked a counter-demonstration from the majority of the audience, who, taking up the challenge in a defiant spirit, cheered lustily."

Thus it appears that all the nicety with which unusual expressions had been eliminated from VANBRUGH'S text was not sufficient to satisfy a considerable minority of the House. Nor certainly was it so exact as the purity of the age demands. Not only was an energetic denunciation permitted to proceed from the mouth of the character named in the foregoing extract; energetic denunciation being strong language: but that character was suffered to retain his highly objectionable pre-name. In Society no one, even when consulting a doctor, ever uses any expression specifically denoting the region of the digestive organs. Every person employs an euphemism, although it confounds their cavity with that of the respiratory. Accordingly, let us hope the character in "*The Man of Quality*," surnamed *Clumsy*, will be immediately re-christened, both in the playbills and in the piece. With a transposition, for euphony's sake, the change might be made nicely, *Sir Tun, &c.*, *Clumsy* being altered to *Sir Clumsy Tunchest*.

SONGS OF THE SORROWFUL.

III.—"THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SAY 'NO.'"

SOME folks cannot pronounce their "R's"—
That's in their proper place,
Although they talk of "Pars" and "Mars,"
Which is another case.
Some folks change double "U's" to "V's,"
Which sounds extremely low.
My case is harder far than these,
I cannot utter "No."

Their "H's" some find rather hard,
When soft they ought to sound;
In "hour" and "honest" folks debarr'd
Of ear off come aground.
Some will say "Srimp" and "Lewisam"—
The habit's one to grow—
But oh, much worse than these I am—
I cannot utter "No."

My palate's right, my teeth are good,
And very even grow;
And Cambridge, couldn't, if it would,
Display a better "row."
I'm rather fluent so to speak,
My words are apt to flow;
But in one instance I am weak,
I cannot utter "No."

When any friend, who's in distress,
Applies to me for tin,
To help him out of any mess
I see the fellow grin
Before I can reply;—too well
He knows my failing, so,
He's quite aware that I shall shell—
I cannot utter "No."

As to the parish, it's a joke,
For my subscription's paid.
(It is—as shopmen say—"bespoke")
Ere the request is made—
For pump, school, almshouse, market, hall,
Tea-least or penny show,
On me the first they always call—
I cannot utter "No."

My marriage—'twas in Leap-year, and
The lady of my choice—
Or rather I was *hers*—command
Was in her look and voice—
Observed, "You're mine!" what *could* I say?
So sudden was the blow;
She on the spot arranged the day—
I couldn't utter "No."

Her mother, who at first would stay
To luncheon or to dine
(She's one quite in her daughter's way,
And very much in mine).
Now stops two months, or three, or four,
With my permission though,
For notwithstanding she's a bore—
I cannot utter "No."

I've poor relations by the heap—
Why should I call them poor?
Since they have got one who will keep
The wolf from by their door.
They come in shoals, the hungry souls,
One calls himself "and Co."
And makes me buy his wretched coals—
I cannot utter "No."

One deals in wine I cannot drink,
Another's taste's harmonic;
A third, whose state of on the brink
Of bankruptcy is chronic.
I buy the wine, pianos too,
I make the third one glow
With joy, I help him to "pull through"—
I cannot utter "No."

My neighbours make me promise I
Will sponsor be to all;
The children in the district, why
The list would quite appal
All but the silversmiths, alas!
For cups what *must* I owe!
Scarcely a month or two can pass—
There! I *can't* utter "No."

For many a day, for many a week,
I've laid awake and wept.
Stop! Some photographer's I'll seek
Where *Negatives* are kept.
Ha! Ha! Likewise He! He! and yet
The boisterous Ho! Ho!
Eureka! So I soon shall get
The means to utter "No!"

Smacks of the Shop.

"A Massachusetts paper regrets that the crowded state of its columns will not permit it to publish a furnished sketch of the life of a certain gentleman, but promises to preserve it as materials for an obituary notice."

ONLY one word of inquiry. Was the gentleman an upholsterer?

OLD AND NEW.

The Seven Sleepers—A Romance of the Rail.

THE REAL "MONARCH-INSURANCE ASSOCIATION."—Red Revolutionists.



A TEMPORARY BEREAVEMENT PHILOSOPHICALLY BORNE.

"GOOD NIGHT! GOOD NIGHT! MY DEAR, SWEET, PRETTY MAMMA! I LIKE YOU TO GO OUT, BECAUSE IF YOU DIDN'T, YOU'D NEVER COME HOME AGAIN, YOU KNOW!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, May 9. We do not often get a bit of history in Parliament. Some readers may like to be "reminded"—

"Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

(didn't we quote that some years back—*nunquam mens*)—that in 1815, the Waterloo year, France, of course under Restored Royalty, bound herself to pay £140,000 to indemnify British subjects whose property had suffered by the Revolution, and in 1818 she added another £120,000 to the debt. The money has been all paid away long ago, and the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE behaved like the BARON TROTTARD in asking for some of it to-night for the Irish College in Paris, swept away in the Reign of Terror. It is possible, however, as the Marquis hinted, that had the College been a Protestant institution, English Ministers in other days might have looked after its interests more vigorously. Considering that an Irishman, at Waterloo, completed NAPOLEON's education, it might have been gracious to have compensated the Irish College in Paris.

LORD REDESDALE, who may never have saved the nation, *en bloc*, but who is always saving its interests in detail, urged that the new Tramways, now beginning to traverse London, should become the property of the local authorities after fifty years. LORD KIMBERLEY seemed to think that this was right. By the way, we hear a good account of these inventions, and there is some hope that they will convert a great lot of our ramshackle and dirty omnibuses into household fuel.

The Naturalisation Bill was settled, but LORD WESTBURY did not like a person's being described as "born of a father." He wished to stop the Bill and alter this; but LORD CLARENDON, while assenting to the zoology, deprecated the hesitancy. The Act is wanted as the basis of a treaty. LORD WESTBURY, as usual, was perfectly accurate; and if the people who draw laws would also draw from the well of English undefiled, they would write, not "of" but "to." But he was obliged to give in, and use the Grammar of Assent.

Mr. Punch supposes that everybody knows that the Census is to be taken next year, but he just mentions the fact that ladies—no, that is effete satire—that gentlemen who dye hair and moustaches may have time to make up their minds as to the age they intend to be in 1871. As for the ladies aforesaid, he trusts that they will adopt the form prepared by himself Ages Ago.

"Come, fill up your Census, and fill as you can.
What, ask us our ages, you impudent man?
Look in our faces, and write what you see;
For that's all the help you'll get out of We."

There is stagnation in the Prayer-Book and Church Service trade, owing to anticipated alterations in the Lctionary. The PREMIER stated that certain changes had been approved by the clergy, and a Bill was about to be introduced confirmatory of the suggestions. We are glad of this, partly for the sake of those who are thrown out of employment, partly because a handsome Prayer-Book is a wedding present worthy of all acceptance, and one does not like to give a volume that will soon be out of date.

Government has no intention of interfering to put down the war, or whatever it is, in Cuba. *Mr. Punch* is glad. But his joy will in no degree be lessened by any present he may receive of the productions of that charming island; if he mentions Havannah, it is only because a really well-meaning donor always likes to know what a donee most likes. *Apocryphos* of nothing, a correspondent asks, "How can I destroy weeds on a gravel-walk?" Answer: "Smoke them as you walk up and down it."

Irish Land Bill in Committee, and very good progress.

At an early hour of the morning—in fact, we may as well go on to

Tuesday. (Well, it *was* Tuesday.) The POSTMASTER-GENERAL—he does not mind early hours any more than his servants, who are wandering about the suburbs at 3 A.M., collecting letters—remember this at Christmas—introduced a Bill to amend the law relating to Procedure at Elections. You might not guess from this title that

A CABINET MINISTER PROPOSES VOTE BY BALLOT.



CONVICTION !

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. "I THINK, MR. BULL, I HAVE NOW CONVINCED THEM THAT YOU ARE—AT LAST—
IN EARNEST ABOUT BRIBERY!"

Such, however, is the fact. The Advocates of secret voting have their triumph at last. The friend of a candidate will be able to sing—

"I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name!"

because he will not even have to trace it. He is to be presented with a paper, like a cheque (bitter mockery of those who have been accustomed to receive, on such occasions, real cheques) on which are printed the names of the candidates. He is privately to strike out all the names except that of his Man, and then is to deposit the paper in a box. There will, as in the case of a cheque, be a counterfoil, with the same number on it as on the voter's paper. This will enable us to detect fraud. Quite right, but not absolute secrecy, LORD HARTINGTON, as MR. HENRY JAMES justly remarked.

There is more in this Bill. Nomination day, with all its riot and ruffianism, is to be done away, and future historians must study *Pickwick* if they want to do Macaulification. This is an unmixed good. Nomination is to be made by a paper, to be signed by Ten Electors, and delivered to an official, either by the candidate personally, or by his proposer or seconder. This has to be done within two specified hours, and within those a candidate may "bolt;" i.e., withdraw his notice, if he is frightened.

Public-houses are not to be used as Committee-rooms, and

Lastly, and, perhaps, bestly, Any expenditure made by a Candidate, and not declared in the account he has to give in, shall be deemed a Corrupt Payment.

The Bill is not to affect the Universities, which will vote as at present, in a silent and dignified manner; in fact, through the institution under LORD HARTINGTON's care, if Members so please. This is the worst part of the arrangement, for the great numbers of University votes sent from a distance are given by gentlemen whose academical brilliance has been dulled by provincial isolation. *Punch* "loves to express himself delicately, but you know what he means," as a gentleman says in one of FIELDING's graceless comedies.

This evening Scotland had a small innings, and the House decided that North Britain does not want any change in its system of Public Prosecutions.

Then came a very odd debate indeed. "Odd," which is derived from the Swedish *udda* (bless you, *Punch* knows everything, and more), describes the business better than any other word could do. Arrange criticism in Rabelaisian fashion, and we might say that the elements of this discussion—it was about Opium and China—were

Bigotry	Evasion	Cant
Benevolence	Philistinism	Circumbendibus
Self-righteousness	Off-handedness	Humbug.

But, as *Mr. Punch* (as he has often observed) never likes to give offence, he has no intention of assigning to each speech its share of the above articles. Sufficeth, that SIR WILFRID LAWSON, the great enemy of Potables, proposed that the House should condemn the system which raises a large portion of the revenue of India (Six Millions) from Opium. He urged that it was a demoralising drug, and that the Chinese authorities were opposed to its consumption by the people. There was much talk, and there was one attempt to get away from the topic by a Count-Out, but it could not be escaped so.

MR. GRANT DUFF, in a very clever speech, argued that we must have the opium money, or the Indian or English public must provide the amount, or that public works in India must be stopped. Also, that the traffic was not mischievous. Opium was deleterious only if taken in excess. Also, the Chinese would have it; and if we did not sell it to them somebody else would. Hum! Touching this latter plea, does MR. GRANT DUFF recollect a certain poem by one WILLIAM COWPER (not MR. COWPER-TEMPLE), wherein the Slave Trade is defended by one of its advocates. We might abstain from the trade, of course—

"But then if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes,
Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains:
If we do not buy the poor Creechers, they will,
So tortures and groans will be multiplied still."

MR. GLADSTONE perceived that his able friend wanted backing up, for all his ability, and Ajax flung his seven-fold shield over the light-armed Teucer. We have handed the management of the Indian revenue to the Indian Council, and the House has no right to deprive the People of India of this £6,000,000, and throw their finances into confusion. But, if it were done, the House must make up the deficiency, and he must request SIR W. LAWSON to begin by taking MR. LOWE's surplus, on account.

"The Downright Shippen" of the day is the downright HENLEY. We have no right to ask the Indians to give up this revenue, until our own Government has given up the income it derives from Gin, on which "quite as many people made beasts of themselves as on opium."

Finally, brethren, this edifying and suggestive debate was got rid of—yes, got rid of—for the House escaped, after all. The Previous Question, which means that it is not expedient to go into the Present Question, was carried by 150 to 46. We were going to laugh, but prefer to add, demurely, that it must be satisfactory to all friends of

humanity to know that the opium which we supply to China is of the finest sort, and prepared in the most artistic manner; and it must be clear to every moralist that it is the duty of a Chinaman to avoid taking more than is good for him.

We own that we think a more elegant way out of the difficulty was open. A resolution should have been carried to the effect, that it would be disrespectful to the greatest of living novelists to enter into the opium question at all until the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, so far as it affects *Mr. Jasper*, should be solved. But the House of Commons, often described as elephantine in its power over oaks and pins, hath somewhat of elephantine gracefulness.

MR. GLADSTONE nominated the Committee on Monastic Institutions. It is a highly respectable one, and is not at all likely to behave rudely to anybody. In fact, there are gentlemen on it who would make a point of saying pleasant things to any Lady who should be asked to give evidence. This will be satisfactory, we trust, to many a Catholic

"Who looks, not lovingly, at that Divan."

Wednesday. A meritorious Bill for doing away with a Church scandal, on which *Mr. Punch's* batteries have often and damagingly opened, was read a Second Time. It is for prohibiting the sale of Next Presentations to Livings.

It is not wonderful that a Bill on the subject of payment to Irish Coroners should be introduced, considering the increase those gentlemen have had in business by reason of the means resorted to by sundry agitators for getting at the land. But this Bill was rejected.

Dwellers in towns will be happy to hear that, though the Bill for preserving Suburban Commons was opposed, it was not thrown out, but was sent—*Mr. Punch* thinks on good grounds—to a Select Committee. LORD BYRON, scoffing at a small poet, says,

"No Common be inclosed without an Ode;"

but, if for "ode" we substitute "row," and also enact that the row be kicked up before the Inclosure, and in prevention thereof, his Lordship's verses—thus slightly, not to say prosaically, manipulated—might "stand part of the Bill."

Thursday. LORD HARTINGTON says that the Telegraph System is being extended as rapidly as possible. The difficulty seems to be the stupidity of the telegraphist staff, but it is improving. Why are not Persons, females, women, the Fair Sex, almost exclusively employed in work which they could do so adroitly? It is not only this stupidity, however, that hinders the general use of the telegraph. *Mr. Punch* has heard of people in a small locality successfully objecting to having the wire, because they do not like the post-master to know their secrets!

A meeting of sympathy with the French Republicans had been announced. The place, of course, Hyde Park. The day, of course, Sunday. There was not the least reason for it—the pretext that the French Government had asked for a certain extradition, was declared by MR. BRUCE to be false. He said that every care should be taken to preserve order, but this was only half an answer. We are for no violence, but the police have as much right to walk, in bodies, through the Park, as any other persons; and if the police happened to walk, in bodies, through and through such a meeting, we do not see that anybody could complain—and we do see that a good many persons would be pleased at the peripatetic performance. However, the meeting was given up.

On the Land Bill, MR. GLADSTONE administered a terrible wiggling to MR. BRODRICK for something he had said about certain inferior Judges in Ireland; and he may have been incautious. But when he described the "little local attorneys" of Ireland as the curse of the nation, we fancy that some gentlemen who remonstrated did so rather perfunctorily. MR. BERNAL OSBOENE's courageous description of these persons was much to the same effect as that of MR. BRODRICK.

Readers may observe that this *Essence* is something long. They may be—doubtless are—grateful. We are aware that it is "absolute perfection" (as an enlightened correspondent judiciously remarks), whether it be long or short. But we claim no merit for the quantity this time. The fact is, that we have been spinning it out to postpone, as long as we could, the appalling and saddened revelation to which we have now come. But when a pill has to be swallowed, don't bite it—down with it. Here goes!

On the motion of MR. BOUVIER, the Bill (MR. JACOB BRIGHT's) for giving Votes to Women, was REJECTED! By 220 to 94 the House refused to go into Committee. MR. GLADSTONE was in the majority.

[Here *Mr. Punch*, deeply agitated, withdraws for refreshment. Returning, and throwing away a small brown fragment, of savoury odour, he resumes.]

Friday. No. He is unequal to further effort. The shock has been too severe. He must try a few more cigars. He believes that the Commons talked about the ill-conditions of vagrants, and the ill-usage of MR. EDWARD BARRY, the distinguished architect, and that on this latter point MR. AYRTON came to moral though not numerical grief. But the public must respect *Mr. Punch's* emotion, and permit him a brief sojourn in Cloud-land. A light, there, Ho!



WHAT WE MUST EXPECT

IF ANY MORE ALLIGATORS GET LOOSE IN THE THAMES.

A SPRING SONG ON THE ARRIVAL OF A WARBLER.

"Her delivery . . . is singing and speaking blended, in such wise as to make the hearer believe that music is her natural language, and that what she has to say would naturally be best understood if she were only to sing it."—*Times*, May 9th.

O, how I love thy song to hear,
Sweet ADELINA PATTI,
What joy thou bringest to mine ear,
When warbling "*Batti, batti!*"
I love thy face, thy artless grace,
With artful skill that blendeth:
And, better still, I love the thrill
Thy sweet voice through me sendeth.
I love thy pretty pouts and pets,
Thy rustic lovers teasing;
I love to see thee love thy work,
And pleased that thou art pleasing.
How rarely on the stage I've heard
A voice more pure, or sweeter:
Small wonder *Faust* to love were stirred
By such a *Margherita*.
'Tis said when young thy vocal tongue
In song its wants would utter;
How nice to hear thee sing for beer,
Or warble "*bread-and-butter!*"
O, had my wife a voice as sweet,
There's naught I could deny her:
With each behest and least request
I'd be a swift complier.
Let her but squall "*I want a shawl,*
A bracelet, or a bonnet,"
I at her beck would get a cheque,
And sign my name upon it.
How sweet to hear a voice like thine
Sing, "*Let me sew that button!*"
What husband could complain of it,
E'en though it said "*Cold mutton!*"
Ah, PATTI, if our wives like thou
Could warble "*Batti, batti!*"
We'd haply feel more oft than now
Our hearts go pit-a-PATTI!

TO MR. GEORGE ODGER.

(From *Punch's* own Correspondence.)

MY DEAR MR. ODGER,

IN your speech to the "Birmingham Labour Representation League"—whatever that League may be, for I have known Leagues shrunk to inches on close inspection—you are reported to have said "that the middle-class party must do something substantial, if they would win back the confidence of the working-man, which they had now entirely lost."

Now, "the confidence of the working-man" is, I doubt not, a very valuable thing; but before I accept your word for who has it, and who has it not, I should like to ask you who is "*the working-man*" you are talking about? And what is "*the middle class*" which has lost "the working-man's confidence"?

The middle class, according to my notion of it, includes a good many working-men, though I regret to find "*the working-man*"—*your* working-man, that is—is not among them.

But, waiving these points for a moment, let me ask you who *has* the confidence of "*the working-man*"? Have you? If you had, I should have expected to see you in Parliament before this. I fancy "*the working-man*," in whose name you speak, is not apt to give his confidence at all easily; and I can't wonder at it, considering how many humbugs have been in the habit of asking for it, and how often, when he *has* "given his confidence," he has had reason to repent of it.

I have no faith in sayings you can twist right round. Suppose I twisted yours, and propounded "that the working-man must do something to win back the confidence of the middle classes, which he has now entirely lost." I think I could make out quite as good a case in support of this reading. What, if I quoted BROADHEAD, and the Sheffield Revelations? Or the case of MR. JOHNSON, of Manchester, at this very time, compelled to hide the place he sleeps in, to ride armed, to crave special protection of the police, to secure him from assassination, and his house and its inmates from destruction?

I am afraid that "*the working-man*" must do something very "substantial" indeed, to win back the confidence of the middle class,

in the face of facts like these. Nor do I see anything in the conduct of "the working-man" in the Hyde Park riots, or Trafalgar Square demonstrations, of last year, in which you and other of his *soi-disant* leaders and organs took a prominent part, greatly calculated to win back the confidence of the middle class. Nor are such demonstrations as you propose, by way of showing your sympathy with the men who are making the cause of Republicanism contemptible and odious in France, or for the purpose of protesting against a demand of extradition which has never been made, of a kind to conciliate middle-class confidence.

"The middle-class party," you go on to say, "cannot afford to lose the support of the great mass of the nation."

Here, again, suppose I reverse the sentence. "What becomes of the great mass of the nation" without the support of "the middle-class party"?

What is "*the middle-class party*," in fact, but "*the great mass of the nation*" under another name?

It seems to me, my dear MR. ODGER, that of all conceivable mischief-makers at this moment there is none so mischievous as the man who goes about with these invidious distinctions of classes, and these separations of class-interests, for ever in his mouth. So long as you come forward as "*the working-man candidate*," I sincerely trust you will be beaten as decidedly as you have been beaten wherever you have yet appeared. Not a speech you have made but has proved the narrowness of your political views, and the shallowness of your political knowledge; and I need no other gauge of you than that you have yourself supplied me with.

"The middle class" is a fact, and it includes three parts, say, of the adult males of a population of thirty millions. That being so, it is rather wild to speak of it as a single political entity. But "*the working man*" is not even a fact,—but an unreal abstraction. The working population of England includes some millions of men, of all ages, characters, and habits; some thoughtful, more thoughtless; some industrious, more idle; some thrifty, more improvident; some sober, more intemperate; some sensible and comprehensive in their views, of life, duties, and politics, more rash, headstrong, and short-sighted. But if there be *one* characteristic which can safely be extended to working-men as a body, it is imperfect education, and unfitness for

any position of which trained minds and extensive knowledge are leading requirements. Those who profess to represent "the working-man" may, perhaps, consider that they show, at least, one claim to do so, when they prove that they resemble him in shallowness, short-sightedness, and self-satisfaction.

That you have *this* claim, my dear MR. ODGER, I readily admit. But I have read your speeches, and watched your career in vain for proof that you possess any other. I have the honour to be, my dear MR. ODGER,

Yours faithfully,

PUNCH.

THE MISJUDGMENT OF JUDGES.



THE *Times*, a few days ago, published a rather extraordinary letter. It expressed a thoughtful sense of a legal wrong, and was signed "A BARRISTER." Our learned and morally sentient friend says:—

"Three years ago I was counsel for the plaintiff in an action for false imprisonment brought by a poor man against a rich man, a Magistrate and a Barrister. The plaintiff had a verdict for £100. The defendant moved for a new trial; rule refused. He appealed to the Exchequer Chamber; judgment for the plaintiff. The defendant then took the case to the House of Lords, and yesterday the

decisions of the Exchequer Chamber, the Court of Exchequer, and the LORD CHIEF BARON, who tried the cause, were overruled by the LORD CHANCELLOR, two ex-Chancellors, and a Scotch Judge. The costs are enormous, and the question arises, how would it have been had the defendant been a poor man?"

He would have had to pay a hundred pounds unduly, or to be made a bankrupt. So much for answer to the question of "A BARRISTER." But there is another view of the case to be taken than that which he suggests. His client, a poor man, will be unable to pay "enormous" costs. Somebody must. They will come out of the rich defendant's pocket. He will be saddled with them through the erroneous ruling which was overruled by the Law Lords. Ought he not to have some remedy against the Judge or Judges through whose mistake he has to bear all that expense? In humbler spheres than the judicial, people have to pay for the damage occasioned by their professional oversight or nescience. But that is very hard; as when a surgeon has done his best to set a bone, for example, and it has gone wrong. Mishap or misapprehension entails no such hardship on learned Judges. It is agreeable to see any of our fellow-men, though a favoured few, exempt from a severely rigorous liability. There is nothing like taking, if possible, as it is with regard to the case put as above by "A BARRISTER," a bright and cheerful view of every question.

A Thought at Willis's.

THERE is one toast which you are sure to hear at all Public Dinners. It is not the Queen, nor the Rest of the Royal Family, nor the Army, Navy, and Volunteers, nor yet the Ladies, but it is the toast of—the evening.

Why this partiality? Why is one division of the day constantly selected for distinction in exclusion of all the rest? Perhaps some Steward (sixth time) will clear up the mystery.

Song on the Situation.

LARGE towns, many?
Few, if any.
Some slight row.
Plebiscitum;
Scratch and bite 'em:
Bow, wow, wow!

Parliamentary Incident.

IN the Opium debate, MR. GLADSTONE challenged SIR WILFRID LAWSON to find a substitute for the tax. "I can find a substitute for the drug," called out Mr. Punch from the gallery. "What?" shouted the delighted House. "Hansard!" shrieked Mr. Punch, bolting from the Sergeant.

FOR THE SUMMER SEASON.—A Nice Man—GUNTER.

AYRTONUS EXULTANS!

"MR. A. SEYMOUR, who had a notice on the paper to ask the Prime Minister a question on the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, began: I have to ask the indulgence of the House for putting this question to the right hon. gentleman, but the fact is, that want of courtesy on the part of the right hon. Member for the Tower Hamlets—his habitual evasion and official nonchalance, (*Cries of Order.*) * * * * *

"LORD ELMCO: After the question which has just been asked, perhaps I may venture to put a question to the First Commissioner of Works—(*laughter*)—and that is, when the model of the Thames Embankment, which he promised before the Easter holidays, will be on view to the Members of both Houses within the precincts of this building?"

"MR. AYRTON: If the noble lord who has put that question had only used his faculties, he would have discovered that the model has already been placed in the room he suggested, and has been waiting for seven days to be examined. (*Laughter.*)"

I AM a British Beadle: I'm not a Roman *Ædile*,
I laugh Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture all to scorn:
For raising Artists' danders, dealing "men-of-taste" back-handers,
And giving crooked answers to cross questions I was born.

I really don't imagine, since Bumbledom its badge in
High-places Parliamentary was favoured to display,
That there ever was a "party," who such detestation hearty
Had the pleasure of enjoying, as I enjoy to-day!

I'm the hedgehog of officials, so fenced about with bristles,
None touch me that can help it: and none touch me but to rue:
There is pungency in nettles: there is prickliness in thistles:
But hedgehog, nettle, thistle, in my sole self I outdo.

That in my Whitehall Office I'm a Bear's the merest trifle;
"Noli-me-tangere" written o'er the entrance to my den:
With a paw to claw at artists, a hug their strength to stifle,
A tongue to vent my rheum on men of pencil and of pen.

'Twas more to have made the Commons dread my length and strength
Of jawing,

To have owed pay and promotion to my power of bites and barks,
Than in my triple toughness of hide and love of clawing,
To be tyrannous to artists and terrible to clerks.

'Twas prouder still the Treasury to have made too hot to hold me,
To have riled LOWE past endurance, and caused STANFELD curse
his day;

Yet have rendered it so terrible a piece of work to scold me,
That they were fain, for quiet life, to raise my place and pay.

But now, at last, the summit of offensiveness I've got to,
Capp'd bearishness's climax—at which e'en I must stop,—
Till Members who have questions to ask me are fain *not* to,
So "nasty" are the answers with which into them I drop.

Then crown me King of Nuisances, with crown of the wild aloe,
For barrenness, and bitterness, and prickliness in one:
If you want to have Art crippled, Invention made lie fallow,
In public works, 'tis I'm the man to get that duty done!

An Afternoon Tea.

(A Fragment.)

"DR. SMOOTHMAN is quite a ladies' doctor," so observed MRS. FAINTAWAY.

"So nice!" said one lady.

"So chatty!" said another.

"Never prescribes nasty things," said a third.

"Oh! he's a duck!" cried an enthusiastic young matron.

"You mean a quack," growled her husband, who had just seen the doctor's bill for one year's attendance.

Departmental Jockeyship.

IT has been suggested that the Jockey Club should hold an extraordinary meeting, to consider the way in which GENERAL BOXER, contriver of cartridges, has been jockeyed by the War Office, and the nature and extent of the jockeyship which is wont to be practised upon inventors generally who have deserved remuneration, by all governments whether Conservative or Liberal.

TWO NAMES FOR ONE THING.—Admission of the Jews to Parliament—Mosaic decoration of the House of Commons.

A PLUM FOR AYRTON.—What are the worst represented parts in London?—Tower Hamlets.



"RACY OF THE SOIL."

Enamoured Briton. "IT MUST BE AWFULLY JOLLY KNOCKING ABOUT LIKE THIS ALL OVER EUROPE WITH YOUR MOTHER AND SISTER. BUT WHY DIDN'T YOUR FATHER COME WITH YOU?"

American Belle (with vivacity). "OH! PA' DON'T VOY'GE—HE'S TOO FLESHY!!"

OUR LITERARY PROSPECTS

By the aid of a clairvoyant we can state with some authority, that a goodly crop of novels and other works of fiction will shortly be forthcoming. Some persons are in literature pretty well as readily attracted by a title as in Society in general are plebeian millionnaires. So we cannot be surprised that successes are succeeded by titles somewhat similar to those which have gained success. Here are a few samples of the batch we may expect:—

- A Race from a Widow: a Tale of Real Life, by the Author of A Race for a Wife.*
- Will He Wear a Wig? a Sensation Story, by the Author of The Heir Expectant.*
- Strong Lungs and Hard Livers: by the Writer of Strong Hands and Steadfast Hearts.*
- And Quite Enough Two: a Sequel to the Story of One Maiden Only.*
- Let go the Painter: a Tale of Artist Life, written by the Author of Stern Necessity.*
- Wheels within Wheels: a Novel, by the Author of So Runs the World Away.*
- A Fellow in a Funk: being a Companion Story to that of A Brave Lady.*
- Big Hubbie: a Domestic Story by the writer of Wee Wife.*
- The Knock and the Newspaper: a Tale founded on the Poem of The Ring and the Book.*

— He is an Edile!

MR. AYRTON said he was not an edile, and his proposed operations have been noticed in the *Architect*. He also said he was no gardener, and he is about to direct some ornamental gardening in Hyde Park. When he said he was not an edile, nor yet a gardener, he was joking. He is both an edile and a gardener also, and he is likewise a wag.

HIGH, LOW, BROAD, OR NARROW?

A CHARITY is in existence for "Poor Widows" and "Orthodox Divines," and a scheme for its government has lately been established by the Charity Commission. Not an easy task, we imagine, at least as regards "Orthodox Divines." In these days of perplexity and ecclesiastical suits, when there is so much difference of opinion as to who is and who is not a sound divine, it would be useful to know how the Commissioners settled this difficult question, and what doctrine test they propose to apply to those clergymen who may desire to become recipients of the REV. JAMES PALMER'S Charity.

Birds of a Feather.

WHEN HILARY OVINGTON went home from the "Disabled Dustmen's" dinner last Saturday, he rather astonished his wife by telling her that one of the dishes of which he had partaken consisted of an article of dress in vogue in the time of QUEEN ELIZABETH, and revived in our own day, and a celebrated public singer. She was alarmed for his intellect, but dismissed her fears when HILARY explained that he meant "Ruffs and Reeves."

Additional.

A TURBULENT demagogue was the other day described as "a burning and a shining light." It ought to have been added, that he was a lamp that burnt up, flared, smoked, and smelt. Such a one ought to be dealt with as the bad boys were at Eton who were "turned down."

FORCE OF HABIT.

A MAN who always dog's-eared a page of a book in order to remember a passage, invariably used to turn down a street so as to fix it in his memory.



"CRUELTY TO ANIMALS."

IRRITATED BEYOND ENDURANCE AT THE PATIENCE AND FORTITUDE WITH WHICH HIS BALD-HEADED FRIEND HAD BORNE THE ATTACKS OF A DEMONIAL BLUE-BOTTLE ALL THE AFTERNOON SERVICE, THE IRASCIBLE CHURCHWARDEN JUMPS UP AND DISPATCHES THE INSECT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SERMON!

DRAMATIC ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

HEAR MR. BUCKSTONE speaking to the toast, "Prosperity to the General Theatrical Fund," coupled with his name at the anniversary dinner of that Charity, by the PRINCE OF WALES:—

"It was remarked a little while ago, that in the twenty-four theatres now open in London on SHAKSPEARE'S birthday, not one of his plays was represented at any of them, and that music-hall tunes and nigger breakdowns were preferred to any of his immortal works; this may be attributed to the multiplicity of theatres now allowed to be erected in almost every street, where the insane passion for burlesque is in the ascendant. A short time since a managerial authority informed us that SHAKSPEARE means ruin and bankruptcy."

One would think, however, that the multiplicity of theatres would simply afford ample accommodation in the way of entertainment to even all the fools in London, leaving SHAKSPEARE possible at one, if only one, house for an intelligent public. That the multiplicity of theatres is not anyhow the sole reason why the idiotic drama has ousted the Shakspearian, MR. BUCKSTONE himself will perhaps discern, on consideration of what he himself went on to say:—

"It was not always so. I remember MR. CHARLES KEMBLE once saying to me, 'MR. BUCKSTONE, when I was at Covent Garden Theatre, with my brother JOHN and my sister SARAH, and we could not procure attractive novelty, we always put up SCHAKSPER—so he pronounced the name—and SCHAKSPER always pulled us through.'"

Yes; but who were they whom SCHAKSPER always pulled through? They who put him up and played his principal characters; "I, and my brother JOHN, and my sister SARAH?" Were there now at the head of a company at any theatre in London such a constellation as JOHN and CHARLES KEMBLE and SARAH SIDONS, is it not likely enough that SHAKSPEARE would still pull them through, and not mean ruin and bankruptcy? Let us think so, and not rather suppose that the

THE CHARITY OF THE STAGE.

"The Dramatic College Benefit was in every respect a great success. . . . This admirable charity is in urgent need of funds."

KIND reader, have you any knowledge
Of the famed Dramatic College?
Poor players here a shelter find,
When blows ill fortune's wintry-wind.
Here they may live, by cares unruffled,
When off their stage coil they have shuffled.

Macbeth, acquitted of his crimes,
May read the murders in the *Times*:
Malvolio with *Sweet Anne Page*
A warfare in *béguine* may wage;
And *Bobadil* with *Celia* chat,
While *Rosalind* learns how to tat.

By daylight here the *Ghost* may stalk,
Launce take his dog a country walk;
Pistol and *Poins* their thefts may cease,
And talk of brigandage in Greece;
While haply *Shylock* finds in *Tony Lumpkin*
A most delightful crony.

The *Hunchback* here may doff his hunch,
And serious *Mawworm* laugh o'er *Punch*;
Here *Catharine* may rest from strife,
Petruchio lead a quiet life;
Falstaff aside his fat may fling,
Sad *Jaques* be happy as a king:
Rotund with ease while *Slender* grows,
And *Bardolf* paints no more his nose.

One thing alone, your help, they need:
For this not vainly *Punch* may plead.

A Minister of Great Horse-Power.

Do they manage everything better in France? The question is asked with timidity by us poor blundering Englishmen, because it appears that, up to the present time, the Imperial Stables have been under the control of the Ministry of Fine Arts! Rather an odd association, was it not? But we forget. In Paris, Art claims every Muse; and so the Royal Mews was not allowed to remain an exception.

COUPLET AND CHRONICLE.

PLEBISCITUM,
Repetitum.

play-going portion of the British Public are in a transition state, reverting, if the Darwinian theory of development is true, degenerating whether or no, to the level of apes.

A JOVIAL "READING" PARTY.

ARE there not desponding spirits who say that conviviality in England is in a rapid decline—that hospitality is fast becoming one of the lost arts in this poor, decaying State? Good news awaits them. There is one county, certainly, on which this reproach cannot be cast, where the good old doings of the good old days appear to be reproduced with a very fair approach to a successful imitation—and that county the Royal one, Berkshire.

On Friday last, *Mr. Punch* read (in the agreeable *Daily News*) with audible delight, and openly expressed wishes that he had been born a Berkshire grandee, the following cheering paragraphs, which satisfied him that conviviality, like trade, is at last reviving in this country:—

"SHERIFFS' BANQUET AT READING.—The Mayor's Banquet was held on Wednesday night at the Town Hall, Reading. . . . The Banquet lasted until four o'clock yesterday morning."

The PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES are expected soon to visit Reading, to lay a foundation-stone. Wherever they go, they find a hearty welcome; but *Mr. Punch* is sure, after what he has read and quoted, that in the capital of Berkshire, they will meet with a particularly jolly reception.

Slang Explained.

"KING ARTHUR and his pals," would hardly sound respectful, certainly not romantic; and yet the expression, when examined, turns out to be nothing worse than an abbreviation of "KING ARTHUR and his paladins."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 16th. These Bivalves—oysters and muscles—sometimes spelt “mussels” (WEBSTER), but consider how much wit is lost by the latter mode—give a deal of trouble to the wearers of pearléd coronals. There is always an oyster and mussel Bill going about the House of Lords. A supplemental one, No. 2, passed through Committee to-day. It may have been to enable some oyster that had been crossed in love to marry a deceased mussel's sister—we don't know.

EARL RUSSELL is to the front again, and is welcome as ever. He wanted some education returns, but was excessively polite, knew delays were unavoidable, but still, as the subject was before Government and Parliament—and so on. He was promised them on the Derby Day; so he can read them as he drives down—they can't be

duller than the amusement of the road.

Not so placid was a complaint of LORD SHAFTESBURY's, nor so bland was the reply. He wanted more speed in the production of the report on the Lectionary, stating that ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON's Commission got over similar work in six weeks, in 1639. To him responded the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, with information that the very haste of the Tillotsonian Commission defeated its purpose, and nothing came of it, whereas the Taitian Commission's report had met great acceptance, and would soon be turned into a law. According to your nature, you may remark, elegantly, either that DR. WILBERFORCE's reply was complete and convincing, or you may say, vulgarly, “Had him there!”

In the Commons—stay, let us be just before we are generous. *Mr. Punch* recently stated that SIR HERBERT CROFT, the excellent Conservative Member for the county of Hereford, got one evening into a sort of difficulty with the Chairman of Committees, and was made a Teller against his will. It was not SIR HERBERT CROFT, whose perfectly courteous and good-humoured notification of the error doubles the pleasure with which *Mr. Punch* makes this marginal note in his immortal Parliamentary history.

Touching Burglaries at the West-End, of which there have been 14 during the last 6 months, and 2 convictions have followed, LORD EUSTACE ORCIL interrogated the HOME SECRETARY, and got an answer which was not very comforting. MR. BRUCE, however, said that the Detectives had decreased the amount of grave offences by one-tenth. But as the reduction had been made in an amount exceeding 7,000, it may be thought that police arrangements are still capable of improvement. It is the old story—criminals stand on no ceremony whatever, and we stand upon the utmost ceremony with the most notorious scoundrel. We believe that if a lawyer was attacked by a robber, and went to the length of drawing a sword-stick in his own defence, the learned person would go through the fencing salute before lunging. All right for lawyers—for sundry reasons—but laymen would like prompter work. We shall be driven to Jedburgh justice one of these days, eh, MR. CARLYLE?

MR. PEEK urged that Parliamentary papers in foreign languages ought to be translated. This gentleman, who, as a tea-merchant, can probably read Chinese, of course did not speak in his own interest, but MR. OTWAY's reply was sufficing—haste, and that only two or three letters had been issued in French. Still, on the whole, and exquisitely accomplished as every M.P. is known to be, perhaps it might be as well to furnish the House with the vernacular. We believe, however, that it was not a Member of Parliament who at dinner desired a French servant to draw the porter with a head on, and conveyed his wish thus, “*Dessinez le portier avec une tête sur.*”

About Cabs. MR. BRUCE promised more legislation. But, until a law could be ready, why could not the old law have been let alone? At this moment no Cab has a Number Inside. All very easy to say that there is one on the back. But who is to squash round in the mud or rain to take it, or run after it, as the fellow drives away, jeering? The old system of having it inside enabled you calmly to transcribe it, and then, if need, you had extortion or insolence in a cleft stick.

Tuesday. The BISHOP OF WINCHESTER introduced a strong and valuable Bill, affecting Churchmen, ecclesiastical and lay. He desires

to mend the law under which Benefices are sequestrated. That means, dear Dissenting brother, that the Endowments, which are really the property of the Parishioners, and intended to procure for them the best spiritual guidance, may be, and are, seized for the benefit of the Parson's creditors, a small sum only being left by which a Curate's services may be obtained. The Bishop spoke eloquently upon the hardship thus caused to a parish, and upon the injury occasioned to the Church. His remedy goes to the root of the matter. If a Clergyman cannot get a bankruptcy certificate, his benefice shall be forfeited, at the discretion of his Diocesan. Of course this will prevent his getting credit, as he now can; but then the sort of Clergyman whose habit is debt is not one for whom,—though individuals may, in many cases, feel pity,—the nation can afford to show much. LORD WESTBURY saw a violation of the rights of property; but that phrase is becoming less and less terrible every day. LORD SALISBURY, who is certainly no revolutionist, supported the Bill, and so did the LORD CHANCELLOR, who did not think, indeed, that it went far enough. At all events it will go as far as to a Select Committee.

Everybody has used strong language at the Piccadilly end of Park Lane, so everybody will be glad to know that Hamilton Place will have been out through before the end of February. Yet, as this is some nine months off, MR. DENISON thought that cabs with fares might be allowed a certain facility. Need we add that MR. AYRTON had no power to do anything of the sort, and that as people had been just told that they would have the new road next February, he was not going to bother for a change for so short a time. Later, he told LORD ELCHO that people always differed, “he found,” upon points of Art. “Found” suggests a somewhat recent discovery that there is such an affair as Art, but there must be a beginning to all things.

Mother England, finding Daughter New Zealand not getting on quite so well as could be wished, will put Mamma's name to a little bill—say for a million—and guarantee its payment, only daughter must lay out the money in introducing new settlers, and making roads. “Never refuse your hand to a friend,” wrote DOUGLAS JERROLD, “except when you have a pen in it.” But sometimes the wise man will be surety for his friend, “notwithstanding SOLOMON,” as *Sidonius* says.

SIR WILLIAM GALLWEY is laudably desirous to improve the means of communication between England and France. Government states that there is prospect of a great improvement. Dear *Mrs. Grundy*, M'm. how do you like the Bill, whose preamble has been proved before the Committee, for putting you into a railway carriage, which shall rush to the sea, there shall be shovels on board a steamer, 140 feet, or yards, or miles (we forget which) long, and when you get to France, shall be put on the line again, and so spin you to Paris, M'm, without your having had to take your parasol out of the net-work, or your bonnet-box from under the seat? Jolly, M'm, won't it be? But you'll be just as sick as ever, dear lady, be well assured of that. What do you want to go to France for, then? Why can't you be content with Wales and the Lakes? Never seen either? Of course not. I rejoice in your sea-tortures.

Debate whether persons of a trading turn of mind ought not to be put upon the Indian Council. Slight hint by MR. GRANT DUFF that some folks think that England has looked sufficiently at India, from the tradesman's point of view. However, there is no fear of change, for no mercantile man, whose aid is worth having, would serve for £1200 a year.

Then was the House Counted Out. The fact is that there was a State Ball, whereat *Mr. Punch's* adored Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES wore a dress of green satin with bouillons of tulle, and a tunic of Irish lace looped with bouquets of stephanotis. Ornaments—a stomacher and corsage of diamonds, and necklace and bracelets of pearls and diamonds. Head-dress—a tiara of diamonds. Orders—Victoria and Albert, Catherine of Russia, and the Danish Order. Which facts *Mr. Punch* records, partly because he is always rejoiced to write about a Princess of whom nobody can write anything that does not mean goodness, or grace, or both: partly, as a delicate homage to his myriad lady-readers who tell him that “they never read any Parliament except the Essence, and find that they know as much as men who moon over the debates for hours.”

Wednesday. Was read, a Second Time, and sent to a Select Committee, MR. BUXTON's Bill for amending the Government of London. It is the most dangerous and revolutionary project we ever heard of. The LORD MAYOR is to be Mayor of ALL London.

“What lacks this Brave
That a King should have?”

The ten boroughs are to be made into ten Municipal Bodies. The City Mayor—hear this, Guildhall, and let your echoes shudder as they answer—is to be called the Deputy Mayor, but may be a Vice-King in the absence of the Great Chief. With other terrible things. Government gasped out that no doubt the present state of affairs was not perfect—that such a great plan ought to be Ministerial—and that we must inquire—yes—in point of fact, inquire. Exactly so. Hence the Committee. The proposal takes one's breath away, and yet to think of

a King of London. We shall insist upon his being a Member of the House of Brunswick, and a Protestant, and that he shall have no power to create peerages in favour of his Aldermen. But Mr. Buxton has no idea of the storm he is Brewing.

Nextly, Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY, the Recorder, procured Second Reading for a most excellent Bill for Protecting the Property and Earnings of Married Women. There are 800,000 of these who are obtaining wages; and the law, which, as Mr. GURNEY says, makes marriage do for a woman what a conviction for felony would do, permits a husband to take every shilling a woman has in the world. Large employers of labour state that numerous husbands live a life of idleness, seize their wives' earnings on the Saturday, and spend the money in drink and dissipation. Nor is it among the lower class only that such things are done, as many a poor lady, who has the gift of teaching, can testify. If the Strong-Minded would make their Ugly Rush for measures of this sort, it is not Mr. Punch who would help JOHN BULL to bar the door,—in fact, he would see no ugliness in such agitation. "Give us votes, and we'll get that,—and the rest," is the answer of the Strong-Minded. "Rest, and be thankful," retorts Mr. Punch. "Why, you won't show yourselves capable of any real exertion. Mr. RUSKIN has just told you that if women would set themselves, in thorough earnest, against War, no war could last a week." May be so, or not. But when did women ever try? Let 'em stop one war, and we'll disfranchise ourselves, and they shall do all the governing. Dears, excuse this digression,—the word is derived from the Latin, *digressio*, a stepping away from the main subject under consideration,—a lady can perform that little feat at times, you know, especially when she is cornered. But bless you, generally.

Thursday. To-night the Lords had the first grand debate of the Session; not that it is their Lordships' fault that the Commons don't get on with Bills, and send them up. The Peers took the Bill enabling us to marry our Wives' Sisters, and the discussion was not infructuous, while the result had been foreseen. LORD HOUGHTON, in an eloquent speech, to the preparation of which he had given the care the subject demanded, advocated the Second Reading, and his address contained a well-digested summary of the case of those who would alter the law. The combative work was done by LORD WESTBURY and the BISHOP of PETERBOROUGH, the former being politely scornful of his old enemies the prelates, and the latter retorting with a keenness that must have pleased LORD WESTBURY, who likes "a foeman worthy of his steel." The BISHOP of RYFON supported the Bill, believing that the Bible con-

tained no prohibition of such marriage, and that the law was a burden grievous to many. The BISHOP of LINCOLN had something to say about POPE ALEXANDER THE SIXTH, the infamous BORGIA, and made us unhappy by suggesting a recollection of GRISI in *Lucrezia*. There were several other speakers, of course; and the LORD CHANCELLOR delivered a severe attack upon the Society which exists for the promotion of this measure. It was not made a Government question, for two Ministers opposed the Bill—LORD HATHERLEY and the DUKE of ARGYLL; and one, LORD GRANVILLE, supported it. Finally, the Bill was rejected, but only by a majority of Four—77 to 73.

A good bit in the Commons. LORD MILTON asked Mr. LOWE a question. MR. STANSFELD was put up to answer it. "But I asked the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," said LORD MILTON. MR. STANSFELD went on answering; so LORD MILTON took his hat, and walked, deliberately, out of the House.

In a discussion about MR. EDMUNDS, of the "Scandal," whom the Government are pressing for money said to be due, MR. HORSMAN wished to speak in favour of the former gentleman, and therefore let him down in the following gentle terms:—

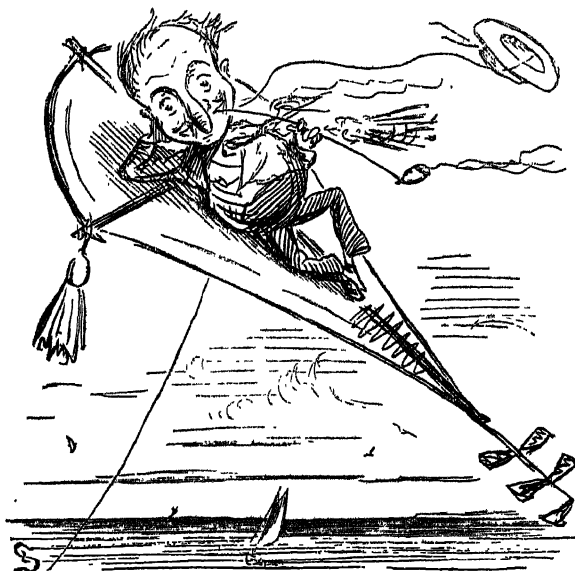
"I blame him for his imprudence, for his folly, for his stupidity, and for his obstinacy, still if there was nothing in his conduct intentionally, designedly, and wilfully dishonest, I think his incarceration is a very strong punishment."

Friday. LORD MILTON made a very proper speech, from a constitutional point of view, contending that he had a right, in common with the rest of Parliament, to direct access to the Queen's Ministers. MR. LOWE explained, of course, that no rudeness had been intended; but that as MR. STANSFELD had got up the details of a troublesome question, he had been asked to make the reply.

Then there was another AYTON-baiting; but, to do MR. A. justice, he fully maintained his character as a despoiser of Art, and brought down the *Æsthetics* upon him so tremendously that MR. GLADSTONE had again to throw forward his Ajax shield. The National Gallery was the question, and we are to have a worthy one—when we can get it.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER addressed the House on the Greek tragedy, and it need not be said that he did so in a manner worthy of the occasion. Nor was the PREMIER's reply unsatisfactory. He desired that the whole of the evidence should be obtained, and solemnly bound himself to maintain the honour and dignity of the country.

A CHARITY FOR GIRLS OF FASHION.



Of course many benevolent persons must have read with interest the reported proceedings of friends and subscribers to the Orthopædic Hospital at the annual festival of that institution on Thursday evening last at WILKINSON'S Rooms. They will have been delighted to learn that this useful charity has received 1681 patients during the past year, and nearly 50,000 since its opening more than thirty years ago. Touching these patients a question may have presented itself to more than one reader. The Chairman, in proposing "Prosperity

to the Royal Orthopædic Hospital," described it as having been "established for the treatment of club-foot, spinal, and other deformities." Is the beneficence of the Orthopædic Hospital, as its name seems to imply, limited to children? If not, there must exist a very wide conspiracy to spell that name wrong.

But if the Hospital, named in print Orthopædic, puts not only club-footed and otherwise deformed little boys and girls to rights, but adults likewise of either sex, it might be advantageously opened to a class of sufferers who would be able to pay for their accommodation and treatment within its walls, or whose friends could pay for them.

The Paris Correspondent of the *Post*, the other day, quoted, for the benefit of

his fair readers, a prescription which a fashionable physician in the French capital is accustomed to recommend for the foot-disease occasioned by the practice of wearing high-heeled boots and shoes. This affection is something between a dislocation and a sprain. It requires the foot to be bandaged; and the doctor referred to treats it with a lotion composed of the tinctures of opium and arnica. Pride, some say, feels no pain; but that hath not appeared from the demand for anodynes and sedatives occasioned by high heels.

In London the fashion of hobbling about in the awkward and ugly boots and shoes that necessitate surgery, is quite common enough to be ridiculous in the sight of all men, and deplorable in that of those who care enough about girls to be vexed at seeing them spoil any of their personal specialities. If they are enabled to continue wearing high heels by a perversion of the healing art, which assuages the pain of that hideous usage, they will, in a short time, permanently spoil their feet by converting a neat foot into the semblance of a neat's tongue, ready dressed and preserved, on sale in the provision shops, if, indeed, that sort of tongue is what it is bought for, and would not, if it could speak, and would speak truly, call itself horse.

Having, by a retrogression in point of taste to the days of HOGARTH's hags, trodden their feet out of shape, young ladies of fashion, when hoofs shall have ceased to be fashionable, will find themselves objects who may possibly be glad to get their deformities reduced at the Orthopædic Hospital.

In the meantime it may be as well to mention, that there are more sufferers who were born club-footed, and otherwise distorted as to their feet, than the Orthopædic Hospital is able to cure, but whom it would be if it had the needful funds.

A Query with its Answer.

"A CORRESPONDENT" asks us to tell him what "Histology" means. We refer him for an explanation to any unsuccessful Dramatic author. He is sure to have known many experts in this science.



Mamma. "AND NOW, PUSSY, YOU HAVE CHATTED ENOUGH. SHUT YOUR EYES, HOLD YOUR TONGUE, AND GO TO SLEEP!"
 Pussy. "HOW CAN I DO THREE THINGS AT ONCE, MAMMA?"

OUR PERT CONTRIBUTOR.

THE NAWAB NAZIM, of Bengal, fills the mouths of his favourite writers with pearls. I am glad enough to get oysters, especially at the price last season.

Cold women are often very attractive. FARADAY showed why this is. He proved that magnetic power increased with reduction of temperature.

Thought I should never see a fresh name for a young lady—parents stick so to LUCY, JANE, SUSAN, MARIA, and the rest of the old dowdy lot. Glad to notice, at the last Drawing-room, LORINA, SELINA, STELLA, META, and NAOMI.

"Are you broken 'of' your rest by the yowls of a child cutting teeth?" More idiot you. Go to Brighton.

The Greek Bar has protested against the allegation that it is on friendly terms with the brigands. Reminds me of what a barrister once said to me. "Nobody's respectable on my circuit, not even the prisoners."

I see advertised *Spratt On Gout*. Don't like the omen. Doctors diet you, which I hate. This sprat would perhaps try to catch my salmon—and concomitants. Take your drink like a fish, and your gout like a man.

A monument to BRUCE on Bannockburn, to be designed by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK! Can he be aware of BRUCE's habits?

"Bring here, he said, the Mazers four,
 My noble fathers loved of yore:
 Thrice let them circle round the board,
 The pledge, fair Scotland's rights restored."

The pledge was not an abstinence one, and the Mazers were wine-cups.

Fenians going to the Red River? Well, green and red don't mix well, but I hope our fellahs will try the experiment.

A lady, signing herself MENTIA, declares that Women will go on demanding votes. If she were not a lady, one might prefix a syllable—the indication of French nobility.

Good name for this year's Derby, eh? "The Macgregor's Gathering."

Have not been to the Academy yet, but saw a great exhibition of painting at the Zoo on Sunday.

Wife of a racing friend of mine made a neat excuse for not sending a letter. Visitors all the afternoon—"In fact, I was severely called upon, and couldn't get to the post."

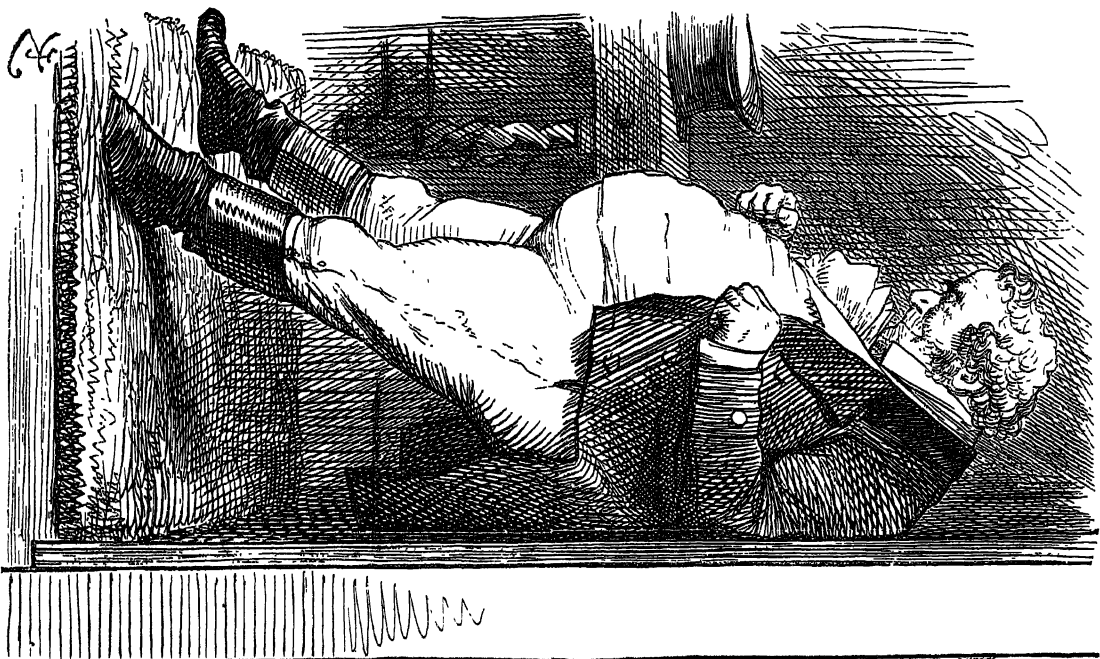
Fellah made the meanest excuse for not giving me a dinner at Hampton Court. Said the rain had spoiled the chestnuts. As if I ever ate chestnuts!

French stage is praised, because everything is done with so much tact. Right as a rule, *dessay*. But look at the young men's dresses in *Frou-Frou*. Also, after the tremendous scene with the husband, there was a "call," and he led his wife on—destroying all sense of the situation.

Bad business, those Christ-Church fellahs at Oxford. Dust in one of the Eyes of England, eh!

The Secular Difficulty.

THERE is one consideration which may induce the Secularists not to persist in opposing the admission of the Bible into National Schools. If that Book is excluded, the scholars may surmise that the reason is because they ought not to read it, and then they will.



AN "UGLY RUSH!"

MR. BULL. "NOT IF I KNOW IT!"

See Division on the Woman's Vote Bill.

A NEW HISTORY OF INVENTIONS.



SCIENCE was yet in its cradle, philosophy still in its perambulator, no one had thought of envelopes or egg-boilers, the idea of the sewing-machine had not occurred to the most daring imagination, and asparagus tongs were only known in the marble halls of the GONZAGAS and the porphyry palaces of the MEDICI, when GALILEO GALILEI, weary of maintaining his claim to the priority of the invention of the Rule of Three over his great countryman DANTE, withdrew from the world about the time that COPERNICUS discovered Night Lights, to a humble cottage near Amsterdam, to revolve in his mind through thirteen cloudless years, undisturbed by monks or missionaries, unassailed by the Inquisition and the Star Chamber, subsisting mainly on prawns and pound-cake, and contented with the congenial society of his favourite kangaroo—the deep problem which had turned KEPLER white, prematurely aged ТУСНО БРАНЕ, and wrinkled, untimely, the capacious brow and benevolent form of our own NEWTON; but which was at last to be solved by the marvellous Florentine in the stillness of a Michaelmas night, in the solitude of a tapestried chamber, far from the voice of the nightingale, but not altogether free from the noise of rats, in his Oriental-dressing-gown and Eastern slippers, after a philosophic meal of porridge, flavoured with curaçoa, between the hours of one and two in the morning.

Sleep came not to the great astronomer's eyes that night. All through its watches he paced the apartment with eager, restless steps. Plans, diagrams, calculations, sketches, models employed his busy hands and brain till the stars went in and the milkman came out, when GALILEO, wrapt in thought and a light overcoat, glided noiselessly from his happy home, hurried through the unpeopled streets—embracing, by the way, in his joy, with a cry of "Εὐρηκα! Εὐρηκα!" an amazed lamp-extinguisher—roused up an eminent cabinet-maker, and imparted to him his immortal invention of the telescope—dining-table.

The Reformation of the Calendar and the composition of the ecclesiastical chants that embalm his name in the service and ceremonial of the Western Church, have hitherto been supposed to be the brightest laurels around the brow of POPE GREGORY THE THIRTIETH; but recent researches in the Library of the Vatican, conducted under the joint superintendence of DR. CUMMING and MR. NEWDEGATE, have brought to light the very interesting discovery that to GREGORY the world is also indebted for the famous Powder which bears his venerable name, and was first compounded by his private physician in the Baths of DIOGENES towards the close of the proceedings.

The original Latin prescription, in the POPE's well-known autograph, was found serving as a book-mark in a volume of the works of METEMPSYCHOSIS, and at the foot of it is written a recommendation—one which must for ever endear His Holiness to the young of all times, climes, and creeds—that, when administered to children, the powder should always be carefully concealed in currant-jelly.

In whose reign was the indispensable umbrella originally introduced into this damp climate? An unsettled question which has provoked never-ending dissension between contending antiquaries, who, while upholding their favourite theories, have showered abuse on each other with a steady malignity to which no parallel can be found except in the annals of extinct races.

The learned WATERLAND leans to the Protectorate as the period when the dandies of CROMWELL's time first began to parade the then fashionable promenades of Pentonville and the Minorities, under cover of their party-coloured umbrellas; but that great Batavian scholar WESTSTEIN, who was often in England, and became a Fellow of the Royal Society, has disposed of WATERLAND's notion completely, and takes his stand on a tradition which he found current among the Waldenses, that the Venetian envoys, who came to this country to negotiate the establishment of Italian warehouses in the closing years of CHARLES THE SECOND, set the fashion of using an umbrella, as a

protection both against sun and rain, to the *Macaronis*, who were then in their glory in the gay purlieus of Bucklersbury.

The exact inventor is not known, but it has been satisfactorily ascertained that he realised a comfortable income by the exercise of his useful ingenuity, and was also able to lay by something for a rainy day.

Of the hundreds and thousands of visitors who will gaze with admiration on the delightful picture of *The Boyhood of Raleigh*, with which MR. MILLAIS charms us in this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy, how many will know or recollect that to RALEIGH we owe new potatoes, anchovy toast, opera-glasses (of course a very rude forerunner of the present *lorgnette*), and tobacco?

HOLINSHED tells us that QUEEN ELIZABETH knighted SIR WALTER, that memorable afternoon when he, with all the grace of a polished courtier and ease of a chivalrous, great-hearted gentleman, removed, wearing gloves of taffeta, the parcel-gilt cover from the first dish of potatoes (kidneys) ever tasted in this country, on the occasion of the entertainment given by HER MAJESTY, at Blackwall, to the Ambassadors from Westphalia, after the ratification of the treaty which secured to England a monopoly of the celebrated hams of that kingdom at the expense of a war with the Low Countries—the commencement of those rasher enterprises which marked the latter portion of BACON's career, and the ultimate cause of his downfall, and residence for so many years in exile at Hamburg.

ON PHOTOGRAPHY TO PHCEBUS.

PHCEBUS APOLLO, King of Light benignant,
In glory seated 'mid the solar blaze,
Lord of the Fine Arts, dost thou not, indignant,
Behold how mortal men profane thy rays?

O Phcebus, 'tis enough to drive thee furious
That we sun-pictures make of scoundrel thieves,
Whilst thine half-brother, eloquent Mercurius,
Nephew of Atlas, their Protector, grieves.

Thais, and Lais, and Phryne, and such creatures,
Bright Hyperion, thou must needs portray.
On view, for sale, to their audacious features
Beside the holiest Icons, god of day!

Vile notorieties, snobs, scenes of folly,
Displayed to gaping multitudes we see,
Dead brigands; objects yet more melancholy,
Live blackguards in shop windows drawn by thee!

THE PRIZE RING.

LITTLE AMY, commonly called the "Coral-lip Pet," and BERTIE BRUSHES, better known as the "dashing young Painter," are matched for £10,000 to £5,000.

The event is expected to come off on some fine morning in June. The Pet comes from a good school, and is acknowledged to be all that the "Fancy painted her."

The long-talked-of match between the "Peony of Pansgrove" and Professor SMORLWITZ, better known by his *sobriquet* of the "Calculating Boy," for £5,000 to £50 is off.

LOTTY LAURELS, the "Admiral's Darling" is now in town. So also is DARCIE DUMLEY, over whom last Summer the "Darling" achieved such a signal conquest in a private-box. DARCIE informs us that he would be happy to accommodate the "Darling" in a match for £20,000 a side. If DARCIE really means business, the "Darling" may be heard of on Thursday Evening between eleven and three, at the "Laughing Belles" May Fair.

TOM BOLA, who fell on his knees at his first meeting with BLANCHY BULBUL, the "Bird of Paradise," and has since been troubled with a slight heart-affection, is now ready to make a match with the Bird for £30,000 a side. Poor TOM was for some time in a strait, having lost his balance through the giving way of a bank, but we are glad to see that he is now coming round. May his shadow never grow less, is the cordial wish of his friends, who pronounce TOM BOLA the noblest champion that ever threw—as a heavy weight—his fortune into the ring.

Perfectly Appropriate.

LORD CLAUD HAMILTON has been complaining in the House that the bases of the statues in Waterloo Place, Cockspur Street and Charing Cross have been used for the storage of road-materials, the deposit of rubbish, and so forth. Why complain? Are not these "base uses" *par excellence*?



"THE ROMAN FALL."

ELEGANT! GRACEFUL! DIGNIFIED!

[Would you believe it? A Sketch from Nature.]

THE NEW TEMPLE HALL,

OPENED BY THE PRINCESS LOUISE, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1870.

FROM mail to gown: from prayers to pleas: from arms to wordy war!
Strangely Time's whirligig hath spun, alongside Temple Bar:
Since "Christ's poor soldiers" the white robe with the red cross did
don—

The good knights of the Temple of the wise KING SOLOMON.

Whom HUGH DE PAYENS knew so poor, two knights one horse must
ride—

But whose poverty grew riches, and whose humbleness waxed pride,
Ere their Church in the new Temple, that by Thames' side standeth proud,
HERACLIUS, the patriarch, to MARY mother vowed.

Fair rises the New Temple, where Fleet to fields gives way,
By the river fringed with alders green, and hawthorns white with May,
For them that fare to Westminster, by the path along the Strand,
Noisy with boats upon the stream, and man and horse on land.

East upon Fleet, and west on fields, the Templars' house stands square,
With church, and hall, and chapter-house, and cloisters carven fair.
And between it and the river the garth lies smooth and green,
Kept for *manège* of great horses, and tilt and tourney keen.

There, close-shorn and long-bearded, mailed knights move to and fro,
And white-coiff serving brothers in their office come and go,
And sacring-bell, and service chaunt, and organ peal ascend,
That with neighing of war-horses and clash of weapons blend.

And then the river-mists roll up and shut the picture in,
And the chaunts die into silence, and the neighing and the din;
And when they clear, the Templars are fall'n from house and hold,
And the fire hath had their bodies, and the Kings have shared their gold.

STANZAS FOR SOFT MUSIC.

(Not a whit more silly than some we heard sung lately.)

I WOULD I were a stickleback,
And wore a comet's tail,
I'd quaff a cup of sherries sack,
Or quart of nut-brown ale,
Then blithely to the depths I'd dive
Of ocean all serene:
Or gaily soar full fathom five
Beneath the village green.

What rapture on the beam to ride,
Of yonder verdant moon,
With roasted snowballs at my side,
And in my hand a spoon!
Yet were my rosy brow as fair
As Ethiop's pale queen,
No longer I would breathe the air
Upon the village green!

The Hair and the Hustings.

Emma. Ah! The chignon is now at the poll of the head.
One of these days the chignon will be at the head of the
poll.

Edwin. I cannot say, I hope I shall not live to see it.
But if I do, a most preposterous fashion will have lasted a
great many years.

Emma. Oh, you disagreeable creature!

Godliness is Gain.

You Britons, we are told, seek China's land,
Opium and Scripture either in each hand,
All right; the Drug is for the natives' use:
The Book to keep them from the Drug's abuse.

A NOTE IN MUSIC.

TENORS who strive after the high *ut de poitrine* may
properly be nicknamed the *Toilers of the C.*

HO(A)RSE EXERCISE.—Singing with a Bad Cold.

Still stands the Temple as before, with knights and sergeants fain;
But mail is turned to miniver, white gown to gown of grain:
And wits, law-whetted, have thrust out weapons less sharp than they,
And if the long-bow still is drawn, it is in wordy fray.

Those whose work is change of monies the courts o' the Temple cram:
For the brethren of the Law have come on the brethren of the Lamb:
'Tis moots, for tilts; for lance and sword, 'tis quillets of the law:
For the cleaving of the quintain, the splitting of the straw.

Crusades and eke crusaders into Limbo-Lake have gone,
And the Templars have been followed by the Brethren of St. John:
Holy wars and wars unholy: French wars: Wars of the Rose—
Whose floweret-badge of red and white in the Temple garden blows—

Have all been fought: their blood-shed hath long grown up in grain:
Whose bread hath long been made man's flesh: that flesh worms'-
meat again:

And BLUFF KING HAL hath given the Monks their choice to go or
swing,

And the Worshipful Society its house holds of the King.

And solemnly or joyously, with state or high disport,
These Templars hold, as fits the time, Themis' or Momus' court,
Their readers' feasts, and sergeants' feasts, and Christmas revels rare,
With kings and queens oft-times for guests, great lords and ladies fair.

Here BLUFF KING HAL with CATHERINE hath laughed with lusty cheer,
And GOOD QUEEN BESS watched masque and play with her blue eye
keen and clear,

When Master CHRISTOPHER HATTON in a *cinque paces* danced his way
To the Virgin-Queen's good graces, and held them many a day.

Here on All-Hallow eve, or when the mighty yule-log blazed,
Betwixt the dogs, his Hunt i' the Hall the green-clad Ranger raised,

* The cognizance of the Templars was a Lamb bearing a Flag.

And coupled fox and cat † were chased with horn and loud halloo,
By merry outer-barristers, the Great Hall through and through.

And the Masters of the Revels, and the Master of the Game,
Led the dance of Judge and Serjeant round the wood-fire's dancing flame;
While viol, harp, and sackbut rang out their merry peal,
And the spiced sack flowed in the loving cup till head grew light as heel.

† "SIR JOHN FORTESCUE alludes to the revels and pastimes of the Temple in the reign of HENRY THE SIXTH, and several ancient writers speak of the grand Christmases, the readers' feasts, the masques, and the sumptuous entertainments afforded to foreign ambassadors, and even to Royalty itself. Various dramatic shows were got up upon these occasions, and the leading characters who figured at them were the 'Marshall of the Knights Templars,' the Constable Marshall, the Master of the Games, the Lieutenant of the Tower, the Ranger of the Forest, the Lord of Misrule, the King of Cockneys, and Jack Straw!

"The Constable Marshall came into the Hall on banqueting-days 'fairly mounted on his mule,' clothed in complete armour, with a nest of feathers of all colours upon his helm, and a gilt poleaxe in his hand. He was attended by halbardiers, and preceded by drums and fifes, and by sixteen trumpeters, and devised some sport 'for passing away the afternoon.'

"The Master of the Game, and the Ranger of the Forest, were apparelled in green velvet and green satin, and had hunting-horns about their necks, with which they marched round about the fire, 'blowing three blasts of vinery.'

"The most remarkable of all the entertainments was the *hunt in the hall*, when the Huntsman came in with his winding horn, dragging in with him a cat, a fox, a purse-net, and nine or ten couple of hounds! The cat and the fox were both tied to the end of a staff, and were turned loose into the hall; they were hunted with the dogs, amid the blowing of hunting-horns, and were killed under the grate!"—ADDISON'S *History of the Templars*.

And so sweeps King Misrule along: but aye, as the rout comes down,
Gaud after gaud drops off his robe, gem on gem from his crown:
Till "Merry England" sounds like a misnomer and a mock:
How should *we* find jesting leisure, whose haste outruns the clock?

But one glimpse of the blithe old times seemed granted to our day,
When to the site of the old Hall, upon a morn of May,
The magnates of the land, y-mixed with magnates of the law,—
Judges, Serjeants, and Queen's Counsel,—a-gathering we saw:

For feasting of a Royal Prince, and, ever pleased to please,
Of our Princesses fairest where all are fair, LOUISE—
They come as Kings and Queens had come to these old walls of yore,
And never Royalty, I ween, a fairer presence wore.

The times are hard and hasty; work drives play off the ground;
Life's field's all market-garden, where flowers are hardly found;
The ring of Temple revels sounds faint and far away;
The aureole round the Law's grey head grows dimmer day by day:

But one note of the old music from the old Hall, now laid low,
Through the bright beams and fresh panels of the new Hall seemed to flow;
One echo of the mirth wherewith the old Hall roof-tree rung,
Through the unmirthful silence of our time, methought, was flung,

That note was in LOUISE's voice, so musically clear,
That echo sounded in her laugh so sweet and so sincere.
If a blessing to Law's haunts and homes can any way be brought,
From such pure lips, such gentle heart, 'twas well it should be sought.

STOBS AT THE OPERA.



LL-BELOVED AND
SYMPATHISING
MR. PUNCH.

I HAPPEN to be
gifted with a musi-
cal ear (only *one*,
you notice: folks
have seldom two,
I fancy), and as
my wife is vain
enough to think
she has another,
we often pay a
visit and a guinea
to the opera. Not
being swells, we
don't mind owning
that we go to hear
the music, and not
merely to show our-
selves, and chatter,
and be stared at.
Whatever inter-
rupts our hearing
we consider a great
nuisance, and one
that robs us of a
pleasure which we
pay for pretty
dearly and in just-
ice should enjoy.

Now, the small talk of the swells is most undoubtedly annoying, but in a measure one expects to hear it at the Opera, which has ever been regarded as a fashionable lounge. Other nuisances, however, I notice are increasing, and I think they should be checked. The swells are bad enough offenders in their way, but in some respects the snobs are certainly far worse. Let me describe one or two who have most recently annoyed me.

To begin with, there's the snob who makes believe to be a critic, and who worries me, by whispering to the friend who sits beside him about imaginary blemishes which he pretends he can detect. While you are drinking in your PATTI or your NILSSON with all your eyes and ears, you may overhear him muttering, "That flute's a half-tone flat!" or "Trashy stuff, this music: won't do after GRÜCK!"

Then too there's the snob who pretends he's an *habitué*, and tries to act the character by lolling in his stall, and listening in a languid way, as though he knew each note of the opera by heart. This snob annoys his neighbours by giving himself more airs than they will hear from the performers, and by his fidgeting in his stall and staring round the house in the middle of a song, or going out for ices in the middle of an Act.

Again, there is the snob who makes pretence to be a musical enthusiast, and plagues you by his beating time quite audibly and visibly, often keeping up a noisy pedal accompaniment by stamping with his feet. This sort of snob is also a great waggler of his head to the rhythm of the music, and fidgets you by motions like those of the old-fashioned blue pot-bellied china figures, which inquiring little boys were sure to set a-shaking, and finally to smash.

Besides, there is the snob whose only music in his soul is that of vulgar music-halls and lamp-blackened nigger minstrelsy. Between the acts he hums the "toons," as he most probably would call them, which are now most popular with snobs of his persuasion, and, if he be not sharply checked, will murmur "*Walking in the Zoo*" in the garden scene of *Faust*.

In addition to these nuisances, the snob somniferous annoys me by snoring in the middle of *La ci darem*, for instance, and by distracting my attention to his nodding in his stall in a way that seems to threaten his tumbling headlong out of it. This stalled-ox is in general a beefy sort of person, but truth would not be wanting if I called him a stalled ass.

Then I must denounce the enthusiastic snob who commits the vulgar outrage of applauding prematurely any singer he admires, and thus robbing sober hearers of the last chords of accompaniment which the composer wrote to put a proper finish to the song. Snobs such as he annoy me by shouting "Bis!" or "Bravo!" at the instant when a singer has uttered his last note, without waiting till the music of the orchestra has ceased.

Finally, I come to the applausive snob who always applauds at the wrong time, and calls out "By Jove, that's fine!" at what is either not especially commendable, or indeed is something worthy rather to be hissed. This sort of snob is a great swindler in encores, which he seizes every opportunity to force. At such times he will nudge his neighbour with his elbow, and incite him to vociferate, and thus tire the ears of all who wish to keep their hearing fresh. The applausive snob is also pretty certain to be loud in his applause of a loud note, and thus encourage mere shouting in lieu of real song.

There are many other opera-and-concert-haunting snobs, who are nightly a great nuisance to persons like myself, whose nerves quiver to good music, and when beneath its influence cannot bear much irritation. Pray, Sir, help to pass an Act for the removal of such nuisances, and prevent the Would-be Critics, and the Lollers, and the Time-thumpers, and the Hummers and the Head-wagglers and the Stampers and the Shouters and the Snorers and Encorers, from disturbing the serenity of quiet listeners like

Yours,

APOLLO SOLON SMITH.

Mental Athletic Sports.

YESTERDAY was held, on their recently assumed premises, the first weekly meeting of the Intellectual Gymnasts, a Society principally consisting of Geologists, and Physiological Philosophers. Several eminent and popular Professors, whom it would be invidious to name, exhibited the most wonderful capability of jumping at conclusions.



GEOLOGY.

Scientific Pedestrian. "DO YOU FIND ANY FOSSILS HERE?"

Excavator. "DUNNO WHAT YOU CALLS 'VOSSILS.' WE FINDS NOWT HERE BUT MUCK AND 'ARD WORK!"

A. B. C. "WITH A DIFFERENCE."

MR. PUNCH begs leave emphatically to dissent from all that has been said, or is going to be said, in favour of the fashionable A.B.C. Dispatch Box. In a fatal hour he was induced to obtain one, and he has never had a happy moment since, except when in tranquil sleep. He admits, in fact it is his case, that if you use this thing you can never mislay a letter. That is just it. The comfort of mislaying letters is known only to him who is expected to answer a hundred *per diem*. That comfort has been withdrawn from *Mr. Punch*. It is impossible not to avail yourself of the invention, which blandly invites you to deposit your Correspondent's letter under its initial, and then there the letter is—and where is your excuse for not replying? *Mr. Punch* feels that he shall have to give his box away to some foolishly pedantic person who, instead of resenting a letter of any kind, thinks that a civil address merits a civil reply.

But it occurs to *Mr. Punch* that the invention might be improved. A substitute for mere alphabetical arrangement might be provided. *Sententiæ ponderantur, non numerantur.* Try classification. Will the patentees of the affair, or somebody else, make him a box, divided in this way, for letters?

Asses.	Lords.	Very Private.
Bores.	Managers.	Widows.
Contributors.	Nobodies.	Xtortioners.
Duns.	Opera-singers.	Young Men who want
Editors.	Poor Relations.	to have their articles
Foreign Sovereigns.	Q. HER MAJESTY.	or sketches inserted,
Gladstone.	Royal Family.	and won't, he can
Humbugs.	S.S. the Pope.	tell them.
Invitations.	Tailor.	Zoophytes (mankind
Kritics.	Ungrateful brutes.	generally).

He would, with an infallible instinct, drop each letter as he received it (whether he performed the trifling preliminary of a perusal or not) into its proper receptacle. When a writer, un-answered, should be

favoured with an interview, it would be agreeable to push the box to him, and ask him just to see whether his letter were there, while *Mr. Punch* filled his pipe. If the said writer had gumption, a glance at the department in which he found himself might save trouble—the grand and indeed only legitimate object of any invention in these days. Woa! stop. *Mr. Punch* patents the idea.

THE STAGE AT SEA.

A PLEASANT addition appears to have been quietly made to the Royal Navy. First on a list of announcements of promotions and appointments at the Admiralty, the other day, appeared the following:

"Sub-Lieutenant HENRY H. DYKE, to the *Sphinx*, as supernumerary."

The *Sphinx*, then, is a floating Theatre Royal, managed by the Admiralty, if not under the management of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. Its boards, or planks, we may suppose, will be largely, though not exclusively, devoted to the nautical drama. It is gratifying to note the considerate (provision which a truly Liberal Government has thus instituted for the amusement of our gallant sailors.

Ecumenical Strong Language.

THE *Saturday Review* reasserts the fact, lately reported from Rome, that when a prelate, in debate, suggested that Protestants ought not to be classed with infidels, and that they might even possess some good qualities, a multitude of the Fathers assembled in St. Peter's arose and shouted "*Hæreticus, hæreticus, omnes damnamus eum.*" Hearing this, which must have sounded to them like very strong language, the English Bishops present, as many of them as did not join in it, might as well have had the nationality to exclaim, in its mild reprehension: "*Juramentum, juramentum, quinque solidis multabimini.*"

THE THRONE OF KING MOB.—Pleb i' seat.

Mark Lemon.

BORN NOVEMBER 30, 1809.

DIED MAY 23, 1870.

He who wrote the first article in this Journal, who from its establishment has been its conductor, and whose provident suggestions take effect in the very pages now before the reader, has ceased from this and all other earthly care and labour.

"I, pete colestes, ubi nulla est cura, recessus,
Et tibi sit, nullo mista labore, quies."

There is need that this record of his gain, but of grievous loss to those in whose name this is said, should be prepared too early to permit its being aught but a most imperfect and inadequate expression of our love and of our sorrow. The last rite has been this day paid, in the quiet burial-place by the village church, dear to him in his later years, where he was gladdened by the voices of his children, joining in the melodies of the religion never forgotten by him when—and it was often—he had friend to aid, or when, and it was rarely—he had enemy to pardon.

Neither to the mental nor the loving nature of the man whom we are mourning, and shall, while we survive him, mourn, do we attempt to do justice here. We do but inscribe a memorial without which we should reluctantly permit our Journal of this date to issue.

But it is of no stranger that we are speaking to friends known and unknown. For nearly thirty years he has guided this periodical; and few who read it know not something of him, and of the firm, but gentle influence which he exercised as our director. But if this Journal has had the good fortune to be credited with habitual advocacy of truth and justice, if it has been praised for abstinence from the less worthy kind of satire, if it has been trusted by those who keep guard over the purity of womanhood and of youth, we, the best witnesses, turn for a moment from our sorrow to bear the fullest and the most willing testimony that the high and noble spirit of MARK LEMON ever prompted generous championship, ever made unworthy onslaught or irreverent jest impossible to the pens of those who were honoured in being coadjutors with him. Of the deep affectionateness of his character, of the kindness of his counsels, of the brotherly regard in which he held us, of the gracious tact with which he encountered and smoothed away the difficulties incident to work like ours, of his genial nature and of his modesty and self-abnegation, this is indeed a time to think, but not a time to write.

Nearly enough, indeed, of words of him over whose mortal remains the turf is newly laid. We feel that the best homage which we can pay to him who is gone before, the one tribute which, had he foreseen this early summons to his rest, he would have desired or permitted, is to declare our united resolve that, to the best of our ability, our future work for this Journal shall be done in the spirit long and lovingly taught us by the loved and revered friend who has passed to the reward of a noble life.

May 27th, 1870.

He had been absent: but was with us still
In letters, messages of wonted cheer:
We drank a quick recovery from his ill;
Asked, and were answered, "He will soon be here."

His kindly eyes looked on us from the wall:
In spirit at our board he seemed to sit,
Back into bounds too reckless mirth to call,
To quicken seemly fun and decent wit.

Little we thought the time was near at hand,
When we no more should meet those honest eyes:
Return no more that welcome blithe and bland,
Take counsel of that spirit, kind and wise!

Death has been frequent in our fellowship:
Where is A'BECKETT'S Rabelaisian style;
Where JERROLD'S wrath 'gainst wrong, and lightning quip;
Where THACKERAY'S half-sad, half sunny, smile;

Where LEMON'S facile hand and faithful brain,
The truest, tersest, abstract of the time?
All memories! And he that linked the chain,
Now theme of my obituary rhyme!

Never did brethren of the pen owe more
To elder brother, than we owed to him:

Still his wit's weapon like a Knight he bore—
Would never poison point, nor polish dim:

And 'twas his pride to teach us so to bear
Our blades as he bore his—keep the edge keen,
But strike above the belt: and ever wear
The armour of a conscience clear and clean.*

The while he sat among us there was none
But felt the kindlier for his kindness:
Jealousy seemed his genial smile to shun;
Failure was soothed; more modest grew success.

Never self-seeking, keen for others' rise
And gain, before his own, he loved to see
Young wrestlers of his training win the prize,
Nor asked what *his* part of the prize should be.

His memory will not die out of ours
For many a year to come: the thought of him,
Erewhile associate with our merriest hours,
Will be a sad one, till all thought grows dim.

But what our loss to theirs, who with sick hearts
Sit in the darkened house, whence he has past:
Till new life shall unite whom death disparts,
Where tears are dried, and grief turns joy at last!

* "Sotto l'usbergo del' sentirsi puro."—DANTE.



OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

SKETCH OF A BENCH ON THE BOULEVARDS, OCCUPIED BY FOUR ENGLISH PEOPLE WHO ONLY KNOW EACH OTHER BY SIGHT.

FINE TIMES FOR MADAME TUSSAUD.

AN instructive and elevating Exhibition of Plastic Art, which has lately received some signal additions, and is now in the way to receive more of the same kind, is MADAME TUSSAUD's Chamber of Horrors. The visitor to this place of historical entertainment will have the feelings which may have taken him there gratified not only by a model of the guillotine on a scaffold, but also by a series of coloured illustrations on the surrounding walls representing numerous varieties of corporal and capital punishment. The latter, he will observe, are processes more complicated and less expeditious than simple decapitation, and than the method in which MR. CALCRAFT finishes the law; and he may be tempted to question whether, if ruffianism continues to proceed at its present rate, some one of those other methods had not better be substituted for that. By the way, he will miss CALCRAFT and a model of the structure whose platform constitutes his sphere of usefulness.

He who has conducted young ladies thither at their innocent request, or in the idea of pleasing them, will probably, in the midst of an explanation of the guillotine, find himself suddenly left alone in the middle of his discourse; his companions having vanished down-stairs.

If the effect thus wrought on gentle minds were that usually and generally produced on the lower orders by such spectacles as the Horrors on view at MADAME TUSSAUD's establishment, it would become a question whether a collection of so humanising a character should continue limited to the extent of a private show. Philanthropists and Statesmen would do well to consider whether the elevation of the masses would not be promoted, and that of criminals (in another sense) prevented by the formation of a National Gallery of Crime and Punishment. But as it has been found that familiarity with hanging doth breed contempt for the gallows, MR. CALCRAFT has been ordained to finish the law now *intra muros*; and it is probable that an effect the reverse of humanising would result from the provision of a gratuitous Chamber of Horrors for the Million.

If most likely this would be so, is it possible that recent, if we may not safely venture to say current, atrocities equalling or exceeding the exploits of TROPFMAN, are in any measure referable, in the way of

causation, to the prints of murders and outrages which low news-vendors enjoy the British liberty to expose in their shop-windows? *Picturæ idiotarum sunt libri*; and, if the idiots are sanguinary, what lessons are they likely to learn out of the books such as those above adverted to, which they can read as they run?

TO OUR CALCULATING BOYS.

THERE may be persons who may like to spend a happy day in proving the correctness of this little calculation:—

"Arrested motion takes the form of light and heat. * * * If the planet Mercury were to strike the Sun, the heat thereby generated would cover the solar emission for nearly seven years, while the shock of Jupiter would cover the loss of 32,240 years."

We have not at present leisure to amuse ourselves by working out this pretty little problem. But for those who like it we may propound another similar, on the effect of sudden impact in producing light and heat. For instance, if the heads of a dense body, for example say a Vestry or a Poor-Law Board of Guardians, were to be knocked together smartly (as some of them deserve to be), what amount of enlightenment, if any, would arise, and what increase would be caused in the heat of their debaters?

Bear-Baiting and its Cure.

(To the Noble Savage.)

AYRTON, would you from "bowls" beware,
"Rubbers" would not await you:
If you would cease to be a bear,
Members would cease to bait you.

GALVANISM AND GAMMON.

A GALVANIC Band Manufacturer keeps on advertising that "Electricity is Life!" What "shocking" nonsense.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, May 23. In the Lords, debate, eloquently begun by LORD CARNARVON, on the Greek atrocity. He charged agents of the Greek Government with having been concerned in it, and could not say that the Greek Government itself was free from suspicion. The melancholy subject was also taken up by other noblemen, and the answer of the Administration was delivered by LORD CLARENDON, who engaged that whatever course might be adopted should be a worthy one, but declined, pending investigation, to give a more definite reply. He concluded by saying that it might not be presumptuous to express a hope that from the Deed of Blood we might date the commencement of a day of real regeneration for Greece.

In the Commons, MR. GÖSCHEN said that there would not be a chance of passing a Bill, this year, for the suppression of Vagrancy. No; a Bill may be impossible, but people have the matter a good deal in their own hands. If no person ever relieved a vagrant with money, and we merely handed him a ticket entitling him to bread enough for a meal, vagrancy would be remarkably checked, as has been shown where this mild ordeal has been adopted. But so long as foolish folks will pay money to mendicants, so long will the breed of mendicants be kept up. Silly people have been told this a thousand times, but to no end. They pretend to be very charitable, when they are only gratifying a foolish and mischievous impulse.

There was talk about the Whitsuntide holidays, for the Commons are as eager as schoolboys for these days, and *Punch* believes that many of them keep a notched stick, and cut away a notch *per* day, until they get to their pastimes. MR. GLADSTONE said that the Government had no more aversion to holidays than other people, and made an allusion to "that mysterious Wednesday," meaning the Derby Day. We are to have Education debates again soon, Brethren, and they will begin on the 16th of June. Before they are over, it may be thought that we shall all be qualified for tuition, and the "Schoolmaster" may go "abroad," and stay there, and teach the foreigners, if he likes.

Nextly, the Bill for the Abolition of University Tests was discussed, supported by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who owned that MR. FAWCETT had been right in urging that the measure should be compulsory: opposed by MR. WALPOLE, who objected to divorce the religion of the nation from its intellect; and, after a debate of considerable interest to those who understand such questions, and who will probably not

attend in considerable force upon Epsom Downs, was carried on Second Reading by 191 to 66.

Then, after two more divisions, the Irish Land Bill was got quite through Committee, and, amid loud cheers, was ordered to be Reported.

MR. NEWDEGATE wanted the LORD ADVOCATE of Scotland put on the Convent Committee. But his Lordship declined to serve. MR. NEWDEGATE would have him, and appealed to the House. The House affirmed, by a large majority, that the LORD ADVOCATE ought to do as he liked.

Tuesday. Nothing particular in the Lords except a suggestion that certain ladies who had petitioned against a certain police measure had perpetrated the offence of signing for others besides themselves—that is, for all their children and servants. Such things have been, but no proof was given. But the very unscrupulous mode in which this measure has been attacked—(*Punch* had better say at once that it is for repressing a great social evil)—makes it probable that there would be small hesitation in affixing, under a sentimental sort of impulse, the signatures of anybody whose name happened to occur.

Wales had an innings in the Commons. MR. WATKIN WILLIAMS showed at great length why the Church of England should be abolished from off the face of the Principality. But he met an overmastering foe. MR. GLADSTONE knows all about Wales and

her Church, ancient and modern, and he demolished MR. WILLIAMS, and evidently exulted in this feat, which was a sort of homage to the Church. After such a combat we need hardly give the numbers, but it may be interesting to know that MR. WILLIAMS was supported by 45, and the PREMIER by 209.

Then occurred the most curious incident of the Session. There was to be a debate on a Bill for repealing the police Act the nature whereof is indicated in the above parenthesis. MR. CRAWFORD, Member for



"REALLY, THOUGH, JOKING APART, WHAT A VERY EFFECTIVE EQUESTRIENNE COSTUME COULD BE CONTRIVED WITH A LITTLE INGENUITY!"

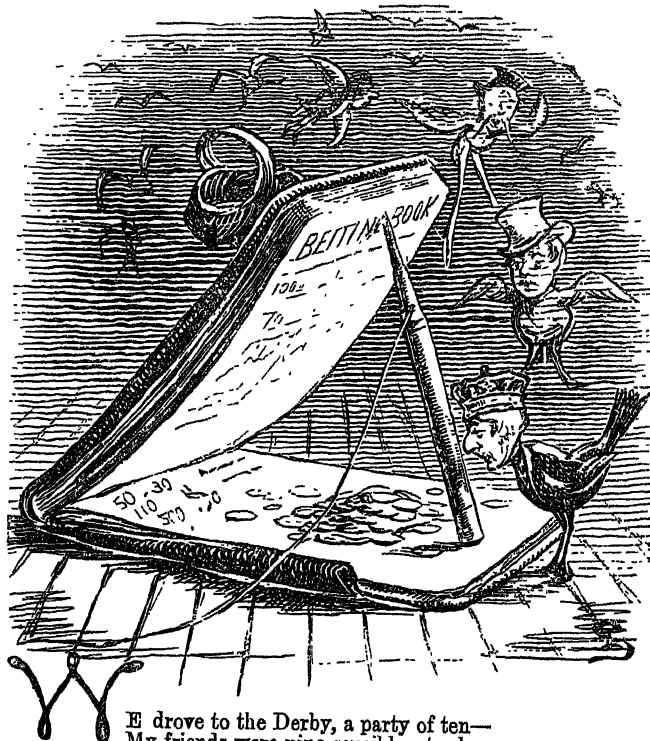
Ayr, took notice that there were Strangers in the galleries. If a Member does this, and persists in announcing what he sees, the SPEAKER is compelled to turn all strangers out. This process has not been performed for a long time. Years ago a fanatical Member cleared the gallery while he read a chapter of the Bible to the House, and later MR. JOHN O'CONNELL did it because he thought the reporters were unfair to him. It is hinted that MR. CRAUFURD did it to-day, because he knew that the Ladies' Gallery was crammed with those who were enemies to the Act, and he desired to show displeasure at the pertinacious and not very modest way in which the agitation has been conducted. Anyhow, the galleries were all cleared, the ladies, it is said, exclaiming, "What a shame!" and the House debated without the reporters, who had pleasant leisure, only not having been informed of what was to be done, and not knowing how long their exclusion might last, they could not make so agreeable a use of the four hours during which they were shut out as they otherwise might have done. Of course a Member of Parliament reported the debate, and sent his report to the *Times*, which published it next morning. There are no closed doors for the English Press, save such as it closes for itself in the interest of morals.

Still, as the exclusion of reporters was in some sort a rudeness to the Press, Mr. Punch, the great champion of his order, will mark his displeasure at what occurred by declining to prolong his Essence this week. He has the greater pleasure in inflicting this blow upon the House of Commons, inasmuch as he desires to see himself in print earlier than usual this week, with a view to the convenience of his myriads of friends who meet on Epsom Downs. Here is a great moral lesson for the House of Commons and all other persons.

And now, as regards *Macgregor*, it is certain that—

(Left speaking.)

A DRAG DRAWN MILD.



He drove to the Derby, a party of ten—
My friends were nine sensible, steady, young men;
Attentive devotion to duty who find
At times to demand relaxation of mind.

A four-in-hand coach we engaged for the day;
And driver appraised in decent array;
Provisions in hampers, with bottles of stout,
And ale, and wine, inside were packed—we rode out.

A trusty attendant we, too, did provide,
To mind, and administer, those things inside;
A corkscrew brought with him had each of the lot;
We, everyone, fearing it might be forgot.

The sunshine was golden, bright green were the leaves,
And corn in blade; yellow 'twill soon be in sheaves;

Then men and dogs over the stubble will stray,
And partridges fall—so time passes away!

Another reflection occurred to one's mind—
The man whose heart glows with the love of his kind,
Should drive to the Derby—for then he will see,
How happy the many below him can be.

The boys, as we passed them, all cheered with delight;
And pleasure we saw we afforded the sight
Of charming young ladies, who mustered in force,
Adorning the windows and walls on our course.

When fellows, by just turning out in good style,
Cause girls and small children to shout and to smile,
In being well mounted and properly drest,
They feel that, in short, they are blessing and blest.

Arrived on the Downs we secured a good place,
Surveyed the vast concourse, and witnessed the Race;
And having aloft a clear view of the scene,
Looked down on the people's excitement, serene.

A small sweep we had, as a thing to be done,
But half-a-crown each, the stakes MILDMAY, who won,
To a Hospital which, if I recollect right,
Was that of St. George, handed o'er as a mite.

So then to refreshment ourselves we applied,
With appetite, all of us, after our ride;
From veal, ham, and chicken we did not abstain,
And drank a few glasses of foreign champagne.

Descending thereafter we took a short stroll,
Amid the mixed multitude, variously droll;
They seemed very happy; but many, I think,
A little the worse were, if not much, for drink.

Betimes we retraced to our carriage the way,
For fear, if we started too late in the day,
Of personal banter and practical joke,
And neighbours exhaling unsavoury smoke.

Our road back was, hence, by comparison, clear
Of persons excited by spirits and beer;
We got up to town all from accident free,
And after our journey were glad of our tea.

A PARRY FOR MISS BECKER'S THRUST.

MR. LOVE JONES PARRY, who promised to vote for the Woman's Disabilities Bill, has cruelly turned his coat, and voted against it. Miss BECKER, having charged him with the breach of promise, he has made matters worse by giving as his reason, that, "though in Caernarvonshire the women are all Liberal in politics and Nonconformists in religion, in England, and particularly in boroughs, such as Bath, the women are Conservative, under great clerical influence, which always tends to fetter freedom of thought."

"Love JONES PARRY!" says an advanced woman's right female of Mr. Punch's acquaintance—"I hate him!"

Clerical Emancipation.

THE Clerical Disabilities Bill, introduced by MR. HIBBERT, proposes to repeal the law which forbids a clergyman to be any other man. It provides, further, that he shall not only be free to leave the clerical profession, but also to return to it, after having undergone certain formalities. But here it stops. It does not enable him to secularise himself twice. Should it pass, therefore, a change will perhaps be made in the adage which at present expresses the Indelibility of Orders. The amended saying will accordingly be, "Twice a parson, always a parson."

Malapropiana.

THE Ritual Commission, and the late atrocities in Greece mentioned in connection with the Philhellenes, have got jumbled up together in the mind of MRS. MALAPROP. She says she cannot but approve of righteous reform and the revision of the Dictionary, but considers that the Philistines ought to be smitten, and thinks the less said the better about the Athenian creed.

A RACY SUGGESTION.

WE recommend our sporting readers to the pages of *Debrett*, for the latest information on the Derby Race.



“THE FAVOURITE WINS! HOORAY!!”

P-3-2
On “The Favourite.”

A-3-2-3
On Art.

G-3-2-3-3
On Irish Land.

D-3-2-2
On Irish.

B-1-2-3
On “Chick.”

M-2-2-3
On Malabar.

T-2-2-2
On Bullamptom.

M-2-2-0
On Meady.

B-2-2
On Calhoun.

N-2-2-2
On Fribusita.

(And so on.)

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.



My noble Father (if you have the happiness of bearing that name, and if you have not I don't care), I do perceive here a divided duty. Half to you, half,—and the better half,—to myself. You want a Prophecy? Well, your reasons,—come, pronounce. "Oh, you have had one every year for such a time?" Call that a reason? Seems to me it pulls the other way. When the Frenchman showed the Revolutionary Tribunal that a certain estate had been in his family for four hundred years, the Judges told him that, by his own admission, the family had held it quite long enough, so they took it away.

Do you see the application? Why then rejoice, therefore, as SHAKESPEARE says. Now comes a beseeching look. "But, Mr. Punch, your Prophecy is so delightful!" Ah, that's another pair of knickerbockers. I am not marble,—wish I were, this hot weather. This brings me to my duty to myself. Ought I to write with the glass at 80°? To be sure, I daresay it will not be that when you read what I write. Perhaps it will be raining, snowing, or east-windy. What a lark! "Then you will need the Prophecy to comfort you." Ah, there you go! I'm too soft-hearted, and that's a fact.

What's to happen on the Derby Day, "that Mysterious Wednesday," as my friend MR. GLADSTONE, Member for Greenwich, calls it. You may have heard of him? Not to know him, argues yourself uncommon obscure. But obscurity is not a crime, except in argument. Don't be downcast. MR. GLADSTONE called the Derby Day by that name, and that's enough. "What's to happen?" Well, several things. TOM BLONUS will go out in the morning, shrugging his shoulders in the most superior manner when his wife hints Epsom, and making a face as if that pretty woman offered him a glass of Epsom salts. "I go to the Derby?" or,—for his grammar is not his forte,—he'll perhaps begin, "Me go?" He will go, though; and when he comes home late, with his hat stuck full of penny dolls, and his eyes winking like those of a mortified owl, he'll say, with more or less distinctness, that he "hadn't the slightest idea of going, but as BOB TOPPER—" You don't seem amused? You've had this sort of anecdote before. Who said you hadn't? Will you tell me to my face that you expect anything new about the Derby? Isn't this the kind of thing served up every year? "But not by Mr. Punch." There you come with your compliments again. Well, "go on flattering, Sir," as is said in the *Angel in the House*. "A woman's like the Koh-i-Noor, Worth just the price you put on her." What has that to do with it? Who said it had anything? But that's the finish of the quotation. I despise anybody who leaves things unfinished.

What do you say? Clear that you will not get a prophecy. Do not be cheeky—the pig was killed because he had too much cheek," quo' INSPECTOR BUCKER. I may be allowed to proceed in my own way, I hope. Did you read the debate on Horse Racing initiated (I dare say you'd say eliminated, you idiot) by MR. THOMAS HUGHES? He made a very good speech. He always makes good speeches. He also writes good books. Is there a better book than *Tom Brown*? If so, I shall be obliged to you to nominate it. Looking sulky, are you, because I don't immediately come to Macgregor and the rest? I never write for sulky people. At school we sang, JIMMY'S in the sulks, Send him to the hulks. "Well, but seriously?" Serious before the Derby? You are an Antinomianism, Anacronism, what is it?—help us, PISISTRATUS CAXTON—yes, an Anachronism. After the Derby is the time to look serious; that is, if you mean to pay your losses. "LAURA, LAURA, FREDERICK'S come,"—I needn't parody, but I mean "Wait till you're diddled, my dear."

"You won't be diddled if I tell you what horse will win?" Don't know that. Some fellows can't help losing, especially if they think they know how to make a book. Isn't it in *Coningsby* the friend looks over his friend's book, and says that whatever event in the world happens he must lose £500. Have you read *Coningsby*? You are not sure. Then you must be a muff, and a prophecy will not be of the least use to you, any more than Sunday to the man who looked nine ways for it when he sat up after being knocked down. "Try you?" I hate throwing away labour. I hate labour also. An open foe may prove a kuss, but a pretended friend is wus. You don't see the connection? I said you were a muff; I now begin to suspect you of being a duffer.

But "the horses, the horses!" You are a beggar that wants to be set on horseback, and nothing will do for you, you beggar, but the winner of the Derby. "Ask for a gold coat," says you, "and you may get a gold button." Don't come bothering me with your proverbs. A man whose life is guided by proverbs will certainly come to the bad. Did you ever read *Sancho, or the Proverbialist*, by the late REV. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, of Harrow? It is a book of the last generation, and exceeding clever. Sancho was sent

to school, with proverbs for his rules, and he "took care of Number One" so particularly, that he was expelled in a week, for being greedy, cruel, and dishonest. Not that all proverbs are absurd or misleading. I will recite to you a few which appear to me to be epigrams of merit. You are yawning? Got up too early this Derby Day, I'm afraid? *Diluendo surgere saluberrimum est*, but if you yawn it shows that such surgery doesn't agree with you. Take a cigar.

Aggravating, am I? Very likely; but don't you call hard names, because they butter no parsnips; and if they did, I wouldn't eat the latter, for I hate them. You must take butter with truffles, MR. DISRAELI mentions that in *Lothair*. Haven't read that? And have I demeaned myself to talk on a Derby Day with a fellow that hasn't read *Lothair*? I am ashamed of myself. Get the book, and read it directly. I do not suppose that you will understand it, you being, as I have previously remarked, a duffer; but still, don't walk about as if you belonged to the human race, and yet own that you have not read *Lothair*. You should blush to walk among the race of men, as Achilles says, stating his own feelings until he shall have killed Hector. Did you ever read HOMER? What? "Yes?" I say, my good fellow, there is a limit to everything. Even on the Derby Day you should not. It's the biggest that will be told all day, and that's saying something of a day devoted to a harmless national amusement, and the improvement of the breed of English horses. You read HOMER! He wrote the *Æneid*, did he not? A charming poem, isn't it, all about the deliverance of Jerusalem? Beautifully illustrated by M. GUSTAVE DORÉ? Describes the Demon of the Cape? Fine passage, ADAM'S Address to the Sun? Get out with you, Impostor! "Take off his skates!" said MR. PICKSWICK. "Off with his head!" said KING RICHARD. "They're off!"—who said that? Oh, by Jove, it's the Million. 'Tis the voice of the Million, I heard 'em complain, Some have started too soon; you must start 'em again. Like a door on its hind-legs, so he—

"Too late now?" Stuff, nonsense! never too late. You want to know who is the real Winner of the Derby? Well, I am a gentleman, if ever there was one, and I apologise, *d'avance*, for mentioning such a name to you, or in connection with nonsense. Still, it is no secret, for I was in the House of Lords, and heard what was said, and saw how gratified he looked; and well he might look gratified. The real Winner of the Derby is the Lady who, it has been announced, allies herself to the Nobleman formerly advantageously known as LORD STANLEY, and I humbly and respectfully offer my congratulations on the arrangement.

I think I have read you a lesson, my noble Father, about teasing me for a Prophecy.

COLUMBUS IN THE CALENDAR.

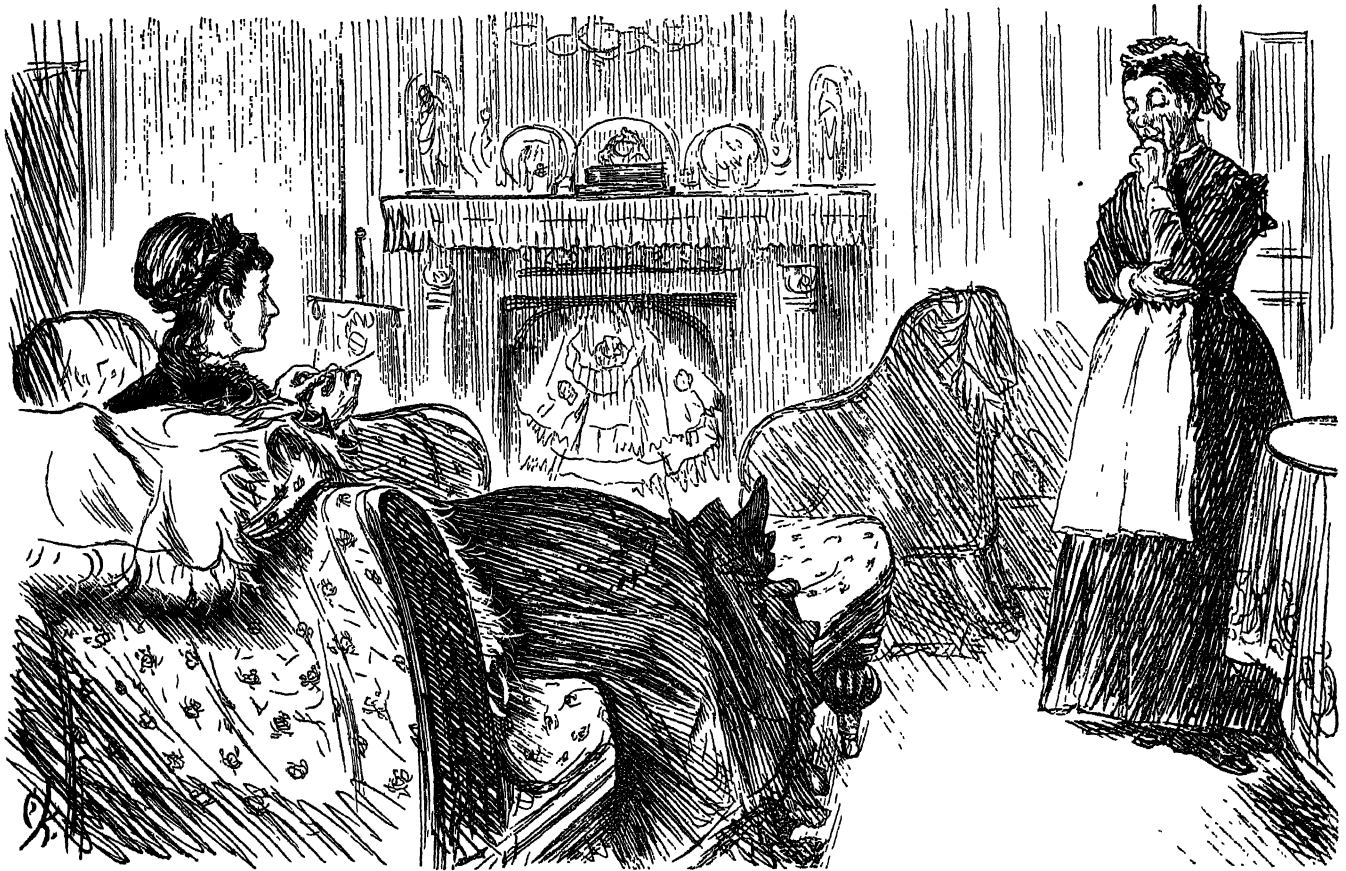
The North German Correspondent announces that "the beatification of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, of which there was some talk a few years ago, seems now about to be carried through in good earnest." We are advised by an ancient sage to call no man happy before his death. COLUMBUS has been dead 364 years. Should his beatification be pronounced now, it will exemplify a customary pontifical extension of the old philosopher's rule to an extreme. Centuries generally elapse after the death of a Saint before he is enrolled amongst the beatified at Rome. "Call no man happy until long after his death" appears to be the papal maxim as touching beatification.

To the foregoing announcement is added the suggestion that little difficulty will probably occur in proving the one or two miracles which are *de rigueur* in all cases of the kind in question. One alone, we should think, will suffice in the case of COLUMBUS; and the discovery of America had the great advantage of being a fact.

Tufts Tailing Off!

ONLY seven fellow-commoners have been matriculated for 1869-70, to 530 pensioners. It is a comfort to think there is at least, *one* race which is not in vogue at the Varsity—the "race of fellow-commoners!" They will soon be "fellow-uncommoners." The sooner the better. Here's to the last "tuft," and may he end by being plucked, as "tufts" should be!

WHEN UNMARRIED LADIES GET VOTES, What will their rule be but Miss-rule?



"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY!"

Cook. "PLEASE, 'M, I WISHES TO GIVE WARNING——"

Mistress (surprised). "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Cook. "THE FACT IS, MUM, I'M GOING TO GET MARRIED!"

Mistress. "WHY, COOK, I DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE ENGAGED!"

Cook. "WHICH I HAM NOT AZACTLY ENGAGED AS YET, MUM; BUT I FEELS MYSELF TO BE OF THAT 'APPY DISPOSITION AS I COULD LOVE HANY MAN, MUM!"

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

(*Apropos of the University Tests Bill.*)

OH, WALPOLE the weeper and HARDY the heady,
Oh, MOWBRAY the muddled, and NEWDY* the neddy!
Stand up in a row, like four crows on a mole-ridge,
And manfully lift up your voices 'gainst COLERIDGE:
Proving Oxford and Cambridge with tests must go down,
And the College Palladium a clerical gown!

Oh, WALPOLE and HARDY, and MOWBRAY, and NEWDY!
Till *Punch* as a power's superseded by JUDY,†
The Church and its Bench folks will make bold to handle,
With a freedom that seems to your feelings a scandal;
Will persist in regarding their hold on the test
As a grasp on the fishes and loaves they love best.

Oh, MOWBRAY and NEWDY, and WALPOLE and HARDY!
Once Oxford and Cambridge were "*deux filles bien gardées!*"
With *chevaux de frise* of test-oath and test-article,
To bar out dissent to its pettiest particle—
They had orthodox doctrines and orthodox fellars;
And orthodox port stored in orthodox cellars!

Oh, NEWDY and HARDY, oh, WALPOLE and MOWBRAY!
"*Nunc diruta templa, eversa delubra!*"
Test-oaths are dissolved in Dissent's *aqua fortis*,
And Articles all in *articulo mortis*;
Till Church loaves and fishes Dissenters assail,
And their rude hands are laid on the Fellowship pale!

* MR. NEWDEGATE, a remarkably hard man to drive.

† See MR. LOVE JONES PARRY's letter published in Wednesday's *Times* on the power of clerical influence over ladies' politics.

Oh, HARDY and NEWDY, oh, MOWBRAY and WALPOLE!
See, a couple of hats each set up on a tall pole—
Both from heads that by rights should be lopped by a cleaver—
And neither the orthodox clerical beaver—
One's the papal tiara, with cross-keys upon 'it,
The other's JOHN KNOX's Geneva blue-bonnet.

"Twixt Dissenters on one side, the POPE on the other,
And HUXLEY, who Faith under Science would smother;
With her tests torn away, and her orders made delible,
Sequestrations unlawful, and livings not sellable;
Her King Storks thrust on one side, to raise her King Logs,
The old Church of England is gone to the dogs!

Newgate and Epsom.

AMONG the horses entered for the Derby there is one named *Recorder*, and another *Kingcraft*. But, for fear of bad luck, *Kingcraft* might have been more sensationally named *Calcraft*. Then he might have been ridden with a halter, and have run close upon *Recorder*.

A Privilege and a Bore.

THERE certainly will be no turn-out on the road to Epsom anything like that by which MR. CRAUFORD, through insisting that he saw strangers in the Gallery, distinguished himself last Tuesday night in the House of Commons.

HORSE AND HEATHER.

"My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MACGREGOR." The thought of that might have affected the odds at Newmarket. So it may at Epsom, downy as Epsom is.



JONES ON THE DOWNS.

AFTER PRACTISING FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS IN THEIR OWN SUBURBAN LANE, JONES AND HIS FRIENDS TURN OUT THEIR TEAM AT EPOK. J. MANAGES THE REINS
FAMOUSLY AS LONG AS SMITH HOLDS THE WHIP, AND THE GREY HARE HAS GOT HER TAIL OVER THE REINS ONCE ALL DAY TILL NOW!

HINTS FOR CONVERSATION. (DERBY DAY.)



DRAG is at the door. You have your Fortnum and Mason, your six-ounce overcoat, your cerulean veil, your betting-book, your binocular. You want something more—a few hints for conversation with those charming combinations of Nature and expensive millinery, who go with you to share your hopes, and fears, and lunch, on this the Derby Day of 1870.

We will see, as in previous years, whether the names of the horses which figure in the betting (some of them at a very low figure) will supply any materials for talk on the road, and the rail, and the course.

Macgregor.—Beaten out of the field at starting. Everything that it is possible to say about the favourite has been said already in the best, the raciest manner, not in

Baily, nor in *Bell*, nor yet in *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*; but in a novel, one of "SCOTT's lot," which, as these "Hints," happily for you, will be in your hands on Tuesday afternoon, you will have ample time to read before the hour for conversation arrives; but remember, when you buy, or borrow, or hire the book, you must not ask for *Macgregor*, but for *Rob Roy*.

Camel.—The first time this useful animal has been entered for competition at Epsom. Great curiosity is felt about his running. A very spirited act on the part of the Council of the Zoological Society. You have often seen him in their Gardens on a Sunday. But is he not rather more than three years old, and would not a desert be the proper arena for him? His friends, however, do not seem to desert him, for he is high up in the betting, and we run no risk in saying that it will be to their behoof if *Camel* wins.

Sunshine.—Glad this horse was not named "Moonshine," for then we should have been left without a ray of hope. (Is this astronomically correct? The Astronomer Royal is probably in bed or in the clouds by this time, and we do not like to disturb him.) *Sunshine* cheers us (no doubt about that): in return we will cheer *Sunshine*, if successful.

Prince of Wales.—One of the most remarkable coincidences that could possibly happen would be for the PRINCE OF WALES to be present, and see the *Prince of Wales* fly past the Judge's chair first between three and four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon.

Bridgewater.—It is settled that if any accident should prevent this horse from running, he is not to be said to be "scratched," but, with a delicate reference to a borough now in trouble, "disfranchised."

Kingcraft.—Defined as the "art of governing;" an accomplishment there is but little doubt *Kingcraft's* jockey will show he possesses.

Palmerston.—Ought to be first—to be Premier. At all events, it will be very strange if he does not get a place; and if *Temple* should be close up to him, there will be another remarkable coincidence.

Normanby.—It will be vastly convenient for the Turf poets if this horse should win, for *Normanby* would rhyme so well with *Thormanby*, victorious at Epsom some years ago.

King o' Scots.—We hope there is in the profession a jockey of the name of PHILIPS.

Cymbal.—Sounds well, but then, unfortunately, a cymbal is made to be beaten. (Afraid this has been said before of a quadruped with a similarly suggestive name.)

Stanley.—Excuse the old, old quotation: it is irresistible. We will never do so again:—

"On, STANLEY, on!"

Recorder.—If this steed (used as a variation, to avoid too much tautology) should take the Stakes, there will be a general exclamation of surprise, assuming, it may be expected, the shape of "Law, you don't say so!"

Astolfo.—Cousin to ORLANDO (see CHARLEY MAYNE and HARRY OSSRO), and *Orlando* is on the roll of Derby winners, and talent runs in families.

DEFINITION OF THE DERBY.

Nobody now thinks about the Œcumenical Council. Everybody's mind is occupied with the Œcumenical Horse-Race.

BEWARE OF THE TRAINS!

No one more than *Mr. Punch* admires the pretty short costumes which now adorn our parks, and promenades and croquet parties; and no one more than *Mr. Punch* detests the odious long dresses, which trip him up whenever he takes his walks abroad, in London here at home. There is a right place for everything, and a long dress in a drawing-room is becoming, and in place. But a long dress out of doors, and dragging in the dust, is becoming only in the fact of its becoming such a nuisance, that the comfort of mankind demands its abolition. *Mr. Punch* has an idea that ladies rather like their dresses to be trampled on, as it affords them an excuse for turning sharply round and attracting an attention which they otherwise might miss. At any rate, he never scruples to tread upon a train when it is trailed across his path, and he never condescends to offer an apology for the damage he inflicts. Other men, however, have not his self-command, and nervously apologise for what is not their fault.

Certainly it is not pleasant to stumble over a long skirt, and then be scowled at just as though you deserved to be well horsewhipped. But ladies strut along defiant, like an Irishman at Donnybrook, and seem to challenge men to tread upon the tail of their long dress. So *Mr. Punch* feels neither pity nor compunction when he does so, and indeed his sole rejoices when it tears a fine new train. Slimmer men, however, are both mentally and bodily upset by such an accident, and results not wholly laughable have more than once occurred. The public clearly ought to be protected from such casualties, or it will soon be hardly safe to walk along the streets. Suicide through wearing crinolines has been frequently committed; and women may do manslaughter by wearing a long skirt. If ladies wear long dresses in order to look killing, by tripping up a passer-by they actually may be so. Really, while this foolish fashion lingers in our streets, a notice should be placarded at every crowded crossing, bidding all who pass there to "Beware of the Trains!"

ECONOMY FOR LADIES.

NOTIONS of economy are sadly out of fashion with those who write about the fashions; but here is a delightful exception to the rule:—

"So little marked and various is the prevailing *mode*, that ladies who have kept their dresses of last summer may, without attracting notice, wear them again this."

Happy the man who, free from care, findeth his wife content will wear the dresses she last season bought, and this year troubleth him for nought! May she be merry in her old clothes, for they are far cheaper than new! What a darling duck a wife must be, who can live for some six months or so without dipping her bill for drapery into her poor husband's pocket! Such little ducks will, when they moult their fine feathers of the summer, put them carefully away to be ready for next year. If they be not little geese, they will never fear the danger of attracting foolish notice by the fact that their plumage is a little out of fashion, for this to any man of sense who happens to observe it will simply be a proof of the admirable prudence wherewith it has been kept.

Variety is not Charming.

In an article liberally upholding the University Tests Abolition Bill, the *Times* asks:—

"Is England an irreligious nation? Are we in any danger of becoming Positivists because of the variety of religious denominations?"

No; but a people whose souls were less devoted to business than ours are, and who had leisure to trouble themselves about doctrinal considerations, might be in some danger of becoming Negativists.

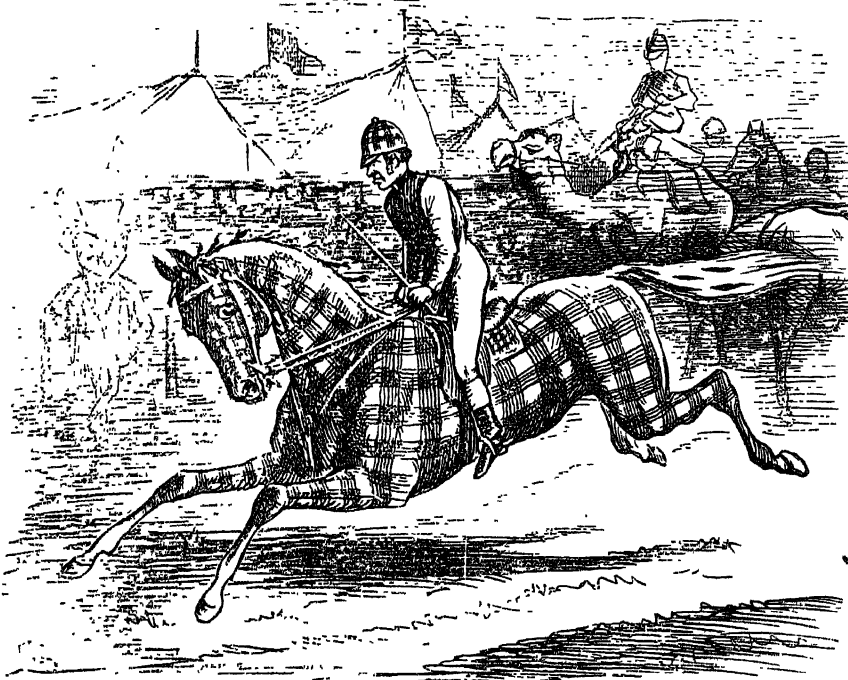
To your Posts! My Public.

MR. SCUDAMORE appeals to all sensible people to protect the telegraph apparatus. It seems that idiot boys, and more idiotic men of the "rough" species, are in the habit of making cockshies of the insulators. Now the working of the telegraph is transferred to St. Martin's-le-Grand, we cannot conceive a more legitimate "postage duty" than that of handing over to condign punishment all mischievous fools, young or old, found shying at the telegraph posts, or damaging telegraph wires.

Entertainment for Man and Beast.

DUE arrangements have been made, we are glad to see, by Privy Council Order, for "watering" beasts travelling by railway. Query if the "beasts" for whom "watering" on a journey compulsory provision is most needed, are the four-legged ones? By the beasts we have had most reason to complain of—however fond of "liquoring up"—"water" is about the last refreshment likely to be asked for.

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.



As usual, the Great Creature was more extraordinarily right than ever; and, if you think this sentence objectionable, the amount of care he feels is infinitesimal. But wasn't he? Every other Prophet, from the highly-educated gentlemen who describe a race daintily (and some of them do it very graphically indeed, besides quoting Latin), down to the touts and cads who send tips, declared not only that *Macgregor* (behold his tartaned likeness) would win, but that nothing else had any chance. Did *Mr. Punch* lend himself to that fatal delusion? Not he. Even in the grave

and solemn article, wherein he humbly and timidly describes the awful doings in the High Court of Parliament, he said,—

"And now, as regards *Macgregor*, it is certain that—"

The exigencies of publication required that he should here break off, but he continued, though unreported,—

"this vaunted horse will not only not win, but will not even be placed."

Well, did he win? Was he placed? Or was this the telegram?—

<i>Kingerft</i>	1
<i>Palmerston</i>	2
<i>Muster</i>	3

But was this all? *Punch* not only named the Winner, in his magnificent and coherent Prophecy, but,—look at his picture last week,—his grand Cartoon. Look, we say, with both your eyes, and say whether the Artist did not

Spot the Winner!

MUSIC.

As an answer to all Correspondents, we beg to inform them that MR. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN is lecturing at the South Kensington Museum. The Lectures are "On Music," and, not extempore, but from his own notes. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who have taken tickets in the hopes of hearing the talented composer sing his entire Oratorio, *The Prodigal Cox and Box*, right through from beginning to end, with imitations of drum and trumpet passages, have expected too much, and ought not to complain of disappointment. We are authorised to state that as the Lectures have no avowed political object, therefore, the gentleman who took away somebody's umbrella "by mistake" is requested to return it as soon as possible.

BLACKHEATH AND THE BOARD OF WORKS.

CERTAIN Witches in *Macbeth*, as performed with Witches additional to the Weird Sisters, sing, finely although in words other than those of the divine WILLIAMS, to music traditionally called MATTHEW LOCKE'S; brave music no matter whose:—

"We'll have a dance upon the heath."

On which announcement one speaking as a Clown of that WILLIAMS' creation might ask, "Marry, how shall ye, any your heath be enclosed?" Now the possibility of dancing on the heath called Blackheath appears to be in danger, from the fact that a large meeting was held there the other evening with a view to take measures against its threatened enclosure. The occasion of this concourse was one which might almost have excused such a gathering as that once convened on the same site—for Hyde Park was not then practicable—by JACK CADE. But the President of this Assembly was DR. W. C. BENNETT, who stated that:—

"By the Bill now sought to be obtained by the Metropolitan Board of Works he found that it was proposed to invest that Board with the power of enclosing any portion of the heath they chose, and also that power would be given to prevent the assembling of persons for what was termed 'brawling and shouting.'"

As regards these powers which the Board of Works is seeking to obtain from the Legislature, let us hope we shall find that:—

"The House of Commons granted half their prayer;
The other half the winds dispersed in air."

To prevent the assemblage of persons for what is termed, doubtless in mild language, brawling and shouting, is a power which by all means let the Board of Works obtain, if they can enforce it, and will. But the power of enclosing any portion of the heath they choose is what may be called altogether another pair of shoes. May their solicitation for this power to spoil a common be referred by the Commons' House to a Select Committee consisting of *Abolus* and his aerial subjects; and may the wild winds, having scattered it, continue to sweep over Blackheath as wild, or at least preserved, as DR. BENNETT said, "in its present natural open wildness."

A BEAUTIFUL PARLIAMENT.

WHEN lovely women are entrusted with the franchise, it may fairly be presumed that, in their choosing of a Member to vote for them in Parliament, the Eyes will often have it. The man of handsome face will pretty surely gain their countenance. It will matter very little if a candidate have brains, provided only he has beauty.

Now, as women far outnumber men, their votes will be decisive in deciding an election, in the good time coming, that is, of universal female suffrage. Therefore, candidates will chiefly aim to captivate the ladies, and will put on their best looks on the eve of an election. Indeed, as looks, not words, may be expected to have influence, we may live to see the day when, instead of putting forth an elaborate address, stating with distinctness his political opinions, a would-be Member will content himself with issuing his photograph. This will say more in his favour than any other eloquence, especially if he be gifted with a speaking countenance.

Ugly men, of course, will shrink from competition; and the battle at the poll will go with the best looking. The Ladies' Man will gain the day at each election; and what a Book of Beauty will *Hansard* not become when every speech therein recorded is adorned, for female reference, with the Member's *carte de visite*! Plain speakers will be quite unknown in the assemblage. Every M.P. will be either a *Narcissus* or *Adonis*. "Handsome is," not "handsome does," will be their only qualification. The best-looking man of all will be perpetually the Premier; and, in short, the House of Commons will have to change its title to the House of the Uncommons.

Another of our Institutions in Peril.

Is something dreadful going to happen to our Footmen? Does Reform threaten even them? What is in danger? Their meals or their plush, or their perquisites? Some terrible calamity must be hanging over their powdered heads, for a deputation from "The Livery Committee" have had an interview with MR. GÖSCHEN!

"NULLI SECUNDUS."

The dinner of the Coldstreams reminds us of their admirable anti-duelling proclamation. "Nobody's Second."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MAY 24TH. *Tuesday.* Having retired from the House of Commons, in displeasure at the affront offered to the Reporters, for whom he will ever "fight, until his waggish eyelids can no longer wag" (able Editors will please insert line in *Hamlet*, amended), and having casually mentioned that *Macgregor* would not win the Derby (he did not), *Mr. Punch* necessarily omitted to mention what had not happened at the time of his writing. When the Reporters re-entered, they were loudly cheered from all parts of the House. "An affront handsomely acknowledged becomes a favour," says *SHERIDAN*. Smoothing his brow, therefore, and resuming that beaming smile, never more exquisitely rendered than in last week's Cartoon (which also predicted the appearance of *MR. GLADSTONE* at the Derby, and the Premier was present), *Mr. Punch* proceeds to record that,

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, boy-beloved Brown, brought in a Bill to amend the laws relating to Horse Racing. He showed that the Jockey Club had not the power—if it had the will—to deal with betting and premature racing. He wished to abolish the running of two-year-olds, to withhold the Queen's Plates from anything under four years old, and to bring persons under the wrath of the Betting Act who took deposits for bets. The debate was not so amusing as it might have been made. *LORD ROYSTON* blushed (he said) that Parliament should discuss such trumpery matters, and thought that a horse was an animal (even *Mr. Squeers* allowed this), and that a man having a property in his animal, ought to do as he pleased with it. Nor did he see harm in betting among the lower orders, not even in that of house-maids and kitchen-maids. *MR. GUEST* thought Tattersall's ought to be abolished, and that the newspapers ought not to publish the odds. *MR. BERNAL OSBOENE* thought the time of the House was wasted over such a matter. Abstractedly, there may be something in this; but considering that the House does not refuse to listen to a complaint that a hedge-breaking tramp has had a couple of days' imprisonment, Imperial time might be spared to a subject which is interesting, as the friends of the turf vaunt, to the Million. The HOME SECRETARY was for leaving racing matters to the Jockey Club, but said that Government would do its best against betting. (The promise was partly redeemed, rather promptly, for the list-men were driven from the Derby.) *MR. HUGHES* got leave by 132 to 44 to bring in his Bill.

MR. AYRTON made another contribution to Art. He managed something which a less skilful practitioner could hardly have accomplished. Ministers have the most powerful majority that a Government has possessed since the days of *PITT*; and *MR. AYRTON* to-night actually contrived to have *MR. GLADSTONE*'s Administration defeated by a majority of 13. It was on that Kensington Road question—the giving away (almost) some most valuable land, and removing fine trees. The House refused to nominate a Committee on the Bill. Of course, attempt will be made to get the Vote rescinded. Now, *Mr. Punch*, as he has frequently remarked, is incarnate justice. He has rather distinctly expressed his opinion of *MR. AYRTON* as an Art-Minister and *Edile*, and even conveyed that opinion pictorially last week. But in this matter of the Road, *MR. AYRTON* is not altogether to be condemned. He inherited the scheme, he did not invent it. And there is an Invisible Screw—patent enough to the far-glancing eyes of *Mr. Punch*. No more at present, but a great deal more presently (English

word, not Scottish) should it be necessary. Just now, *Mr. Punch* believes the Ministerial idea is to let the matter rest; but when the Session shall be nearly over, and Members shall be tired and careless, somebody will say to somebody with a Happy Thought, "Now, Old Cockalorum, we'll bustle 'em somehow." Now, as *MR. DISRAELI* says in one of his earlier novels, "Cocky is a very good Cocky, and 'Bustle' is a very good horse," but he must not run on Kensington turf.

Wednesday. Second Reading, by 137 to 56, of a Bill for enabling a clergyman of the Church of England to doff his pastoral robe, if he finds it of the Nessus-shirt sort. That is, to let him by deed, enrolled in Chancery, and delivered to Bishop, relinquish his spiritual vocation. Also, if he think he should like to come back to the pulpit, he may do so by revoking his deed. Rather a good debate. *MR. HENLEY*, who has, for a most courageous man, a wonderful gift for seeing lions in every path, thought that sporting parsons would go out of orders during the hunting season, change black for pink, and afterwards return to the Church. Many things are possible, certainly, but a good many possible things never happen. The Bill is for the relief of a worthier sort of parson than he whom *MR. HENLEY* sketched. Government would not oppose the Second Reading, but added the usual reservation.

MR. PETER TAYLOR then went at the Game Laws, which he proposed to abolish. His arguments are well known, but some of his anecdotes seemed to be new, and were not accepted with favour. The smart speech of the day was by *MR. STURT*, who made good sport at *MR. TAYLOR*'s cost, but had more to say than smart things. He said that if a landlord made his tenants his friends, killed the rabbits and a good many of the hares, did not let his shooting for dirty sovereigns, and built cottages, the labourers became Preservers. He had educated 4000 pheasants the year before last; and for 23 years the average of poaching cases on his estate was only one annually. Adjourned by motion on the part of the clock-hands.

Yes, the Adulteration of Food Bill was withdrawn, but we are not going to let that question drop. Why the artisans do not take it up, it is hard to say. It affects them almost exclusively—the folks who pay the extortionate prices demanded by "high-class tradesmen" at all events are not cheated in the quality of the goods. Wisdom came from the East. In the East an extra-aluminous baker's ear makes close acquaintance with his door-post—here we give him damages against the newspaper that calls him thief. *Punch* infers that Wisdom took a return-ticket, and has used it. On the following night, *LORD EUSTACE CECIL* brought up the question, and wanted Government to undertake to deal with the law of adulteration. He and other Members adduced cases that almost make the imperturbable *Mr. Punch* indignant. But *MR. BAUCE* would only promise to "consider." *Mr. Punch* jeers in ancient song, from sheer weary recklessness—

"There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And he had no victuals to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune,
'Consider, my cow, consider.'"

He was not a practical old man. He might have played for hire, and bought her food, or he might have pawned his fiddle. But he was as practical as our law-makers.

Thursday. The Commons "saw land." That is, they saw to the end of the Irish Land Bill, and cheered considerably over the last amendment. *MR. LOWE* said they were parting, no doubt with many pangs, from the Bill, but that it would be hard work to get the House back into the blissful state of the last two months. Here it is convenient to add, that on the following Tuesday the Bill Passed, and was sent to the Lords, amid more cheering. This sort of "What a good boy am I" may be natural, but we ask with tears in our eyes, is it dignified?

In one of the jolly *BLACKWOOD* novels of old days, there is a story of a sentinel, to whose demand "Who goes there?" the reply was given "Naval officer drunk in a wheelbarrow." "Pass Naval officer drunk in a wheelbarrow." Naval officers never get drunk and ride in wheelbarrows now, but they do what annoys their superiors a great deal more. They use an Englishman's liberty to "write to the papers" when a wrong has been done. This practice excites the utmost ire on the part of the authorities, who visit the offender with damaging displeasure. The subject came up to-night. What would the authorities like? Should an officer, wronged, imitate recent proceedings in Jersey, and raise a *Clameur de Childers*—fall down on his knees on the quarter-deck and cry, "CHILDERS, CHILDERS, to my aid, my prince; somebody's a injuring of me." Surely this would not be compatible with the dignity of an officer and a gentleman, and it would fail to impress the midshipmites with that awe and reverence they ought to feel for their nautical superiors.

Friday. *LORD GRANVILLE* spoke of the wanton, senseless, and indefensible Fenian Raid into Canada, and said that our troops are not to be recalled at present. The gallant Canadians seem quite able and willing to take care of themselves, and the only thing to be wished is that the Fenian scoundrels had marched a little farther into the bowels of the land, so that a good many more might have been shot and hanged. But they have been very briefly kicked over the frontier, and

into the American gaol—see Cartoon—and if Brother JONATHAN wishes to heap coals of fire on our head he will “give it ‘em hot”—if the slight colloquiality be excusable in an international communication whence inelegancies should be eliminated.

Nothing interesting in the Commons, except LORD EUSTACE CECIL'S debate, already noted. A Burials Bill, which was grimly brought on at the witching hour of Midnight, the House resented, and divided until it was too late to do anything but go to bed.

Monday. The Lords had a wrangle, and there was even temper shown over the CHANCELLOR'S Bill for Improving Judicature. Certain Law Lords declared that it could not properly be dealt with in Committee, so they went out of the House, and the clauses were carried in their absence. When *Mr. Punch* states that such peers as LORD CAIRNS and LORD WESTBURY were among these dissenters, it is more generous in him than may be imagined, because he thereby precludes himself from telling the story of the man in the gallery of the theatre, who, displeased at a play, cried “Silence, fellows, or I'll leave the house,” a story he would otherwise like to tell.

Touching the exclusion of strangers, MR. CRAWFORD explained that he did not mean to turn out the Ladies, inasmuch as all of them, except two, had gone away as soon as they heard what subject was coming on. But he wished to keep the discussion out of the newspapers. In reply to which *Mr. Punch* takes leave to cite, with extraordinary approbation, a passage from an article in the *Daily News* :—

“The gentlemen in the Reporters' Gallery, who are in the daily habit of suppressing Parliamentary nonsense and bad grammar, would not be unequal to the suppression of Parliamentary indecency.”

Gunners—we mean shooters at game—listen! MR. LOWE intends to make it obligatory to take out the present Game Certificate as well as the new Gun Licence. And *Mr. Punch* records with pleasure that the Commons passed the Bill for protecting the Property and Earnings of Married Women—let the Lords sit and do likewise.

Tuesday. (Eve of the *Kingcraft* Derby.) Some sharp talk in the House of Lords about the Bribery Commissioners, and LORD SALISBURY said that the brow-beating by some of them reminded him of JUDGE JEFFRIES (by the way, MR. SCHARF'S National Portrait Gallery has a full length of this judge when young, and he looks rather an elegant and languid person, somewhat bored with life, and not at all like the “gorging fiend” he afterwards became, as represented this year in MR. E. M. WARD'S painting, wherein he reviles BAXTER), and a good many other severe things were said—some of them will be noticed in India. The Lords passed the Felony Bill, so that the family of a convict may not be exposed to the additional hardship of becoming paupers. LORD CAIRNS gave notice that he should fight the LORD CHANCELLOR on the Judicature Bill, and their Lordships rose for their holidays, which end the 13th of June.

The Commons met in the morning, that is, at 2 P.M., and sat till past 1 A.M., deducting a couple of hours for dinner. Yes, very hard working, indeed—perhaps the next day was not the Derby Day. The chief subject of their discussion was the Navy Estimates, into which *Mr. Punch* has not the remotest intention of going, beyond saying that about two millions of pounds sterling were voted. Having done with the ships,

Their Commonships rose for their holidays, ending in what the mover was pleased to call Thursday “se’night.”

Wednesday. The Mysterious Wednesday, touching which *Mr. Punch* proposes here merely to quote from one of the most spirited poems by a bard whom Scotland ought to honour a great deal more than she appears to do. For while hackneyed quotations from BURNS are served up in every Scotch speech and article until one would believe that Scotland had never owned another poet (whereas she is rich in that matter), nobody in the North quotes HOGG. *Mr. Punch* will quote him, however, apropos of the Derby :—

“MACGREGOR, MACGREGOR, our scouts have been flying.

Of riding and running such tidings they bear.

‘Thou know’st in this strife I was never behind.’

MACGREGOR IS VANISHED FOR EVER AND AXE!”

A Question for Ayrton.

M. VANDAL is the Director-General of the French Post Office. Here, we have made *our* M. Vandal First Commissioner of Works.

People don't like asking AYRTON questions; but there is a question for “the noble savage” suggested by this arrangement—which is most out of place, a Vandal presiding over a nation's Letters, or a Vandal in authority over its Arts?

“THE RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY.”—Long Sermons.

GLADSTONE AT THE DERBY.

“Among the faces near the PRINCE OF WALES was seen, for the first time, that of MR. GLADSTONE.”—*Derby Reporters.*

Of what is the great man thinking, as he looks o'er rough and raff,
Mid the roar of the ring and the buzz of the stand, and the shouting
and slang and chaff?

Is he thinking “Was it for this the House has sacrificed a day?”

Or, “I wonder what business I have here—and what those who see me say?”

Or, “Is this crowd a sample of the ‘country’ to which I go?
Its lounging class and its labouring class—its high and middle and low?
Are these roughs what I refer to, when I talk of ‘working men’?
Is yon crowd a type of ‘the masses,’ and this of ‘The Upper Ten’?”

Or is he comparing the races here with those in St. Stephen's run—
The “milking” and “scratching” before the event, the weighing after
it's done.

The false starts, and the jockeyship—the rush past the Judge's chair,
Now neck and neck, now with any amount of heads or lengths to
spare?

Is he thinking of the thrill of pride, as the winner moves along,
Back to the scales, amid the cheers of the clamouring, crowding
throng;

And questioning which is the headiest draught, that which FRENCH will
drink to-day;

Or his own, as through Palace Yard he moves, on the eve of some
mighty fray?

Or wondering how men so all unlike as himself and the swells around
Can breathe the same air, and wear the same clothes, and stand on the
same ground?

Or gauging *Juventus Mundi* against its *Senectus* here,
In a parallel of the Derby with the races round Hector's bier?

Doth he sniff, complacent, in advance, or by anticipation spurn,
The incense to-morrow's newspapers will in his honour burn?
Is he here to study the sporting-men, and the mystery to explore
That still brings the flies to the spiders, and finds geese to pluck *galore*?

Or is he thinking of Bills to be drawn, *vice* TOM HUGHES, by THRING,
For putting down two-year-old races, and clipping the combs of the
Ring?

Is he here, like a schoolmaster, scanning the back on which the rod's
to be laid,

Ere he selects the birch-twigs of which the rod shall be made?

Or is he simply standing amazed, as a green though middle-aged man,
At the mighty, motley, crowd he has come for the first time, to-day, to
scan;

Half dazzled and half disgusted, half horrified, half enthralled,
Now cheered by the stir, and anon by the sin and rascaldom appalled?

Whatever the great man is thinking, I'm thinking as I stand near,
None has more right to an outing, or looks less like taking it here.

He, too, as a Derby favourite his public running began;
But where he will end it, who can say—he or any other man?

Fenians in Fourth Class Carriages.

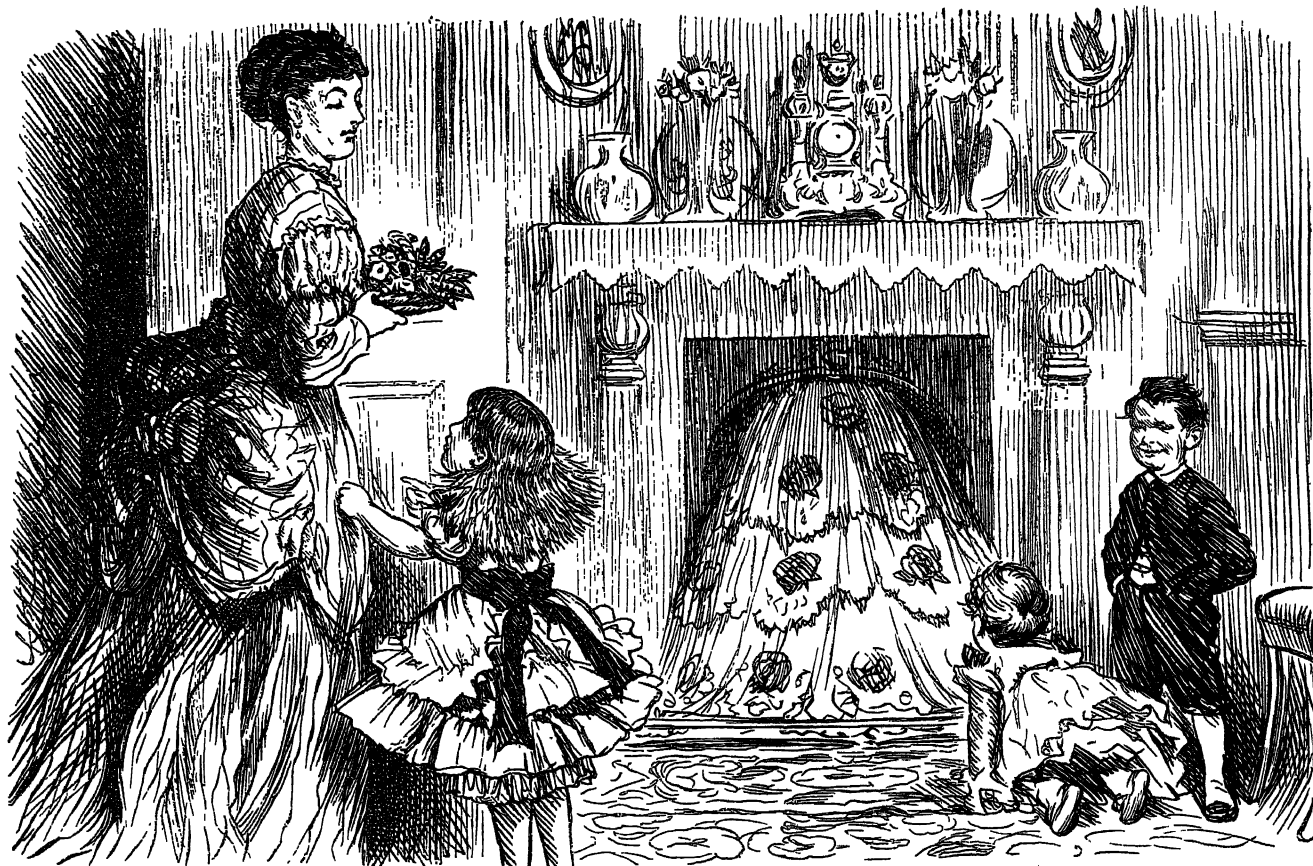
THE Colonial Office received from SIR J. YOUNG, Governor General of Canada, a telegram to the effect that the Fenians were much demoralised, and were finding their way home in cattle trucks. Next to a hurdle a cattle truck is about the most appropriate conveyance for Fenians that can well be conceived. Persons unacquainted with military language may wonder how it can be possible for creatures destitute of a moral nature to be “demoralised.” Fancy the state of a cattle truck full of demoralised Fenians. It would, of course, have to be disinfected before an owner of stock could possibly think of putting into it a lot of any decent beasts.

An Advance.

WE read of an A.B.C. company for utilising sewage by solidification. We are glad to see a Company for this purpose that has got as far as the three first letters of the Alphabet. Till now, we have never known one that even succeeded in “making its mark.”

A HARD LIFE.

WHO can wonder at MR. GLADSTONE wishing for a little relaxation, and going to the Derby, after reading that in one day (not long before the Epsom week) he received four deputations on the subject of the Education Bill!



"ANY ORNAMENTS FOR YOUR FIRE-STOVES?"

Little Flora (in great distress). "OH, MAMMA, LOOK HERE! JACK SAYS IT'S AUNT FANNY! SHE'S GOT ON HER BEAUTIFUL BALL-DRESS WITH THE ROSES ON IT, AND SHE'S STUCK IN THE CHIMNEY!"

THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS' SONG.

AIR—"The Canadian Boat Song."

FENIAN rogues, collegued in crime,
Marauders, once more they have failed this time,
Scum of the earth, which alone to skim
The hangman is meet, and base work for him!
Lo, brothers, lo, the thieves run fast,
The rascals off sheer, and the danger's past.

Whilst plunder's flag those foemen furl,
As high as a kick can a caitiff hurl,
The villains who that banner bore,
The frontier we foot, each scoundrel, o'er;
Ho, brothers ho, the knaves run fast!
Their rifles, for fear, are behind them cast.

Up, away, skyward, trembling loon,
Aloft as far as the palefaced moon,
Shame of the Green Isle, Erin fair,
From tip of toe through fields of air!
So brothers, so the brute flies fast,
And won't he come down with a bump at last!

Brief, but Obscure.

MRS. MALAPROP spent the Queen's Birthday very pleasantly at Hampton Court, listening to the band of the Lancets. But one thing rather puzzled her. Certain busts were pointed out to her as those of the Roman Emperors, CÆSAR and POMPEY and the rest of them; and yet she noticed that under every one was the word—objectionable anywhere, but particularly so in such a place as Hampton Court Palace—imp.

WHOLESALE TOBACCO-STOPPERS.

We learn that at the annual meeting of the British Anti-Tobacco Society—

"The report asserted that the lunatic asylums were filled with persons whose malady had been mainly produced by the use of tobacco. It also stated that smokers were generally tipplers, and impervious to the truths of religion."

There is no great step, perhaps between insanity and atheism, for lunatics and atheists alike are wanting reason. But the statement that smokers are usually irreligious is not more true than the assertion that they usually are lunatics. Either statement is as true, or it may be as false, as the assumption that smokers are "generally tipplers;" and we are not surprised to find that the tobacco-stoppers should have ended their report by sweepingly affirming that—

"The great majority of diseases afflicting mankind was produced by smoking."

Doctors will, no doubt, attest the truth of this assertion. Everybody knows, indeed, that scarlet fever, rheumatism, ague, gout, lumbago, sciatica, sore-throat, neuralgia, tic-doloureux, dysentery, cholera, bronchitis, quinsy, asthma, toothache, small-pox, whooping-cough, and measles, are all diseases mainly resulting from tobacco. In general estimation merely general assertions are held of little value; but this fact is forgotten by the Anti-Smoke Society, who never seem to shrink from going the whole hog in their protests against pig-tail.

Beware of Pickpockets!

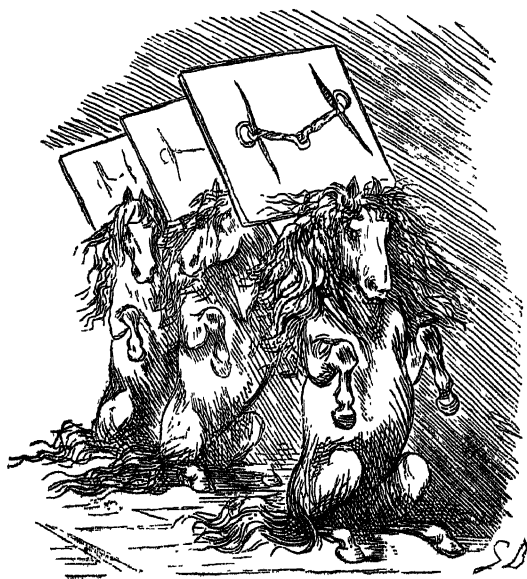
THE House of Rothschild has issued the prospectus of a new Spanish loan on the security of the Almaden quicksilver mines. Let investors look at the present position of Spanish bondholders and be wise. Spanish Governments may *lend* on quicksilver, but they *pay* in remarkably slow gold.



KICK'D OUT!!

JOSIAH (PRESIDENT GRANT). "WELL KICK'D, BRITISHER! GUESS I'LL KETCH THE SKUNK FOR YER, THIS SIDE!"

A NEW HISTORY OF INVENTIONS.



ow did ladies and hair-dressers and milliners and sub-editors manage without scissors? This is a point which has not received sufficient attention from the acute metaphysician and the keen statistician; and yet it is an important one, for we know, from JOSEPHUS, who handles the matter in his usual trenchant style, that many centuries came and went after the needle had penetrated domestic life, before the meritorious little implement, of which we are now treating, was to be found lying in the work-box, or depending from the girdle of the wives and mothers of the middle ages.

The invention of "the glittering forfex," like the discovery of steam,

and printing, and portable soup, and pomatum, has been claimed by various nations, many eras, and different individuals, with a good deal of acrimony and mutual abuse; and at this distance of time it is impossible to determine, with any approach to mathematical accuracy, which of the competitors has the best title to a niche in the Temple of Fame, and a handsome testimonial in money or plate.

In this country alone, not to mention Silesia and the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, the thought is said to have flashed first across the great mind of STEELE, in the seclusion of that sequestered cottage at Edgware, where he lived so long undisturbed by Tattlers and unmolested by Spectators; but modern criticism refuses to believe in SIR RICHARD's pretensions, and rather pins its faith on GRANVILLE SHARP, or LORD CUTTS, or LORD SHEFFIELD (GIBBON's friend), or some one of the roistering blades of "the younger CHARLES's" inventive age; and in this envelope of uncertainty we must leave the question, believing there will never cease to be a division of opinion upon it even in the best circles.

The Crusaders were fine fellows, and we are deeply obliged to them for the Jerusalem Artichoke. So were the Knights of the Circular Table issuing their invitations at Caerleon, and those "Wandering Minstrels," the Troubadours, and the Barons who initiated a long succession of reforms on the green sward of Runnymede, and the Five Members, and the Seven Bishops, and the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Doges of Venice, and the Stadtholders; but they all, in comparison with us polished nineteenth century men, laboured under one great disadvantage, and had to contend with one serious drawback—they could not have their boots blacked either in the privacy of their own homes, or at the corner of St. James's Street. Blacking was unknown in their days and dressing-rooms, and the bright thought of patent leather was still wrapt in impenetrable obscurity. We know more about Castor and Pollux, or HARMODIUS and ARISTOGEITON, than they did of DAY & MARTIN; and in their bosoms the name of WARREN awakened no more pleasing recollections than that of PSAMMITICHUS would in our breasts. All honour, then, to these benefactors to their race (MESSRS. D. & M., and Mr. W.) who, in the midst of trying times (the period of one of the French Revolutions), devoted their leisure hours to the study of chemistry, and produced the composition which reflects lustre on their names, and renders us indifferent to the mud of Tottenham Court Road.

SONGS OF THE SORROWFUL.

IV.—"THE MAN WITH HOUSE PROPERTY."

In happier days I often sighed
To think, alas! that I
No stake had in the country
In the shape of property.
I had no land on which I could
Erect a house or two,
Until one day I was left six
Small cottages at Kew.

The relative who left me them
No doubt imagined he
Was doing something generous
Towards me, his legatee.

Alas! the cruel deed he did
I trust he little knew
When he gave up to me those six
Vile cottages at Kew.

I took possession speedily,
And made the tenants quake—
Possession was for some time all
That I contrived to take.
For Number One went off one night
Just as his rent was due,
And didn't even leave the key
Of Cobden Cottage, Kew.

Then Number Two began to growl
Because his cellar damp was,
And Number Three, an aged dame—
A sort of *Sairey Gamp* was—
Vowed she'd not pay at all; that I
Could not induce her to;
That I might take away the doors
From Woodbine Cottage, Kew.

I did. She stayed—at length I had
To bribe her to retreat.
At Number Four the gentleman
His wife would nightly beat,
Which forced poor Number Five to quit—
A tenant good and new—
The only one midst all the row
Who paid his rent at Kew.

Then as to Number Six—he seemed
A pleasant sort of man;
He paid his quarter in advance—
A most unusual plan.
One day he went off in a cab
With two stern men in blue,
Howled at by all who lived around
Those cottages at Kew.

These tenants superseded quite
Have been by others since.
I never see an applicant
But at the sight I wince.
For though most satisfactory
May be our interview,
We're bound to grow to deadly foes
In course of time at Kew.

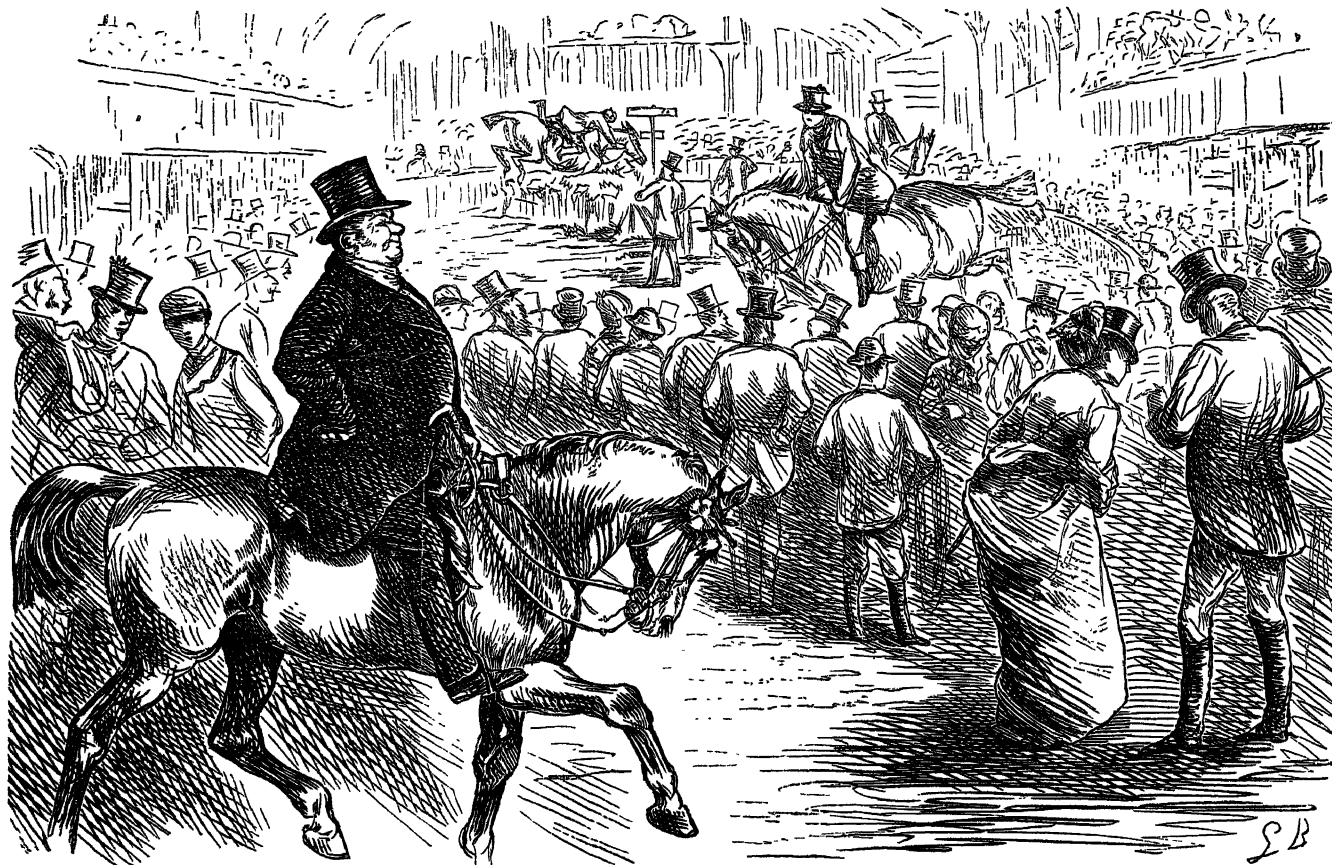
One wants his drains attended to,
Another's bells are wrong,
A third insists on paint at once—
That is the usual song,
Combined with papering; a fourth
Goes on about the flue;
There never were such buildings as
Those cottages at Kew.

I try to meet them every way,
And take the greatest pains
To remedy the chimneys
And ameliorate the drains.
I paint, I paper—all in vain
Is everything I do:
Oh, Uncle JONES, why did you leave
Me cottages at Kew?

I built a stable at the back
Of Number Three—those frights
At Number Four declared that it
Disturbed their "ancient lights."
They are twin sisters, and to soothe
The feelings of the two
I'd to reduce the rent five pounds,
Of Crabtree Cottage, Kew.

Ye who have sighed for "house and lands"
Pray warning take by me,
And never hope an uncle will
Leave you "house property."
But if you're anxious to invest,
Much pleasure will accrue
By purchasing my charming six
Small cottages at Kew.

TURF REFORM.—Mowing your Lawn.



"THE CHURCHMAN ARMED AGAINST THE ERRORS OF THE TIME."

REVEREND AND JOLLY OLD MR. HOODWINK, OUR COUNTRY RECTOR, HAS (OF COURSE) COME UP FOR THE MAY MEETINGS; BUT HE MANAGED TO RUN DOWN TO THE DERBY (IN A BLACK TIE), AND HERE HE FINISHES THE WEEK BY WINNING HONOURS WITH HIS CLEVER COB, AT THE HORSE SHOW, WHERE HE PASSES FOR, AT LEAST, A SWELL STUD-GROOM.

SPOILED GOODS.

THE defeat of *Macgregor* in the Derby was a great loss to the joke-makers as well as to the bookmakers. Fully prepared to make a most improper use of MR. MERRY's name, they were reluctantly compelled to return home with several jokes in their heads unused; and not even on the Oaks Day had they the much wished-for opportunity of dealing out these choice samples of wit and humour.

We know, on unimpeachable authority, that had *Macgregor* won, these amusing and original persons meant to have said, that wherever they went on the course their eyes rested on a Merry party; and to have eclipsed this brilliant remark by the overpowering observation, that everybody seemed bent on a regular good Merrymaking, with the addition of a hint to the festal revellers, that it were good to be Merry and wise. Some of the more literary spirits had ready a quotation from BYRON (see the *Bride of Abydos*) to the effect, that "All went Merry as a marriage bell,"—it was impossible to introduce this extract from his works on Friday after the success of *Gamos*—and the more hardened offenders would have gone the length of declaring that from first to last the conduct of the possessor of *Macgregor* and *Sunshine* had been highly Meritorious.

As it was, the dispirited jokesters ventured on nothing more striking than a comment on the thousands of persons whose Merriment was spoilt for the day at 3.23 P.M. with a contemptuous reference to their thoughts being anything but Merrythoughts. The only other attempt made was a hazy sort of calculation as to the number of disappointed people who were at that moment saying, with *Othello*, "I am not Merry," or expressing their disbelief in the possibility of the existence of any such character as Mr. Merryman.

A Great and Good Painter.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER was humanely right in what he said at the Annual Meeting of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Cropping a dog's ears is "a cruel and injurious practice"—one which we hope will never crop up again.

A LOSS TO ANCIENT NICHOLAS.

JUDICIOUSLY criticising an injudicious judgment upon an appeal from a recent decision in the Probate and Divorce Court—a judgment opposed to common sense and to the opinion of the LORD CHIEF BARON, the *Times* quotes, as illustrative of the spirit in which judges trained to the Common Law are given to adjudicate on legal questions, the saying of LORD KENYON's:—"If we take to considering equities, we are lost." Just so. In any case of legal doubt the safe side, in the view of your thorough lawyer, is the side of iniquity. He feels that, by taking the just side, he would be in so far lost to the service of that personage whose name is borne by that celebrated Corps euphemistically entitled the Inns of Court Volunteers.

Aphrodite's New Accomplishment.

CAN you imagine Venus smoking, and smoking, too, not a delicate cigarette, not a mild cigar, but—a pipe? Distressing as the revelation may be, there is too good reason for believing that the Goddess of Love and Beauty *did* indulge in tobacco; for in a newspaper notice of the Exhibition of Fans, now open at the South Kensington Museum, we read that the subject painted on one of the pretty specimens in the Collection is "Venus coming from the Meerschaum"—probably after a symposium on Olympus with some fast young gods.

Chancery Logic.

A LEARNED Vice-Chancellor, protesting against the union of Law and Equity, declared (after a recent banquet) there was "as much difference between them as between the Army and the Navy." Unhappily, we don't "follow you, Sir." A union of land and sea forces is usually a means to success. The lawyer's alligator is somewhat headstrong. He has "leave to amend."

WELL-INFORMED CIRCLES.—*Not Betting Rings.*

REAL ENJOYMENT.



THE Derby Day—Up an hour and a half earlier than usual. Feverish in consequence. Party to fetch me late. Barouche-and-four. On the box. Drive down. Natural gaiety. Very lively at first. Episode of despondency about Clapham. Silence. Resumed gaiety about Sutton. Dust in whiskers, moustache, and beard. Grimy with dust. Guinea to get a place on the course. Capital place to see from. Descend to join other friends. Bothered by men with dusting brushes. Entered in five different sovereign sweepstakes. Drawn a non-starter in all. Meet some ladies. Gallantry compels me to accept a challenge in gloves. More ladies in another part. More gallantry. (N.B. Gallantry compels me to pay, whether one loses or wins. Perhaps they'll forget it. Hope so.) Course gradually crowded. See a short cut back to barouche, in and out of the hind wheels of various carriages, and over the box ("shortest and cheapest route") of an apparently empty one. Not empty. Post boy sitting by wheel below. Altercation with him as to how I came there. Row compromised for a shilling. Hat knocked off by the sudden opening of a carriage. Disreputable appearance of hat in consequence. Suddenly discover that I am nowhere near our barouche. Hunger. Thirst. Weariness. Hear cheering and excitement. Some race is going on. Not the race, surely? Not the Derby. Must see it, at all hazards. Suddenly appear in the rumble of somebody else's carriage. Beg pardon, but want to see the race. Row with infuriated gentleman in a dust-coat and blue veil. Offer of kicking. Offer declined. Disappearance of myself from somebody else's rumble. Attempts to see what race it is by jumping up at intervals. Failure. Conclude that all races are alike and not worth seeing. Become one of a crowd listening to niggers. Extricate myself. Fancy I see our barouche in the distance. Take the right direction for it; find I'm wrong again. Wish I hadn't left the carriage. Wish I hadn't come at all. Find a friend's carriage. Throw out hints to induce him to offer me luncheon. He drops casually, that he *never* brings lunch to the Derby, but goes to somebody's (forget whose) booth or tent, or something of the sort. Charge one guinea. I must do this, if I don't find anyone to feed me. Wander over the course by the backs of the carriages. Hit on good idea: to walk along, and then when I've come to the last carriage, turn down by the ropes. Do so. Long business. More and more thirsty. Meet a friend. He is finding his carriage. He finds it joyfully. Another chance of lunch. No; he has had lunch elsewhere. Leave them after entering more gloves with ladies. At last regain barouche. Luncheon finished, except what the postboys are sharing with a gipsy, two children, a dog, and an unattached Ethiopian serenader. Have half a mind to join them. Champagne left. Drink it viciously. Friends so sorry about luncheon, but thought I had gone to the Grand Stand for it. Will go there. Another guinea. Dry chicken, and all the salad gone. Stick to barouche after this. Friend on box with me quarrelsome, from mid-day champagne. Rain. No room inside carriage. Gallantry yields

umbrella to ladies. Dust as bad as ever, in spite of rain, going home. Dead lock, owing to one inebriated postilion getting himself entangled somehow with another inebriated postilion. Quarrelsome friend abuses occupants of other carriage. Screams. Fight. Gallantry (in the presence of ladies) again compels me to side with my friend. Cheers from crowd. Something in my face like a sledge hammer. Feel as if my nose had suddenly been spread over my face. Find myself once more on the box. Held on by somebody. Recovery. Quarrelsome friend has vanished. In charge, I believe. Pelted with peas. Feel very unwell. Getting down at Sutton for refreshment, am left behind. Pay five shillings to the conductor of an omnibus to take me with his party. Party chiefly asleep, the others singing. Protest against my appearance, but ultimate fraternisation.

Next Day.—Violent cold, rheumatism, bilious attack. Sum up losses on bets to the amount of fifteen pounds, exclusive of sweepstakes and share of expenses. Clothes utterly spoilt. Hat, too. *Real enjoyment!*

WONDERFUL VITALITY OF VEGETABLE LIFE.

"The Royal Botanic Society's Annual Exhibition of Plants, Flowers, Fruit, and Works of Art was opened this morning [May 25th] in the grounds in Regent's Park. The exhibition will be continued to-morrow, and on June 22nd and 23rd, and July 6th and 7th."

We congratulate this excellent Society on having been instrumental in bringing the cultivation of the garden and the management of the hot-house to such perfection that an exhibition of flowers, fruit, &c., commenced in the month of May, can be continued in June, and even as late as July. Many of us would give anything to know the secret of preserving flowers and fruit fresh and good for so many weeks. Perhaps the newspaper reporter will tell us how it is done.

NONE OF YOUR EASY SHAVING.

JURILATE! ("Squires.) The Game Licence is to be retained, and the Gun Tax imposed all the same. How vexed all the big boys will be in the holidays! Ha, ha! Of course the Gun Tax is not meant for the purpose of revenue. If it served that purpose, it would not answer the purpose of spoiling sport, which its promoters wish to spoil. Mr. Lowe truly said that he had framed his Budget on the principle of making everybody a little uncomfortable. He has reduced the taxation of the community at large, and made each individual feel that he has more to pay. The reverse of this method used to be ignorantly held to be the perfection of finance. But Mr. Lowe despises the stupidity which vulgarly asks, "What's the odds, so long as you're happy?"

ANYTHING GREEN IN BLACKHEATH?

THE inhabitants of Blackheath have refused the offer of the Metropolitan Board of Works to "plant it and beautify it."

With the experience of THWAITES and his works, they may well doubt the capacity of the Board to "beautify," however satisfied they may be, from recollection of certain transactions in contracts among honourable Members of the Board, of their perfect readiness to "plant."

The motto of Blackheath is "*Timeo Theocriton et dona ferentes*;" and Punch is by no means prepared to say, that it is not a wise one.

Abbreviated Alphabet.

(With a Moral for the Fenians.)

- A for America land of the free,
- B stands for Britishers bred up in C.
- C stands for Canada, Colonists too,
- D for the duty they gallantly do,
- E stands for England, friendly with A,
- F for the Fenian, running away.
- G stands for "Got him,"—and A holds him fast,
- H stands for "Hang him,"—and so that's the last.

An Anglo-Continental Question.

A LETTER in the *Times*, from a firm of solicitors, states that a client of theirs will in a few days have completed a contract for the purchase of the freehold in Leicester Square, and thereafter intends "to forthwith let the land on building leases." Shall Leicester Square be abolished, then? It is for Parliament to say yes or no. Cannot the Legislature force the sale of any freehold to a railway company? Why not also to the nation? Oblige, therefore, the purchaser of the Leicester Square freehold to sell it *pro bono publico*. At the same time pay him his price, and make the man happy.



HORRIBLE REVELATIONS.

(PATERFAMILIAS HAS PURCHASED THE LEASE OF A PICTURESQUE OLD RAMSHACKLE RED-BRICK HOUSE, WHICH IS UNDERGOING REPAIR.)

"Think you seed one of 'em a croling along the winder? Ah! jest you wait till you've been and slep' 'ere for a hour or two! Why, wood-panelling, hoak in particular, is more liable not anything for sich as them to harbour, and they accumulates *tremenjous*, and you never gets rid of 'em, try what you will! If you was to take down this 'ere panel, tho' there haint so much as room for the hedge of a carvin'-knife betwix' the wood and the bricks be'ind, you'd find 'em clustered as thick as grapes! Ah! and if you was jest to blow a puff o' your cigar on 'em, they stand up straight on their ind legs, and look at you jest like a regiment o' sogers!"

Chorus. "O! Papa!"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We are wiser than our ancestors, with their witches and their warlocks,
And their ghosts that whipped through key-holes, and their spirits that
laughed at door-locks,
And the exorcists who laid them, with bell and book and candle,
And the miracle-mongering monk, who on the fiend's neck set his
sandal.

We have ceased to believe in alchemy, transmutation, and astrology:
And we don't say "Stop!" to Science, when it contradicts theology:
And HUXLEY has no need to fear BRUNO's fate, or GALILEO's,
And primary cells and nerve-force *veneramur sicut Deos*.

Of the marches of mind and morals, we esteem the march of mind
most;

And our motto in life and business is "Devil take the hindmost!"
And we've discovered a talisman called "Competitive Examination,"
To draw our collective wisdom to the service of the nation:

And our women are all on the *qui vive*, with the men in active hos-
tilities,

For doing away with the differences of sex, and its disabilities;
And LADY AMBERLEY lectures, and PROFESSORINN FAWCETT preaches,
That males have exclusive right to not even so much as breeches.

Labour's at odds with Capital, man with woman, matter with mind—
To prove that if two folks ride on a horse, neither ought to ride behind.
And so nicely we've balanced Self-government against Centralisation,
Each neutralises the other, and both are in stagnation.

Here's HOME in Belgravian drawing-rooms flies by miracle up to the
ceiling:

And carries hot coals on pate or palm, no inconvenience feeling
And the hands of the departed calls up underneath the table,
Which to put a cheque into his, now and then—if the Court would let
them—are able.

And here's DR. NEWTON, out-Homing HOME, and curing folks'
diseases,
Giving blind and dumb, and deaf and halt, eyes, ears, tongues, legs as
he pleases:

By laying his hands upon them, and bidding their ailments begone,
And doing it all for love, and not money—the downy one!

And for all our march of intellect, and our monarchy of mind,
There's never a Reynard the Fox, but he draws his tail of fools behind;
And there's never a quack that quacks, but he finds green geese to
echo his quacking,

And never a swindler that lowers his trawl, and finds the flat-fish
lacking!

Police Notice.

Mr. Punch begs to apprise a certain class of correspondent that he
has already received 117 letters, containing what is considered by the
writers a joke on the name of "Gamos," the winner of the Oaks, who
is of course called a "game 'oss." He will place any future epistles
of the kind in the hands of the police. It may be convenient to add,
that a Magistrate is not at liberty to bail such offenders.

TELL HER, SOMEBODY.—MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says that she can't
understand why there is so much small-pox in Paris, seeing that the
EMPEROR has for so many years adopted a vaccinating policy.



"A THING OF BEAUTY."

Visitor. "WELL, GEORGE, AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN TO BE, WHEN YOU HAVE GROWN UP?"

George (promptly). "AN ARTIST!"

Visitor. "WELL, THEN, YOU SHALL PAINT MY PORTRAIT."

George. "AH! BUT I MEAN TO PAINT PRETTY THINGS!!"

OUR NIGGER HIGHWAYMEN.

AMERICA, a while ago, was troubled by the Blacks, and just now we in London are pestered by the Lamp-Blacks. Sham niggers flock to town on their journey to the races, and make it their head-quarters for a chief part of the season. From Camberwell to Highgate, from Kensington to Hackney, there is scarcely to be found a so-called quiet street but all day long it echoes with the rattling of the bones and the twanging of the banjo. Policemen are in vain appealed to for relief. Their sympathies are mostly on the side of the street minstrels. In the ears of cooks and housemaids such music finds much favour, and it is a weakness of the Force to obey their fair enslavers. So they let the black-faced banjo-players bellow as they please, and do not even beg of them to warble *sotto voce*.

Unvexed by the Police, the Blacks infest a street until they have levied some black mail from its inhabitants. This having been exacted, the brigands then proceed to pillage the next street, levelling their banjos at the ears of all its inmates. Surely, thus extorting money is a sort of highway robbery, and ought to be punished by a sufficient penalty. Fifty years ago suspected highwaymen were hung; it was death to be seen upon the highway with one's face blacked. What a blessing it would be if such were now the case! Only make it penal to be seen with a blacked face, and, though infested still by organ-grinders, German band-its, bagpipe-squealers, fiddlers, fluters, howlers, harpers, horn-blowers, and other noisy ruffians, our highways would, at least, be freed from nigger highwaymen.

Wales in Ireland.

If the PRINCE OF WALES has any intention of buying Tolly-more for an Irish residence—as we sincerely hope he has—all we can say is "Tolle moras;" or in English, "the sooner the better."

THE FENIAN'S QUICK MARCH FROM CANADA.

"RUN away, run boys, run :
Each throw away his gun.
To the right about!"
We raised the shout,
And did all of us fly like fun.

Bullets of Volunteers
Whistled around our ears,
The Canadian shot
Made heroes trot;
Did it not so, my brave compeers?

Some, to the rifle's crack,
Fell, being hit in back,
But we mostly sped
Right clear, ahead,
As we fast reversed our track.

We were the boys that beat,
Faith, what a fine retreat!
At a double quick
Step, quite the kick,
Bad cess to the foemen's feet!

Stay to be tamely caught?
Perish so base a thought!
For the necktie's loose,
The Saxon noose,
For the Sons of Freedom, tant.

Blow the brass trumpet, come,
Bang the big hollow drum,
And defiance roar
To Britain's shore:
We skedaddled, but won't be dumb.

Catechism for the Home Secretary.

WHAT difference is there between Cabs under the Old Law and Cabs under the New?
State the advantages to Londoners derived from the use of Flags on Cabs?

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM.

MRS. LAVINIA RAMSBOTHAM writes to say that she is inclined towards Riddleism. She has already purchased all the photographs of the Clergy of St. Album's, Holborn.

FIGARO'S "FOLLE JOURNÉE."

LYING, like truth, is a dangerous game. The world's ready belief of the lie often proclaims its opinion of the liar. The French *Figaro*, by the announcement that he had sold himself to the Republicans, in a number made up of forged articles purporting to be from famous Republican hands—has sold not only the Parisian *gobemouches*, but the *Times* and other sober English organs of opinion.

Figaro cares little about selling other papers: his real object, of course, was to sell *Figaro*; and this he has done, to the tune of 150,000 copies.

Such a success shows not only the ability of the hoax, but its probability.

Who would believe that *Punch* had sold himself—say, to the Protectionists, or the Ritualists, to WHALLEY and NEWDEGATE, or MANING and the Propaganda, to HARDY and hot Toryism, or the Right Honourable BENJAMIN LOTHIAN—even though he proclaimed the transaction in leaded type, and imitated ever so well the fire of the great guns—breech-loaders, charged from behind—of Protection, Priestcraft, Protestant intolerance, Romanist retrogression, Tory indignation, or Tory education?

Great Boon to Birmingham.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that a subscription has been set on foot in Birmingham for the purpose of adorning that city with a Statue of MR. LOWE. It is, however, probable that a deputation of gunsmiths will wait upon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and present the Right Honourable Gentleman with a verbal testimonial of their gratitude for the boon which he will confer upon their trade by imposing a tax on fire-arms.

FROM IRELAND.—Good name for an Auctioneer's Wife.—BIDDY.

REAL ENJOYMENT.

THE HORSE SHOW.



Being told you must go early, you are there by eleven o'clock. New to Islington: difficulty in finding the Agricultural. Shilling at the entrance. Shops on either side of the passage; exhibiting chiefly squeaking-dolls and pop-guns. Hope it's not going to be like a fair with niggers, and merry-go-rounders, and fat girls. Approach the Hall itself. Strong smell of Astley's—tepid: more, perhaps, as if some enterprising speculator had been forcing an enormous quantity of mushrooms. All sorts of people about, more or less horsey in appearance. Rough ostlers. Grooms in various stages of undress. Contradictory labels up before you, announcing the way to the Lavatory for a "Wash and Brush-up," indicating the right hand; "This way to the Lavatory" on another placard close by it, with an index-hand

pointing towards the left. "This way to the Gents' Lavatory" says a third card, which you have some difficulty in reading, owing to its having swung from the horizontal into the perpendicular, and its index-finger being now pointed towards the ground; as much as to hint that, if you dug deep enough, you might come upon the "Gents' Lavatory" in some mid region of underground earth, only familiar to us in connection with the first scenes of pantomimes, and sensational pictures of a coal-mine. Horses' stalls all the way down. Refreshment-stalls chiefly remarkable for brilliant glass and fair Peris, at a distance, and for dry sandwiches, yesterday's spongecakes, fairly iced claret-cup, and got-up barmails, with disillusioning hands and perky manners when you come close, and tempt such goods as the goddesses provide. Walk round. Inspect horses. Get in groom's way. Beg pardon of a man with a pail, who nearly knocks you over. Listen to conversation between groom and stud-groom. Give it up. Inspect more horses. Inspect ponies. Wonder which you'd choose for yourself. Feel dusty and hot. Try refreshment-stall. Ask when anything's going on? Nobody knows. See small line of crowd round circus. Horses with numbers on their breast-plates are ridden round. Boy offers Catalogue. Buy it. Join crowd by circus. Horse in circus takes to kicking the partition. Leave crowd in consequence. Horse being ridden from circus to stable, or from stable to circus, also takes to kicking. Get out of his way by backing on the crowd. Horse, at same time, in circus rears and frightens other horses, which back on to the crowd, and against me. Every one, horses included, seems to be backing and kicking and plunging. Decide upon reserved seats. Five shillings. Ask when anything's going to begin? Nobody knows. Stall-keeper doesn't know. Get a reserved seat; and sit in front, where one can see the Prince and Princess of Wales—when they come. Their seats are all arranged. Crowd increasing. Capital position, if you could only stretch your legs, or get up comfortably, or do anything except sit as if you'd been hammered in to the place where the chair is, and had stuck there. Foresee difficulties when the seats are all filled. More circus work. Exhibition of stallions careering. Exhibition of harness horses in carriages. As you can't hear the wheels or the hoofs, the effect is uncommonly dull. One result of looking at all this, for an hour and a half, is to cause hunger. If I leave the seat, shall I regain it? Certainly, man says, if numbered. Doubt as to which refreshment stall to go to; or whether it isn't better, to try a dinner at 2s. 6d. Too hot for dinner at 2s. 6d. Take claret cup iced, and dry sandwiches, topping up with sponge cake, and a *pièce de résistance* in the shape of a Bath bun. Wonder who invented Bath Buns? Was it a man in a Bath who wanted a bun? or a Baker at Bath? Think I'd better go back to seat. Very full by now. Much hotter. Much dustier. Much more mushroomy. Join crowd by circus. Wish there was a band, or a clown. Go back to reserved seats. Altercation with elderly stout lady and daughter. My seat. No; her number. No. Reference to stall-keeper. Compromise. I take one lower down. More directly opposite H.R.H. I remark to a neighbour that *this* is luck. He says, Why? H.R.H.'s aren't coming. Ask (as he appears to be well informed) when anything is going to happen? (By this I mean jumps with probable accidents and excitement). He replies, about four o'clock. It is just two. Wish more than ever there was a clown, or a band. More people. More badly dressed ladies than I've ever seen anywhere. Am seated over several foreigners, who have come here by mistake, thinking it is a part of the Derby. Am hungry again. Foresee dyspepsia, after Bath buns. Reserved seats full now. More altercation. Apparently I've got every one's seat. Hotter and hotter. Ladies talk of fainting in the back seats, so that I may hear them and offer them mine in front. No. Big man on my right. Big woman on my left. Am jammed in. Big man keeps jumping up, and recognising other big men below. He is an *habitué*, and knows the horses and their riders. Big woman keeps

dropping her fan between her seat and mine. Man behind me with a party, which he keeps turning from one side to the other to address, puts his knees into my chair-back. Hunters come in. Big man jumps up, "Hullo, there's Tom RIGBY!" Friend says, "So it is!" Big man jumps up again, nearly knocking off my hat, "There's Old DICK MASON!" Another minute after, "Why, there's JOHN DYKE!" as if he hadn't expected to see him. He knows nobody without a Christian name. He points out SIR WATKIN WYNN, LORD COVENTRY, and LORD FITZHARDINGE. I try to point these out to the old lady, but confuse them. Horses going perpetually round and round make one as bilious as that head-aching game, the "wheel of life," where little black and red figures rotate monotonously. Great number of Parsons here: all with Ladies. "Ladies to right of them: Ladies to left of them. Up comes the Curate." Old gentleman (with the party) behind me, stands suddenly up and stretches over me. "Hullo, SIMPSON!" he cries out to a clergyman below. SIMPSON looks up, and nods cheerfully. He is evidently taking a holiday. The old gentleman goes on, wag-gishly, "Where's your wife?" SIMPSON blushes down to his white tie, smiles feebly, and passes on. The Ladies with the various clergymen are asking them their opinions on the horses, which they give with great satisfaction to themselves. Jumping begins. More heat. More excitement. Big Lady says to her daughter, niece, or companion, "If there's an accident, I shall faint." Cheering. Leaps. Jumps. Accident or two. Jeers. Cheers. Hotter and hotter. Struggle out of seat at six o'clock. Shins hurt. Coat covered with dust. Frouzers with white marks; where they came from you can't find out. Hat's got, somehow, mysteriously brushed the wrong way, and thickly coated with the dust peculiar to circuses. Stagger through crowd into open air. No cabs. Omnibuses full. Water-carts been sufficiently at work to make it muddy where it isn't horribly dusty. Walk greater part of way home, as none of the 'busses you try to take, appear to be "going your way." Have walked so far, not worth 'bussing or cabbage it now. Very tired. Head-ache. Loss of appetite. Late for dinner. Bilious to-morrow. *Real enjoyment! National show.*

Real Enjoyment for the Groom.—Mount a horse. Ride it round, if it will go round. Jump it over a hurdle, if it *will* jump over a hurdle. Be laughed at if it refuses. Try it again; laughed at again. Blank the brute. Horse takes it suddenly. Groom doesn't. Groom disappears head-over-heels, and over the partition among the people. Carried back by several men. Unfit to do anything for weeks. *Real enjoyment! True British sport!*

Real Enjoyment for the Ladies.—Horse; beautiful creature! Pretty creature! Rears! Oh, he's off! No. Ah! Ladies nearly faint. So exciting. *Will* they leap the brook? So glad. What fun. Some will "come croppers." What fun. Do you think they were hurt? Not killed! oh, no: not killed! (*with feeling*.) He ought to wear spurs, oughtn't he, uncle? Oh! Oh! Look! The horse has fallen—the rider. Did he come down *with* him, or *on* him? No? Wasn't that clever? Oh, look! that chestnut tried to leap right over the partition, and struck at somebody. How the people rush away from it! If one of them *did* run away, what a sight it would be! I'm so glad we're in reserved seats, &c., &c.. [N.B. *This, for English Ladies, must be the nearest approach to the ferociously unfeminine excitement of a Spanish Bull-fight. But it's only a show to keep up and improve the best breeds of . . . animals. After all, it is but one of our modes of amusing ourselves, and affords—(though every one owns it to be dull and monotonous, and admits that an hour of it is as much as one can stand)—Real Enjoyment!*]

MYSTERIOUS CALLINGS.



AY we remark?—we will—that one half of the world does not know how the other half—works. Do you doubt the correctness of this assertion? Look at a list of trades published in the *Times*, a few days ago, in an article on the Industrial Divisions of the International Exhibition to be held in London next year, and ask yourself whether a tolerably large percentage of these occupations, in which thousands of your fellow-men are engaged every day, are not as utterly unknown to you as the sources of the Irrawaddy, or the Charitable Institutions of

the Moon? We will select a few, adding appropriate comments:—

Beaver-Cutters.—The only instance of cruelty in the list. (But *Qy.* as to the "Stripes Manufacturers.")

Calenderers.—Here, of course, is a misprint; and yet it is difficult to see how the employment of those who are engaged in the preparation of almanacs, calendars, &c., can, with propriety, be classed amongst "Woollen Trades."

Mungo Merchants.—A handsome reward is offered to any one who will give such information as may lead to the detection of this article of commerce. We think there is a Saint Mungo; we know that MUNGO PARK was very familiar to us in our boyhood; but beyond this we cannot get.

Plainback Manufacturers.—We have long known what wonderful people there were in the manufacturing districts, but we confess that this proof of their possessing the creative faculty does come upon us by surprise. But why, why, with such a power in their hands, cannot they make handsome backs? There are too many plain ones already in society.

Regatta Manufacturers.—Would be invaluable at Cowes, or, indeed, at any of the head-quarters of our leading Yacht Clubs. Now, we don't despair of meeting with Horse-Race Manufacturers and Cricket-Match Makers.

Scribbling Millers.—No—this is a trade which certainly must not be encouraged. There are too many writers already. Once allow this precedent, and the bakers and the butchers and the greengrocers will all turn scribblers. The millers ought to know better.

Shag Manufacturers.—In the tobacco line?

Lasting Manufacturers.—This is the business we will invest our spare capital in. No fear of bankruptcy or composition with creditors; no mills running short time; no ups and downs; but good, solid, permanent transactions—all profit and no risk.

Zebra Dress Manufacturers.—On application at the Zoological Gardens we learn that there is no demand there for articles of clothing of this description. Perhaps animals confined in travelling menageries may require them. The officers of the Society have kindly promised to make further inquiry.

Blue Manufacturers.—In other words, manufacturers who, when times are bad, are said to look blue.

Cud-bear Manufacturers.—This animal is not known at the Gardens. The Council would be very glad to receive a specimen for exhibition. (Perhaps a misprint for cub bear?)

Flyer Makers.—The Aëronautic Society will be delighted.

Mule Makers.—Well, we are glad commercial enterprise has not speculated in asses. Too many of them as it is.

Weavers' Mail Makers.—Not one person in ten thousand can have known before that the peaceful weaver pursues his pacific calling clothed in armour!

Woolley Teeth Makers.—Perhaps the most incomprehensible of all. A Committee of Dentists is now engaged in investigating this problem. Their report will be published in a later edition.

AN AMERICAN NEWTON.

DR. NEWTON, medical thaumaturge and spiritualistic mesmeriser, otherwise "healing medium," from America (U. S., of course), professes to cure not only people who resort to him, but also persons at any distance. He takes no fees, but, according to *The Medium*, spiritualist weekly journal:—

"DR. NEWTON'S PORTRAITS are one shilling each. Those which have been magnetised by the doctor are sold at two shillings. The proceeds of the sales do not go into any private purse, but directly to the promoting of Spiritualism in this country."

If it is believed that anybody whosoever can derive any benefit from these portraits of Dr. NEWTON except their original, it may be credited that Dr. NEWTON himself derives none. *Cela va sans dire.* These pictures may save trouble and time thrown away. In all probability Dr. NEWTON's magnetised portraits are just as efficacious in the cure of any disease as his mesmeric passes are, and his simple portraits equally remedial with those to which he has imparted magnetism. It is thus in the power of anybody, who believes in Dr. NEWTON's therapeutic energies, to obtain all the good they can do at the small charge of one shilling; and there can be no doubt that any sufferer had much better invest that sum in one of Dr. NEWTON's likenesses, which cannot harm him, than spend the money on universal pills, or any other description of quack medicine. Even the sceptic must admit that he would rather look at a photograph than swallow a pill, and will, therefore, at least own that there will be a change somewhat for the better in case Dr. NEWTON should supersede those advertising specific and panacea vendors of whom each is now in the enjoyment of an extensive practice on public credulity.

The process by which Dr. NEWTON magnetises his portraits is not generally known. Perhaps it is a simple wink of the eye. According to his believers, he heals the sick like winking. Possibly it suffices him to magnetise his portraits by contemplating them in the eye of the mind, and at the same time outstretching the fingers of one hand, whilst the thumb is applied to the tip of the nose.

PRIZE TRANSLATIONS.

(BY OUR OWN DUNCE.)

HORACE, ODE I.

Mæcenas atavis editæ regibus.—"O MÆCENAS, but you (like) a bird eat kings."

VIRGIL, (from the Latin Grammar).

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.—"Thus he was able to help him in fetching the oil."

DITTO.

Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum.—"A monster horrid and informal (to be sure), but who was ingenious enough to take away the light."

DITTO.

Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno.—"A rare (young woman *subaudito*) to grandfathers in various lands and closely resembling a black sign(-board)."

Additional Translation by a player at Baden.

Nimum ne crede colori.—"Back the red or the black, and don't only go on the colour."

A CAUTION AS TO CROWDS.

A FOREIGN Gentleman, standing in a crowd, by an abrupt, and probably nervous gesture of his hands, caused a couple of policemen to make the mistake of taking him into custody for attempting to pick pockets, and he was shut up at Bow Street from Saturday till Monday. MR. FLOWERS, in discharging him, recommended him to "avoid crowds for the future." Good advice for everybody who does not wish to be taken up as a thief, or let in for a witness. Finding himself in a crowd, a gentleman who does not know what to do with his hands cannot dispose of them better than by putting them in his pockets. He will thus not only keep his hands away from other people's pockets, but keep the hands of other people out of his own pockets too.

What will they Do with it?

THEY are advertising for Contracts for Supplies for the use of the Metropolitan Police. Amongst the articles specified is "Ship Chandlery." What can the Police or the Police Courts want with "Ship Chandlery?" We are completely at sea, unless it is required for the Thames Police.



EARLY FRENCH.

(MAMMA HAPPENS TO REQUIRE A GLASS OF PORTER AT 11 A.M.)

Master George (to the new French Housemaid). "OH, FRANÇOISE?"

Françoise. "OUI, MONSIEUR GEORGES?"

Master George. "OH! APPORETEZ ICI LE PORTIER DE MAMAN, ET DESSINEZ LE AVEC UNE TÊTE!"

Charles Dickens.

BORN FEBRUARY 7, 1812. DIED JUNE 9, 1870.

WHILE his life's lamp seemed clearest, most intense,
A light of wit and love to great and small,
By the dark angel he is summoned hence,
To solve the mightiest mystery of all!

Hearing that he has passed beyond the veil,
Before the Judge who metes to men their dues,
Men's cheeks, through English-speaking lands, turn pale,
Far as the speaking wires can bear the news—

Blanched at this sudden snapping of a life,
That seemed of all our lives to hold a share;
So were our memories with his fancies rife,
So much of *his* thought *our* thoughts seemed to bear.

CHARLES DICKENS dead! It is as if a light
In every English home were quenched to-day;
As if a face all knew had passed from sight,
A hand all loved to press were turned to clay.

Question who will his power, its range, its height,
His wisdom, insight,—this at least we know,
All in his love's warmth and his humour's light
Rejoiced and revelled,—old, young, high or low—

Learned, unlearned—from the boy at school—
To the judge on the bench, none read but owned
The large heart o'er which the large brain held rule,
The fancy by whose side clear sense sat throned,

The observation that made all its own,
The shaping faculty that breathed life's breath

In types, all felt they knew and still had known,
Life-like, except that they are safe from death.

Since SHAKESPEARE's, where the pen that so hath lent
Substance to airy nothings of the brain,
His fancies seem with men's experience blent,
Till to take each for other we are fain?

And who that ever wielded such a power
Used it so purely, to such Christian end,
Used it so quicken the millennial hour,
When rich to poor shall be as friend to friend?

Who can say how much of that love's pure leaven
That leavens now the lump of this our world,
With influence as of a present Heaven,
Like light athwart chaotic darkness hurled,

May be traced up to springs by him unsealed,
To clods by him stirred round affection's roots,
To hearts erst hard, but by his fires annealed
To softness whereof Love's works are the fruits.

Mourn, England, for another great one gone
To join the great ones who have gone before—
And put a universal mourning on,
Where'er sea breaks on English-speaking shore.

His works survive him, and his works' work too—
Of love and kindness and good will to men,
Hate of the wrong, and reverence of the true,
And war on all that shuns truth's eagle-ken.

Earth's two chief nations mourners at his tomb:
Their memories for his monument: their love
For his reward. Such is his glorious doom,
Whom mortal praise or blame no more shall move!



A "SAVAGE" WIGGING.

CAPTAIN OF MINISTERIAL TEAM. "LOOK HERE, A-RT-N! WE WERE BEAT THE OTHER DAY AT KENSINGTON ENTIRELY THROUGH YOUR WILD AND RECKLESS HITTING. YOU REALLY *MUST ALTER YOUR FORM*, OR— YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT:



Well, what are late hours? MR. GILPIN very properly objected to those of the House. MR. LOWE's idea of lateness was illustrated by his saying he could not take certain business after one o'clock. This sounds early to young ladies who go to balls; but the House is composed of middle-aged gentlemen of sixty or so, who, if they go to balls, ought to be ashamed to go to constituents.

The principal debate, on the Customs and Revenue Bill, was about "sugar"—the article that is put into tea—not that put into the dirty hands of dirty electors. There was a question of draw-back, raised by MR. CHAUFURD. No doubt he was quite right; but we wish, in the interest of Materfamilias, that he would let the matter alone, as any grocery discussion in the House makes the Grocers raise prices, by nefarious instinct. The Government got a small beating, 49 to 45, on a small horse-tax, which even the SPEAKER descended from his altitude to condemn from the Treasury Bench.

The Yeomanry were a good deal laughed at, but £80,000 was voted for those Braves, by 124 to 20.

Friday. MR. GREGORY said that the fares on the South-Eastern Railway were much higher than on any other line. MR. GILPIN denied that they were excessive. We shall take early opportunity of testing this, by tendering at the pay-place what we think a just fare, and should the ticket be refused us, we shall impeach MR. GILPIN, and have him sent to the Tower. Not that this will be any punishment, for he will have the honour of visits from the gallant Constable, of whom we saw an excellent large photograph in Bond Street yesterday, and whom we rejoiced to behold looking as we trust he will look for many a year. Now, who but *Mr. Punch* could have got a chivalrous compliment out of a prosaic paragraph? He turns everything to gold, except what he makes into diamonds.

Said MR. GRANT DUFF—The Indian Income-tax is not officially settled, but "nothing was less probable" than that it would be disallowed. "A trifle—some eightpenny matter," quoth *Falstaff*. That is indeed the amount, but "nothing is less probable" than that Indian income-earners will consider it a trifle.

Gambia—where's that? There is a character of that name in *The Slave*, and MR. MACREADY used to play it admirably a good many years ago. But there is some other Gambia, for we are going to hand it over to France. As the population consists of 39 males and 8 females, the EMPEROR does not gain a vast accession of subjects; but we should like to know what he pays for these 47, per head. The number is small, but whether the Government is quite justified in selling colonists should, we think, be considered. We see in *Magna Charta* no direct authorisation of the practice. But Gambia must be a good way off, so it doesn't much matter. *Sancho Panza* is an authority, and his outbreak of joy at being nominated a governor is caused by his instant recollection that he can sell his people as slaves.

MR. CAMPBELL proposed to do away with the present system of County Government. He thought on the provincial magnate as a Guy, and sings, from *Quentin Durward*—

"O County Guy!
Thy hour is nigh."

He desires Municipal Institutions in the country districts. MR. BRUCE opposed such sweeping changes in arrangements that had been the growth of centuries, and was victorious by 61 to 39, and we trust that this will give the Opposition—

"In future talk a fair excuse
To speak more nobly of the BRUCE."

JUNE 9TH. *Thursday.* Their Wisdoms the Commons met after the holidays. Their Superior Wisdoms (*quoad hoc*), the Lords, declined to abbreviate their recess, and reposed until the following Monday.

LORD MAHON took his seat for East Suffolk, and Mr. *Punch* congratulates the accomplished historian, LORD STANHOPE, upon his son's being thus bound apprentice to statesmanship. We trust that the young nobleman will show himself worthy of the name so long adorned by his Sire. Mr. *Punch* was glad to see MR. DISRAELI in his place again, and giving no sign of having suffered from his own ill-health, or any correspondent's ill-manners.

When our Mint is idle (which it never would be if the Authorities had a proper sense of things; for then they would be always coining five-guinea pieces to be sent in purses to Mr. *Punch* and his young men, as slight testimonials of their perpetually saving the nation), we coin for other Powers. MR. MUNTZ thinks that this competition with commercial persons is unfair. MR. LOWE thinks that as we must keep up a staff of skilled workmen, we had better let them fill up their leisure by coining for Mint-less nations than sit idle. The raising such small questions reminds Mr. *Punch* of certain persons who minded Mint, aniseed, and so on, and neglected greater matters of law—and law-making.

Attorney-General SIR R. COLLIER introduces a Bill affecting advertisements for the recovery of stolen property, the present system working objectionably. While he is about it, Mr. *Punch* wishes that SIR ROBERT would look at a good many other advertisements, and would introduce a clause preventing some of the atrocious vulgarisms with which folks seek to attract notice at any price. We shall have such things printed upside down next, indeed we have seen this done in low class provincial papers. Mr. *Punch* tramples beneath the deep Titanian prison any one who dares to say that these be small matters. It is no small matter to be offended regularly every morning (except Sunday) just when you are in a sweet temper from the first rich draught of coffee a great deal too strong to please the doctors.

PILGRIMS IN PROGRESS.

(A Canticle for the Platform.)

EPSOM, Hampton, Ascot Races,
Whitsuntide just falling, too;
Noses false on silly faces,
Topsy thousands meet the view.
Never mind; we all are tending
To the same exalted goal;
Oh yes, everyone ascending:
Every glorious Human Soul!

All those gents with their sham noses,
Being rightly understood,
Are, though hardly one supposes,
Driving to the True and Good.
All those little shopboys, wearing
Paper streamers in their hats,
In the same direction faring;
All the betting men and flats.

They have not our placid features;
They have not our polished airs;
But they are our fellow-creatures:
We are going, all, upstairs.
Let not any facts abate your
Trust, friends, in the golden rule
Of belief in Human Nature;
Though your Brothers play the fool.

Infallible Pill.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI has replied to the remonstrances of certain Powers on the addition about to be made to Roman doctrine, that there is no occasion for them to be afraid of Infallibility, as it will be merely an abstract dogma. Precisely so; and no doubt those Powers will take very good care that such it shall remain. Perhaps they will be further of opinion that the sovereignty of an infallible Pontiff had better be purely spiritual. Then *Italia farà da se*, including Rome, *Verb. sat. sap.*; and if that is not convertible with *Verb. sat. Pap.*, who is to blame?

Novum Organum.

In a recent General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, DR. BEGG (capital name for a divine living on the alms of the Free Faithful) protested against the introduction of the Organ into their public worship. Rather than that, he would see the Anglican Surplice, or any other innovation. If the reverend gentleman objects to music, he should have added Anglican "hands" to the other ministerial "ornament." But surely DR. BEGG forgets that if he has an organist in the church, he is sure of extra "voluntary" contributions, and notes, too.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

(FROM A VERY ANCIENT VASE IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. PUNCH.)

'TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

TRUE of all winds: truer of none than that which, the other day, carried the purgation of fire through a square mile of Péra. That surely does not deserve to be called an ill wind which is certain to blow the long-suffering Pérotes stone houses for wood, stately streets instead of frowsy alleys, level pavements for hills and hollows of rough stones, pure air for miasma, light for darkness, cleanliness for filth, and health for disease. Above all, that was not an ill wind for JOHN BULL which blew the sparks of destruction into the Palace of the British Embassy. The wind from that quarter had hitherto only blown JOHN every year a shower of bills for repairs, till it seemed as if the house should have been called—not the Palace of Péra, but of Repair-a.

All housekeepers know what it means when "the builders" get into the house. The builders were never out of JOHN BULL's house at Péra. Now it is burnt down, let us hope it will cease to burn a hole in his pockets. It had cost £200,000, and was still, like *Oliver Twist*, "asking for more."

A new house can't cost as much to build as the old one did to keep standing. *Punch* begs leave to propose as its epitaph, "*Non resurgam.*"

Variation on Macbeth.

THE HOME SECRETARY talks of bringing a measure, to check the adulteration practised by fraudulent tradesmen, forward next Session. Ah!

Next Session, and next Session, and next Session,
Creeps in this petty pace from month to month,
To the last syllable of late August's time;
And all our Ministries have promised Bills,
And wasted gusty breath.

ARISTOCRATIC ASPIRATION.

"I SHOULDN'T mind," said SNORSON, "my name bein' stained hever so, if it honly 'ad an 'andle."

SIMPLE CHARADES FOR IDLE MOMENTS.

(Hot Weather. 90° in the Shade. Too hot for guessing. Recommended to be taken with cooling drinks.)

THE principle adopted here is that on which MR. OLLENDORF has founded his method of teaching languages; i. e., that every question contains its own answer.

1st Charade.—My first is a Hat, my second is a Box, and my whole is what you put a hat in. Answer. Hat-box.

This gained the third prize.

2nd Charade.—My first is a Boot. My second is a Fish, (if very hot say "a Jack." at once), and my whole is what you pull off your boots with. Answer. Boot-jack.

To this was awarded the second prize.

3rd Charade.—My first is Night, my second is Cap. My whole is night-cap. Answer (almost evident). Night-cap.

This gained the first prize for its charming simplicity and pointed wit.

Riddle.—If a pig was made out of a guinea, what sort of a pig would he resemble? Answer. A guinea-pig.

*** This was considered too recondite by the President of the Lazy Club, and the proposer was fined in Wenham Lake ice.

Riddle.—Why is a man who, when at Dover, is going to Deal, like a gentleman at a card-table, going to deal for whist. Answer. Because he is going to deal.

*** This obtained the second prize.

The first prize had not been given when our parcel left. No adjournment had been proposed up to 5 A.M. Left lounging.

THOUGHTS WITHOUT WORDS.

(Under the same conditions as above.)

Lazy Thought (on a beautiful view from a country-house). Position is nine points of the lawn. (N.B. Might also do for a Bishop.)

Delicious—flowers smell.

Watches are nuisances.

Exercise is not necessary to appetite.

Wish Sun wouldn't alter its position: I mean, the earth ought to be too hot to move. Shouldn't move if I was earth.

Ought to be thankful, now, that we are not Criminal Barristers in good practice, nor Sentinels.

Horrid idea to be in a Line regiment on active service near the Equator. Can't think any more.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE LAZY CLUB.

Month of June. Thermometer as above mentioned.

Q. (very slowly). Read ... "Morris's Earthly Parad—?" (Unfinished sentence).

A. (drawing). Pa. ra. dise. No.

(Pause—liquor.)

Q. Read "Man an'—?" (drops the rest.)

A. WILKIE COL—? Yes.

(Pause. Puff of Pipe.)

Q. Whatsit' bou . . . ?

A. (after some consideration decides it's too hot to tell). No . . . thing p'tic'la . . .

[The above is supposed to occupy two people one hour and a half.

Mrs. Lazy. Could you get me that book on the drawing-room table?

Mr. Lazy (at full length on the grass). Can't. Busy.

[MRS. LAZY wishes there was a bell out-of-doors, and subsides into helpless repose.

(After an hour's silent lounge.)

Lazyest Person (who can't keep a secret). What a lovely day!

Somebody (awake for a minute). Yes.

[End of all conversation till dinner-bell sounds.

Songbirds of Beauty.

A YOUNG lady has, by the excellence of her singing, acquired the title of "The Norwegian Nightingale." This may be considered an honour to the nightingale, but why should that warbler (*S. Philomela luscina*) engross all such honour? Norway is too far north for nightingales, and a celebrated vocalist of that country had better be styled the Norwegian Redwing, whilst we might term a popular songstress of our own the British Blackbird, or the English Bullfinch.

"WHOM THE CAP FITS."

THERE once was an Oxford Professor,
Not so often attacked as aggressor,
Whose sharp pen and sharp tongue,
Ink and scorn freely flung,
On all who displeased their possessor.

His chair was of Modern History;
His lectures were bilious and blistery;
When he'd served out the dead,
On the living he laid,
With as small heed of mercy as mystery.

Cantank'rous, contemptuous, and clever,
From his height he gauged human endeavour,
And enthroned o'er the throng
Showed where others were wrong,
But himself never went astray—never!

So hot hard and heavy he hit folks,
That, e'en while admiring his wit, folks
Made wry mouths o'er the gall,
That embittered it all,
Till his truth, like malignity, bit folks.

But ne'er was his scalpel more busy
Than while he was cutting up DIZZY:
With hard words he bemaused him;
And bad names he called him;
And on *this* theme from frigid waxed fizzy.

But when sprightly *Lothair*, *dans son essor*,
Slyly showed up an Oxford Professor—
Who talks in a strain
Self-sufficient and vain,
That would fit RHADAMANTHUS' assessor—

In a word, when the freedoms retorting,
To which GOLDWIN was free in resorting,
DIZZY counters on SMITH,
With point, pepper, and pith,
The Professor straight sets up a snorting!

Claps on the cap DIZZY has woven—
Though to own it in no way behoven—
Shouts, "See what he's done—
This son of a gun!—
To the midriff who ought to be cloven!

"'Social parasite!' that's what he styles me!
'Tis lucky nought *he* can say riles me!
The vile wretch!—well he knows
I will pull his Jew nose,
If in my own name he defiles me!

"Mind, I'm not the least bit in a passion—
Though I write in this rather hot fashion:
The attack has no sting,
Which, thus calm, back I fling,
And 'Coward!' his brazen face dash on!"

If his shaft be indeed so unpointed,
And your armour so perfectly jointed,
You ought to have laughed
If you sent back the shaft,
Nor *your* barb with such venom anointed!

Those at whom dirt is flung back will pelt it;
If it hits, look as if you ne'er smelt it:
When those bowls who play
Meet a rub, the worst way
Is, by wincing, to show that you've felt it.

New Book for the Season.

SHORTLY will be published, as a companion to *Juventus Mundi*, *Juventus Wednesday*, or, *How We Went to the Derby* in 1870. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. Correct Cards for Goodwood, with Portraits. The Gladstone Hamper, the Gladstone Dustcoat (reversible), in preparation for the Brighton and Goodwood. Early application necessary.

IN TWO WORDS.

OUR Police System and the Housebreakers' System—Bunglery and Burglary.

AN EXAMPLE TO GREECE.

THE MESSRS. BONELL (uncle and nephew) lately captured by brigands near Gibraltar, having been released, on payment of their ransom of £5,000, the Spanish *Guardia Civil* waylaid the brigands, killed three out of four, and recovered the ransom.

This it is to have a Government that really understands a thing! Spain has so long robbed her creditors abroad, that she is quite equal to robbing her brigands at home.

Besides, she won't stand "the untradesmanlike falsehood—the same concern." Her Government keeps the right of robbing in its own hands—and see how it answers! The Spanish Government can make Spanish brigands disgorge, but who can enforce disgorging on the Spanish Government?

Even the British Government has acquiesced in the pillage by Spanish officers and officials of the unfortunate crew of the *Tornado*, 55 British sailors, who, after being robbed of chronometers, clothes, tools, and money, to the value of £1,093, and imprisoned and ill-treated for eighteen months besides, have been reduced to accept a paltry compensation of £1,500 among them—LORD CLARENDON, to the eternal disgrace of our Government, having declined to insist on more.

There never was a case in which the British Lion has eaten more dirt than this of the *Tornado*.

We are glad to see that while MR. FORBES CAMPBELL, as agent of this ill-starred crew, is fain to accept the miserable £1,500, which does not represent more than the actual value of the property stolen from these British subjects—leaving them altogether uncompensated for their ill-treatment, detention, and consequent losses—he does not abandon their other claims on the Spanish Government.

Few things are more striking, and sad, than the contrast between the "tall talk" of LORD CLARENDON apropos of the murder of three English travellers of family by the Greek brigands, and his apathy over the robbery, imprisonment, and ill-usage of 55 unoffending British seamen—none of whom had the luck to count a nobleman or a Minister among his connections—by the Spanish Government.

But does not this same *Tornado* case show—like the case of the BONELLS—how much better the Spanish Government understands robbery than the Greek?

The Greek Government winks at brigandage: the Spanish Government practises it.

The Greek officials are content to share the plunder with the robbers: the Spanish officials transfer it bodily from the robbers' hands to their own.

The Greek Government gets bullied and threatened with the exaction of compensation for losses it has not profited by: the Spanish officials and officers are allowed to pocket their plunder, and the English Foreign Minister refuses to endorse the complaint of their victims.

The Spanish *Guardia Civil* have recovered MESSRS. BONELL'S ransom. We have not yet heard how much of it has found its way back to the MESSRS. BONELLS.

We suspect the BONELLS will find that the Bone-alls—*à la* the Spanish officials—have been beforehand with them. But even if the BONELLS don't get back a farthing, one thing we should recommend them *not* to do—that is, appeal to the Foreign Office, or they will be pretty sure to find, as the crew of the *Tornado* have done, delay, imputation, and insult added to injury. They will not only have to put up with the loss of their money, but be told, in effect, if not in terms, that "it serves them right."

UNINTELLIGIBLE.

"MILTO TEKNIKE—Theophrastus—the Reddle also is of two kinds, the native and the factitious—Hill. Milto of Art—Artificial Milton—Milto of the Greeks.—Genuine ground WHITE LEAD &c."

WILL some one have the goodness to explain the meaning of this mysterious advertisement with its bewildering references to THEOPHRASTUS and MILTON ("artificial" indeed!) and HILL, and the Greeks? The mention of white lead and other common-sense articles, and the subscription of a business-like address, preclude the idea that it is the composition of a lunatic or a Spiritualist. Our sleepless weazel suggests (and if right, a feat in conversational art justifies notice of the device) that in making us ask its meaning, it answers its purpose.

National Suicide.

"ITALIA felo de se," remarked MRS. MALAPROP, misquoting a well-known saying in reference to Italy. It is probable, though, that, if the Italian revolutionists could have their way, Italy would, indeed, very soon do for herself.

FENTIAN'S TELEGRAM TO THEIR FRIENDS.—*Venimus, vidēmus, victi sumus.*



A POINT OF VIEW.

Tomkins (he has heard his friend Stodge talk so much about that lovely spot Wobbleswick, whither he was going sketching, that he was induced to accompany him. A day has elapsed, and he is awaking to the horror of his situation!) "SEEMS TO ME AN INFERNO—I CALL IT RATHER A DULL PLACE!"

Stodge. "DULL, MY DEAR FELLOW! HOW CAN YOU SAY SO? LOOK AT THIS BEAUTIFUL, BREEZY COMMON! AND THE LINES OF THOSE OLD HOUSES ON THE BEACH, BREAKING THE HORIZON, AND THE COLOUR! AND THE JOPLY QUIET OF THE PLACE! 'NONE O' YOUR BEASTLY BARREL-ORGANS OR GAPING TOURISTS SWARMING ABOUT! I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT!!"

SAVOURS OF THE EXCURSION SEASON.

RICH odour yields Syringa bloom; the blossoms of the thorn
Exhale a potent fragrance in the sunny summer morn;
Wistaria hath a choice perfume; the lily and the rose,
As much as they rejoice the eye, do gratify the nose.

The hyacinth's delightful; from the breathing violet
A joy comes wafted on the gale; likewise from mignonette.
Delicious is the woodbine, the sweet brier's truly sweet,
But things of scent, for my content, the best, are good to eat.

Of all the flowers in all the bowers, although I love them well,
There's none I deem so nice as steam from kitchen of hotel.
The turtle reek—but words are weak—mock turtle e'en will do.
And, oh! immense the grateful sense from sniff of Irish stew!

When sage and onions do roast duck, goose, sucking pig proclaim,
What rapture owns not every man that's worthy of the name?
On whom does not an ecstasy of blissful transport seize,
When partridge, pheasant, turkey, with aroma load the breeze.

That flower a zest which doth suggest I call the sweetest one;
It bears its name, by common fame, from turning to the sun.
That may or not be true; no jot about that point care I;
But heliotrope recalls young hope; it smells like cherry pie.

An Experiment on John Bull.

THERE is every reason to believe that the Fenian invasion of Canada was concerted by some of the more thoughtful of the Irish Americans, in the hope that it would induce the British Government to let their associates, the political convicts, out of gaol.

NONE SO DEAF AS THOSE THAT WON'T HEAR.

MONSIGNOR MARET, Bishop of Sura, one of the weightiest opponents of Papal Infallibility, is, or is said to be, very deaf. When he was speaking against "the Dogma" the other day, he could neither hear the call to order, or the command to "cut it short," and "shut up," which followed, from the indignant President of the Council.

The consequence was a scene. What with MONSIGNOR MARET's disagreeable truths and unwelcome wisdom; the President's vain attempts to silence him; the applause of Monsignor's friends of the minority encouraging the orator; and the majority backing up the President. There seems to have been a regular "row in the buildings." Lay listeners in the Basilica, without the sacred precincts of the Council, overheard "strange noises"—strange indeed for such a scene—the majority and minority of the venerable fathers at loggerheads, if not at fisticuffs.

Nobody seems quite sure whether MONSIGNOR MARET was quite so deaf as he seemed, on this occasion, at least. REYNOLDS used to declare that he often found his trumpet his best friend. He had only to lower it to be beyond the reach of bores, fools, or critics. His friends suspected that his deaf ear was usually on the side of the remarks he didn't wish to hear. So we have all heard of NELSON turning his blind eye to the signal of retreat.

But whether MARET be deaf or not, there can be no doubt who is deaf in the Council: and that is, the majority—and their deafness is in the ear through which wisdom cries and good counsel finds its way.

THE CRUELTY OF FIELD SPORTS.

To kill a hare with greyhounds may be a cruel practice, yet most of us regard it as a mere matter of course.

AN UNMIXED EVIL.—Neat Gin.



PERSONAL.

Cabby (to Perspiring Swell). "WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET UNDER THE SHADOW OF MY WHIP, SIR?"

A RUSSIAN APICIUS.

YOU know that when the pious ÆNEAS, under the guidance of the Sibyl, explored the spiritual world of ancient mythology, he found certain true Trojans and trumps in the pleasanter part of it. Among these, you recollect, are specified bands of heroes of a class now represented by Chelsea pensioners with wooden legs: heroes considerably better pensioned than their representatives. Poets, too, are mentioned, such as JOHN MILTON, and also DR. WATTS; and those who said things worthy of *Punch*. Elysium was the meed of deservers who had distinguished themselves by patriotism and literary genius:—

"*Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes:*"

JAMES WATT, for instance, as well as ISAAC WATTS, ISAAC NEWTON, HUMPHRY DAVY, MICHAEL FARADAY, besides GALILEO and a few other illustrious foreigners. Among these last, ÆNEAS, being so gifted with clairvoyance as to be enabled to see the spirits of people who

had yet to be born—MARCELLUS, for one—might possibly have foreseen the spirit of the inventor named in a letter from Paris, announcing that:—

"COUNT GRÉGOIRE KOUCHELEFF, one of our immensely rich Russians, has lately died. Russian millionnaires are said to beat even Englishmen in their whims and fancies. One day, our Count gave a *petit souper* to a select party of eight, and fed them, after the fashion of the old Roman Emperors, with parrots' tongues stewed with truffles."

For, doubtless, the conception of the dish above-named is original. The Roman Emperors had their mushrooms, whereof the best were *Boleti*, a name now given to toadstools, of which some only are good to eat; but it is very questionable if either HELIOGABALUS or VITELLIUS, whom we may call WITTLIS for short, were ever blessed with a truffle. We may doubt whether, in any Imperial menu or *cibarium tabella*, there was ever included such an *entrée* as *Lingua psittacorum concocta cum tuberibus æstivis*.

Ancient epicures, indeed, are said to have eaten nightingales' tongues now and then for a freak, but they were probably too wise, and eat simply the nightingale. All the warblers are good to eat that are big enough to be worth cooking, cockrobin inclusive; does not BUFFON recommend him with bread-crumbs? As to a parrot, however, though one would, in one's ignorance, as soon have thought of eating a piece of magpie, the tongue of it may be a nice morsel, especially with the savoury addition of truffles. The genius which invented this dish, rather too expensive for mankind at large, has probably made a variety of culinary discoveries which are boons to his species, and within the reach of the "general," to whom it is quite possible that parrots' tongues would, even though stewed with truffles, be as *caviare*. Trust we that COUNT KOUCHELEFF was a scientific gastronome; not a modern heathen, one of those *quorum deus venter est*: and that he has gone to the happy hunting-grounds, where he sups with ST. ALEXANDER NEWSKI and M. SOYER.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SIMONY.

NOTHING can be more obvious than that the sale of a Church living differs *toto cælo* from that of a public appointment, which is a merely terrestrial transaction. No man of this world can doubt that the former is as proper as the latter is wrong; yet variety is charming, and therefore the exceptional agency of the elective principle in deciding ecclesiastical preferment may perhaps be borne with. Thereon was the REV. C. BADGER, M.A., elected, the other day, to fill the vacant Chaplaincy of St. John's Church, Deritend, Birmingham. Election to this office is based on household suffrage; which may, perhaps, be considered a method not unsuitable to a household of faith. The newspaper paragraph announcing this extraordinary, but rather agreeable, item of clerical news, concludes with the statement, that MR. BADGER's views are evangelical. At any rate, they are better than they would be if they were mercenary. Let us hope those views will not so excite the animosity of High Church zealots that BADGER will get baited by them; for they would be guilty of worse than cruelty to animals if they drew that BADGER.

A Lame Conclusion.

A MEMBER of the Junior Swellton has likened the Reform Club to the Orthopædic Hospital, on the ground that it is chiefly open to reform club feet.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, June 13. The hot weather showed that even the Lords, who sit aloft like the gods of Epicurus, and smile upon the doings of the inferior creation, are subject—if not to logical—to meteorological influences. The House was to have been a sort of Conciliation Hall, for the LORD CHANCELLOR had altered his Judicature Bill, in the hope of pleasing LORD CAIRNS. That Lord was appeased, and withdrew his motion against the Bill. But LORD GRANVILLE could not help defending a remark he had made the other night to the effect that "the Law Lords loved to pick one another's

work to pieces." Also, he mentioned that law reforms were the salt of their Lordships' assembly. Whereat LORD CAIRNS (peppered) told him that he was "irregular." LORD GRANVILLE retorted that LORD CAIRNS was "very irregular" in saying so. LORD CAIRNS said that LORD GRANVILLE was "grossly irregular" in referring to a former speech. We like oratorical fence, but it seems to us that there was a poverty of invention in these invectives. They slightly remind *Mr. Punch* of the sailor's explanation of a "repartee." "Why, BILL, I can't tell you exactly what it is, but I'll give you a specimen. 'JACK,' says you to me, 'you're a fool.'" "Yes, JACK, all right." "BILL," says I to you, 'you're a thundering fool.' That's a repartee, BILL." But we expect celestial sarcasms to be more varied and sparkling. However, the weather excused everything.

In the Lords, as may be known by some, the House, and not an individual (if our friend MR. DENISON will excuse us for calling him so) decides what speaker shall proceed, if more than one arises. LORD SALISBURY desires that the CHANCELLOR, as the Chairman, shall call on the Peer to hold forth. He says that the disturbances under the existing system recall the days of the O. P. riots. Did he—could he—mean that one set calls for "Old Peer," and the other for "New Peer"? Also, he said that a Peer with a long name, not easily shouted, had a bad chance. LORD GRANVILLE said that he had not observed any particular shyness about new Peers, and that they got very fair play. LORD HATHERLEY utterly declined to be arbiter. The SPEAKER in the Commons had learned his business; a Chancellor was generally a new Lord, and knew nothing of the rules. So the motion was withdrawn.

In the Commons the important fact was made known that the quantity of ink annually bought for the public service is 79,616 gallons, liquid, and 169,392, powder, and the price is £3,212 6s. 6d. It was probably more in EARL RUSSELL's days, as he was fond of writing letters. But why MR. CRAWFORD wanted these inky statistics *Mr. Punch* cannot imagine, and is not going to try, with the thermometer at 80°.

The PREMIER was kind enough to say that he would indulge the House with morning sittings, that the Education Bill might be more comfortably discussed. *Mr. Punch* has sometimes been profane enough to rejoice that he is not a Member of Parliament. That universal joy can hardly be said to be diminished by MR. GLADSTONE's kindly announcement.

MR. OTWAY spoke of the great fire at Constantinople—to think *Mr. Punch* should have spelled and written that long word, when Pera would have done as well, or better, seeing that it would have been accurate. The ground floor of our Embassy is not injured much, above that there is nothing left but walls. The ambassador has lost his clothes, but has saved his archives. *Mr. Punch* has not the least idea what these are, or how the word is pronounced.

Then came Committee on the University Tests Bill. Aged MR. HADFIELD graciously observed that eminent Dissenters ought to be allowed to compete with "old rotten professors of theology." Can these dry bones live? There was much quarrel, and a Conservative took credit to the Opposition for having prevented the Government from being overwhelmed by the advanced reformers. MR. HENLEY voted wrong, being hard of hearing. It is a misfortune when we don't hear him. MR. MOWBRAY hinted that the bill had by no means become law, a projection of himself into futurity which might as well have been spared. It was a sort of "Wait till my Big Brother comes."

A code of Merchant Shipping Law is wanted most particularly. Also, it has been prepared. But when *Mr. Punch* mentions that here is nearly the end of June, and that the code contains 700 clauses—However, it was "read" a Second Time—that is, it was taken as

read, and Committee appointed. *Mr. Punch* is carefully studying all the accounts of the cruise of the Channel Fleet, also of the *Sappho* and *Cambria* matches, that he may be perfectly up in the subject.

Tuesday. The Lay Lords attended in force, but there were few Bishops and fewer ladies. The Second Reading of the Irish Land Bill was the business of the night. Which process LORD GRANVILLE, in a very able speech, did recommend to their Lordships. The DUKE OF RICHMOND, leader of the Opposition, approved of some of the clauses, and strongly disapproved of others, and he means to introduce a variety of what he considers amendments. *Mr. Punch* knows perfectly well that as an accomplished cook can take a piece of simple meat, *simplex munditiis* (plain cookery in its neatness), and so sauce it that the most *blasé* of diners-out will nod lofty approbation. He can take this Irish debate and stick into it more sparkling gems than garnish all the coronets of those who made it. But what has the House of Lords done for him that he should do so much for the House of Lords? Let the Peers talk their own pearls and diamonds, and he will enact *Mr. Baby* (*Lothair*), and set them in the most artistic fashion. However, he compliments the venerable EARL RUSSELL (always *Mr. Punch's* admiration, though, as *Iago* saith, "it hath not appeared"—always,) upon a vigorous and telling speech, in which it is needless to say those esteemed noblemen, LORD BURLEIGH and LORD SOMERS were heard of, and in which the veteran statesman "looked forward with sanguine hope" for good results of our Irish policy. He is a brave and a great man who, being also a wise man, is sanguine at 80.

LORD ORANMORE moved the rejection of the Bill, but as he was not to be supported by his party, his procedure commanded no particular attention, and his eloquence did not supply what was wanting in political significance. LORD SALISBURY said that the Bill was black, white, and grey, on which a lady in the gallery playfully remarked—

"Read it round three times, and get it out of the way."

levity which we can hardly approve in a member of the sex which is about to take the control of all things sublunary. Adjourned.

MR. BUXTON was heard on the Revision of the Bible. He does not like this to be in the hands of Convocation, and he thinks that the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ought to be asked to co-operate in work interesting to English-speaking men. MR. GLADSTONE explained that this latter arrangement would contravene the American Constitution. In regard to the work which the "Companies" appointed by Convocation is to do, it is to be tentative; that is, Government will wait and see whether it is satisfactorily executed, and whether it is generally accepted by the people. In that case, and at a distant time, it may be the duty of the Executive to proceed to Authorisation, but no legislative recognition of the proceeding is to be sought for at present.

Wednesday. MR. HARDCASTLE proposed to do away with the Minority Clauses of the last Reform Acts. MR. GLADSTONE supported the abolition, and, after a debate, there was division, and a "tie"—181 to 181. Legislative wisdom being thus in two scales holding equal weights, the SPEAKER's casting vote was asked. He hinted at possible changes of opinion, and commanded another division—with the usual technicality—and the Bill for abolishing the Minority Clauses was itself abolished by 183 to 175—legislative wisdom having, possibly, been affected by atmospheric changes, or some other wonderful influence.

Thursday. Irish Land bill again in the Upper Chamber. LORD CAIRNS made a long speech against it, and denied that the Irish required exceptional legislation. Instead of pitching into his Lordship, *Mr. Punch* remarks that he cannot see why a nation that can produce an exceptional legislator (that is, not one who takes exceptions to everything, but) an eloquent, shrewd, and caustic debater like LORD CAIRNS, should not have exceptional legislature. The slight sophism shall be excused for the sake of the elegant compliment. LORD HAILEY fought for the measure with no wooden sword, and EARL GREY, as far as people could understand, seemed inclined to think that though a better Bill might have been made, this one might do. LORD ATHLUNNEY, of course, stood athletically by it. Sagacious LORD DERBY said that if the Bill would do what it was said to be intended to do, namely, encourage small tenancies, he would have opposed it, but he thought that it would work the other way. But he urged that this measure ought to be final, and that nothing more ought to be conceded to agitation. We should have no gratitude for the measure, nor any reward, except the conviction that we had done all we could to set Ireland straight. DUKES ARGYLL and ABERCORN spoke; the former, of course, for the Bill, the latter not opposing it very strongly, and owning that a comprehensive land bill for Ireland was necessary. But we expect "handsomeness" in a HAMILTON. Adjourned again.

Poor MR. EDMUNDS, of "the Scandal," has been Quodded, Shopped, Nabbed. These beautiful synonyms for being custardised, or taken into captivity, may be lost now that the system which produced them has been nearly done away, so *Mr. Punch* places them in his Museum. MR. EDMUNDS is "in," as a Crown debtor, for £7,904, so there is nothing discreditable in his captivity. The sum is nearly a "round" one, and gentlemanly. MR. GLADSTONE deprecated discussion on the subject, as a Judge had been applied to by MR. EDMUNDS.

Then Began—when will it Finish?—the Education Bill Debate. MR. GLADSTONE moved the House into Committee, and mentioned the Amendments which Government proposed to make in the Bill. They are considerable.

But education shall not be made merely Secular.

The Local Boards may exclude Religious Teaching from the Schools that shall be founded upon Rates.

They may not introduce any religious feature, except the reading and expounding of The Book. No Catechisms.

The Schools which are partly supported by Voluntary Contributions, partly by public grants, shall have none of the local rates, and they must take to the Time Table Conscience Clause.

Now the Conservatives had, at a meeting, agreed to support the Bill. But MR. DISRAELI to-night proclaimed that the Bill was virtually a new one. He was very severe upon the reticence which had kept back the intentions of Government, and he described the conduct of Government as unparalleled, in thus, after four months, suddenly altering a measure just as it was to go into Committee. Yet he did not oppose. He must have time to consider the new structure. MR. VERNON HARCOURT, who is determinately secular, also wanted time, for Government had gone so far in the direction he desired that he could only complain that they had not gone farther. Nor would MR. DIXON, for the Birmingham Seculars, give judgment; and so it was settled that nothing should be done until the following Monday. *Mr. Punch* points out, in his usual superior fashion, that the preternatural cleverness supposed to be inherent in Members of Parliament was not marvellously illustrated on this occasion. The whole subject has been before them, as MR. DISRAELI justly remarked, for months, and yet they cannot see the bearings of a few simple propositions laid before them by MR. GLADSTONE, who is a master in the art of stating things clearly. Far be it from *Mr. Punch* to disparage the House's intellect, however—he worships it with abject veneration; and concludes that, like the *Spectator* (ADDISON'S), when it is apparently dull, it is with some deep design.

MR. LOWE, on a little Budget debate, was sportive, and said that the case of a day and night occupancy by different persons was precisely the case of *Box and Cox*. It would have enlivened the proceedings had he favoured the House with one of MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S capital songs.

N.B. Thunder-storm and heavy rain to-night, after weeks of drought. The change was delightful to everybody, except those who had to return home from suburban parties, as the cabmen were quite equal to the occasion, and as they could behave as they liked with perfect impunity—when one is in evening dress, there is no taking numbers, now effaced from the inside of the vehicle.

Friday. The Lords polished off the Second Reading of the Irish Land Bill. A number of Hibernian Aristocrats spoke, and the LORD CHANCELLOR (who works very hard, it is said) finished with an able reply, including a suggestion for a grim Cartoon, of a certain Irish landlord giving his surplus tenants money for pulling down their own cottages, and thus leaving themselves choice only between Starvation and the States. His Lordship will be welcome at *Mr. Punch's* Council Banquet. The Bill was read a Second Time.

MR. AYRTON declined to decide whether all the Turners in the National Gallery were worthy of it. The question was evidently put to "draw" him; and, though not his most fervent admirer, *Mr. Punch* is glad that he would not be drawn.

Estimates. Then a very thoughtful speech by MR. TORRENS on Pauperism—he said that the Devil was looking over the wall at us, while we neglected this great question. MR. GOSCHEN in reply painted with rather roseate colour. At the end great fun—Eleven divisions on the question of adjournment, and so we ended the Ascot week.

Sage Advice for the Season.

AY, years do bring the philosophic mind,
WORDSWORTH is right. As men in life advance,
They smile, or sigh, to think that, having dined,
Young fellows can be fools enough to dance.
Who underneath the table keeps his feet,
His stomach's load sits lightly on its throne;
Eat capers, but cut none, friend, after meat,
Disturb his meals who will; digest your own.

London Anatomy.

THE Metropolitan Railway will now take country visitors into the very "heart of London." Not much to be gained by that, even if it exists. At all events, so many things have run right through the Heart of London ere now, that it ought to be pretty considerably like a Dead Heart by this time.

HOW TO ENJOY A NICE EM-BRACING DAY AT THE SEASIDE.—Get on Board a Pleasure Boat, and let her Hug the Shore.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

HE sleeps as he should sleep—among the great
In the old Abbey: sleeps amid the few
Of England's famous thousands whose high state
Is to lie with her monarchs—monarchs too.

Monarchs, who men's minds 'neath their sway could bring
By might of wit and humour, wisdom, lore,
Music of spoken line or sounded string,
Or Art that lives when artists are no more.

His grave is in this heart of England's heart,
This shrine within her shrine: and all around
Is no name but in Letters or in Art
Sounds as the names of the immortal sound.

Of some, the ashes lie beside his dust,
Of some, but marble forms and names are here:
But grave or cenotaph—remains or bust—
They will find place for thee, their latest peer.*

Make room, oh tuneful HANDEL, at thy feet;
Make room, oh witty SHERRIDAN, at thy head;
Shift, JOHNSON, till thou leave him grave-space meet;
GARRICK, whose art he loved, press to him dead.

MACAULAY, many-sided mind, receive
By thine, the frame that housed a mind as keen
To take an impress, or an impress leave,
From things, or on things, read or heard, or seen.

Welcome, oh ADDISON, with calm, wise face,
His coming, who has peopled English air
With types of humour, tenderness, and grace,
Than which thine own are less rich and more rare.

Thou, too, his brother of our time, last lost,
THACKERAY, bend thy brow with kindly cheer
On him, thy comrade, wave-worn, tempest-tost,
Who, from life's voyage, comes to harbour here.

All the more welcome that he seeks his rest
Without the poms that follow great ones' ends—
No mourners save the natural ones that pre-
About the father's coffin or the friend's;

No sable train with plume, and plate, and pall;
No long parade of undertaker's woe;
Scarfed mutes, and feathered hearse, and coursers tall—
All that bemocks the grave with hollow show.

Humbly they brought him in the summer month,
Humbly and hopefully they laid him down.
And on the plate that tells when dead, when born,
His children's love, like England's, lays a crown.†

* "The coffin was of plain but solid oak, and it bore the simple inscription:—'CHARLES DICKENS, born February 7, 1812: died, June 9, 1870.' His grave, which is only between five and six feet deep, is situated about a yard, or a yard and a half, from the southern wall of Poet's Corner; the spot was selected by the Dean from among the few vacant spaces in that transept; and our readers will hear with interest that all of CHARLES DICKENS that is mortal lies at the feet of HANDEL, and at the head of SHERRIDAN, with RICHARD CUMBERLAND resting on his right hand and MACAULAY on his left. His grave is near the foot of ADDISON'S statue; and THACKERAY'S bust looks calmly down upon the grave of his old friend; DR. JOHNSON and GARRICK lie within a few yards of him; and the busts of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and a host of other worthies, each of them the glory of English literature in their day, are but a little further off."—*Times*, Tuesday, June 14th.

† Upon the coffin was a crown of green leaves and white roses. Many of those who came to look into the grave during the day it remained open threw flowers into it.

Ready, aye Ready!

AN old gentleman of seventy was going to be married to a girl of seventeen. One day a friend surprised him, tenderly embracing his intended. "I don't wonder at your astonishment," said the young lady, readily, to the intruder; "you don't generally expect to find old heads on young shoulders."

The marriage was broken off.

SOUTH KENSINGTON TO WIT.

A ROYAL Horticulturist, having gone to see MR. WATERER'S collection, has since been boring all his harmless friends by asking them whether working bees are ever to be found among the rododendrones.



AN INVESTMENT.

"TELL ME, MY DEAR, WHO'S THAT LITTLE MAN THEY ALL SEEM SO DOTINGLY FOND OF?"

"THAT, UNCLE? OH, THAT'S LORD ALBERIC LACKLAND!"

"WELL, HE'S NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT!"

"NO, POOR FELLOW! BUT HE'S AWFULLY HARD UP, AND MAMMA ALWAYS LIKES TO HAVE A LORD AT HER DANCES, SO PAPA GIVES HIM TEN GUINEAS TO COME—THAT IS, LENDS IT, YOU KNOW—AND A GUINEA EXTRA FOR EVERY TIME MY BROTHER BOB CALLS HIM RICKY!"

SUSPIRIA ECCLESIAE.

(As Sung by the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER and a Chorus of Anglican Dignitaries.)

OH, if the rich Marquis had really made sail
From the pound of the POPE to the Protestant pale!
Had a CORISANDE charmed him to throw in his lot
With the Church of the Briton—not Kirk of the Scot!—
Had he seen through a CATESBY;—in GRANDISON's hat
Detected the taint of the Romanist rat,
And learnt to smell out, 'neath its scarlet ingrain,
Less of Sanctity's odour than odour of Gain—
How we all had thrown up shovel-hats in the air,
And sung hey for the Church, and long life to *Lothair*!

It may be, the Church angel, who guided the pen
Of that pillar of Anglican principles, BEN,
Hath not yet stirred the Marquis by logic or love—
Lothairian, *Voltairean*, *Mazzinian*—to move
From the darkness of Rome to that region of light,
Where SHAFTESBURY, PUSEY, and JOWETT show fight,
If we trust what his own Monsignore affirms—
Call him CAPEL or CATESBY—in positive terms:
But though you take care, Monsignore so glib,
Not to write what amounts to an absolute fib,
"Suppressio veri" so freely you use,
So fully "Suggestio falsi" excuse,
Your denial does not quite conclude the affair,—
We'll still hope in the blessed effects of *Lothair*!

We'll still pray for the time when "the Marquis" shall come
With his eyesight released from the blinkers of Rome,

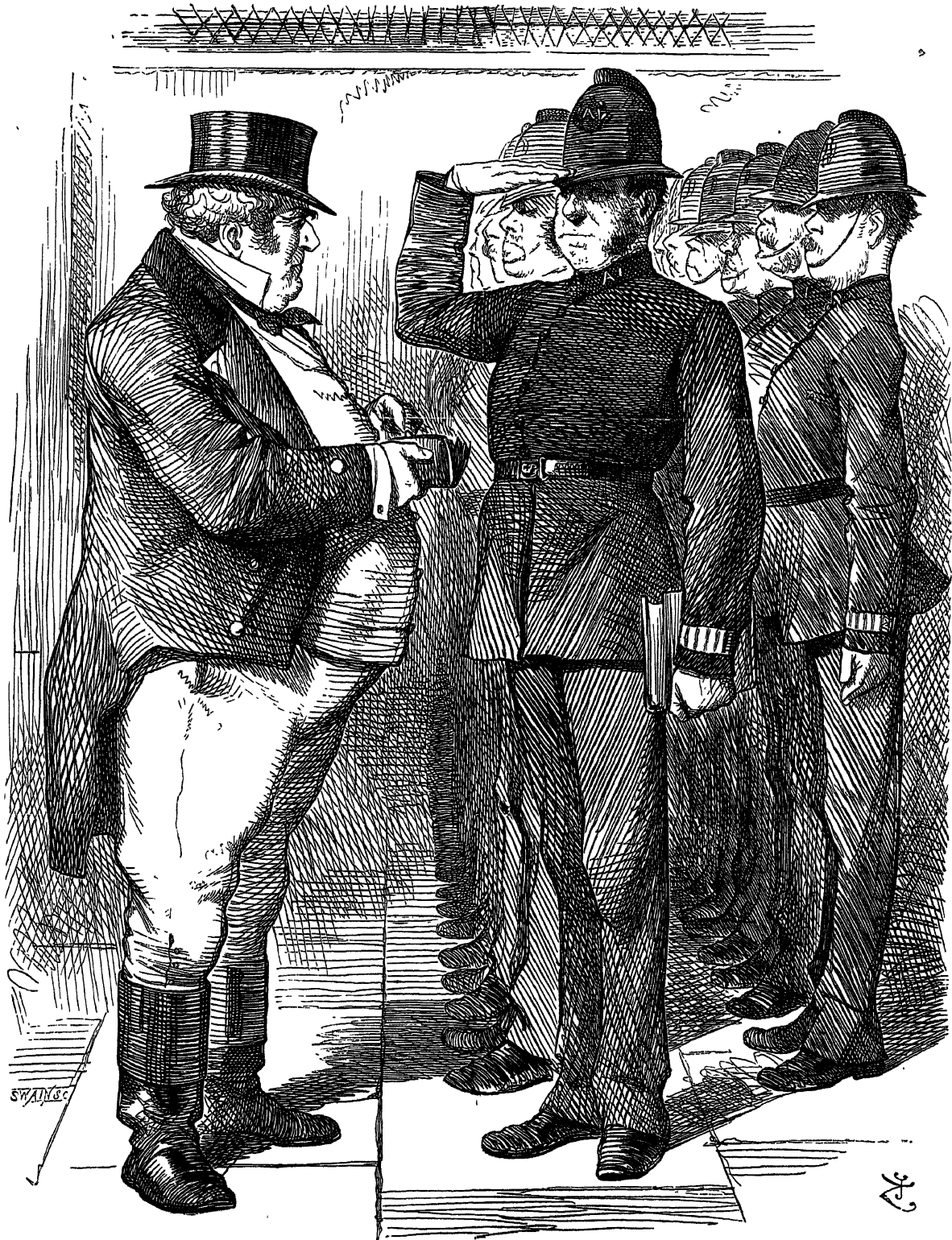
Not back to the cold Calvinistical pale,
Whence he made his escape, as a prisoner from jail,
But to us—who the one *Via media* have found,
That 'twixt Rome and Geneva can quarter the ground:
To us, that seem Roman in Calvinist view,
But whom Rome proclaims Luth'ran and Calvinist too,—
To us, who stand just where the half-way house ought,
'Twixt th'extreme he has left, and th'extreme he has sought,—
To the Anglican pale may our marquis repair,
By the light of the Church, and the lead of *Lothair*.

Save in *her*, in what church upon earth will he find
Room for change of belief, when to change he's inclined?
On her Ritualist side he with PUSEY may roam,
And fancy himself 'mong the seven hills at home.
If at vestments and vigils he'd turn up his nose,
He can take in the *Record*, and sit under CLOSE,
And fancy himself, hearing his Gospel truth,
Once more in the Calvinist Kirk of his youth;
So, without changing cage, he may daily change perch,
Hop from Church into Kirk, and from Kirk into Church,
Can be Romanist, Calvinist, just as he will,
Yet be Anglican,—true Church-of-England,—still!
Then come to the Church that all churches doth share,
And bless the white hour that you first read *Lothair*!

Musical Antithesis.

THE music of WAGNER, which is "the music of the future," and "*la musique d'Adam*," which, evidently, must be of the past.

N.B. To prevent mistakes, it is as well to say we allude to the compositions of ADOLPHE ADAM.



GREAT BOON TO OUR HOUSEHOLD GUARDS.

MR. BULL. "I NEVER DOUBTED YOUR BRAVERY, MY STRONG FRIEND: WHAT I WANT IS MORE BRAINS; SO, TO ENCOURAGE THEM, I'LL GIVE YOU A WHOLE SHILLING A WEEK MORE!!!"

[N.B. This is the English of "Important Concessions in point of pay to the Metropolitan Police."—See Morning Papers.]

GETTING BUTTER OUT OF A DOG'S MOUTH.



As we prophesied last week,—the *Guardia Civil* only found on the brigands they killed £700 out of the £5000 ransom paid by the MESSRS. BONELL. What has become of the rest of the money?

Ask the Spanish Government.

The *Times* draws a comparison between the comedy of Gibraltar and the recent tragedy in Greece. "Where," it asks, "is the keystone of the difference between the cases?" It admits that much credit is due to the tact and energy of MR. LAYARD, but the essential distinction is in "the promptitude of the Spanish Government."

"In Greece, and especially in the Greek Foreign Office, we found nothing but vacillation at a period of the negotiations when firmness was required, and nothing but obstinacy when a temporising and conciliatory policy should have been pursued. In Spain it was quite otherwise. The brigands were tracked and watched from a distance. Their proceedings were every one of them observed and known, without their being aware of the fact. They were encouraged by negotiation to demand and even to grasp the ransom which they had

agreed to take. Until they had clutched the treasure in the streets of Cadiz, and were well on their way back to their haunts with their money in their bags, no sign of force was made. Then, in a moment retribution fell on the guilty band, and they were nearly all slain, while a portion of the price of their villainy was recovered."

"A portion?" Yes, £700, out of £5000. Again we ask, where is the rest of the money?

It seems that SIR RICHARD AIREY advanced the amount to MR. BONELL Senior out of the military chest at Gibraltar.

Let us hope, when our Government tries to get the money back from the Spanish it won't find its claim "an airy nothing." Possibly the BONELLS may be made to pay up. But the least probable solution, of all probable solutions, we will answer for it, is the one suggested the *Times* :—

"We imagine that SIR RICHARD AIREY will demand the repayment of his loan from MR. LAYARD, and that MR. LAYARD will not be slow in recovering it from the Foreign Office at Madrid."

Punch has the greatest respect for MR. LAYARD, and a large faith in his power of dealing with uncivilised Governments, but we fear, it will be beyond even MR. LAYARD's power, to make a Spanish Government stump up to the tune of £5000—witness the *Tornado* case. A Spanish Government can bully—can bluster—can lie—can cheat, with or without forms of law—above all, it can rob—even its own robbers. But one thing it won't do—whether it can or no—and that is pay its debts, above all to Englishmen. It acts upon, whether or not it avows, the patriotic reason, that it can't bear handing over "the Spanish" to English hands.

ASTRONOMERS are the Sun's "good-natured friends." They are never tired of talking about him, and pointing out his black spots.

THE FARM AND THE SCHOOL.

(HAWFINCH sings.)

Ees, wonderful weather we've had as you zay,
All right for your pleasure, but what for our hay?
The best as could be for your yacht and your train;
Our crops be parched up droo this here want o' rain.

Wuss weather for farmun there hardly could be,
The spacies of farmun that's practus'd by we,
We farmers as lives by the land and the plough,
In fine language called agriculturists now.

There's farmun and farmun; some farmers there's, too,
That farms other things besides acres, ah, who?
Them farmers is females and no country clowns;
They farms little babies in slums o' big towns.

They pinches the most they can out o' their keep,
Till want, rags, and filth kills 'um off like zick sheep;
They ought to be hanged draad and quartered, no doubt,
And them children's parunts still wusser sarved out.

But we British farmers med truly declare
Poor children we never sees used like that there;
Nor, what's just as bad, if not wuss, by right rule,
Doan't starve their young minds by denyun 'um school.

And now I can't tell 'ee how thankful I feels
O' this here new Bill for to gie their minds meals,
And hender farm lab'ers, as every one knows,
From farmun their young 'uns to scare away crows.

This here pocket into I'll put this here hand,
And pull out sitch rate as our School shall demand,
To answer the purpus o' tachun the young
To rade and write proper their own country tongue.

Le Sport.

A COCKNEY sportsman, wishing to introduce hare-hunting into France, is seriously meditating a work on the subject, to be entitled, *Arrière-pensées*; or, *Thoughts on Keeping 'Ariers*. His nom de plume will be *Le petit Jean du Jockey-Club*.

SLEEP-DRIVING.

Two poor *diablos* of Essex carters were fined, the other day, for being asleep on their carts on the Bow Road.

The defence of the unhappy drivers deserves attention. It seems these men have no regular hours for sleep allowed them by their masters. In the day they work in the market-garden, or on the farm: at night they have to drive their carts up to London with the produce, and back. The only sleep they get, according to their own account, from Monday morning to Sunday night, is in the litter of the stable, or atop of the loads in their carts, or the manure they carry back in them.

How comes it that men submit to such conditions? Are the Essex clodhoppers really so much duller than their neighbours, as to give two days' work for one day's wages? Or, are the relations of labour and capital so distorted, that the master can really, in this case as in that of the London bakers, impose any hours and conditions of toil he pleases, on the poor wretches whom he employs?

The case is worth looking into. We recommend it to MR. TREMENEERE, who is always inquiring and making blue-books about somebody or something or other that is out of joint.

Sleep-walking only harms the somnambulist. But sleep-driving is apt to endanger the lives and limbs of passengers. We can't have the population of Bow run over; but it seems hard to lay the carters of Essex under hours of labour which make it impossible for them to keep their eyes open. We recommend the East-End Magistrates, if the law allows them, to let off the men, and to bleed, instead, those Essex calves, their masters.

Mrs. Ramsbotham on Laws.

A GENTLEMAN of republican tendencies observed to MRS. RAMSBOTHAM that in England there was one law for the rich and another for the poor.

"Of course there is," returned MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, who has been lately reading history, "there's the Poor Law, and the Sumptuary Law; and quite right too."

GRINNING AND BEARING IT.

"We all owe something to our country," said the Briton who went abroad without having paid his Income-tax.

NEW DIVISION OF TIME.—"The Rest of the Week." Sunday.



NOTA BENE.

Little Girl (at South Kensington). "OH, DO LOOK, MISS SKIMBLE! THERE'S A FUNNY THING!!"

Governess. "MY DEAR, HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO USE THAT WORD HERE. GOVERNMENT OBJECT TO IT. YOU SHOULD SAY 'CURIOUS' OR 'REMARKABLE.' RECOLLECT THAT!!"

HYDE PARK IN ECLIPSE.

WHAT ails Hyde Park? 'Tis not as 'twas of yore,
The concourse is less dense, the show less gay;
A change, O Ring, thy splendour has come o'er:
And Rotten Row shows symptoms of decay.

Do Rank and Fashion, like to Capital
Timid, and touchy as the plant which feels,
Shrink from a spot, the now habitual
Resort of threatening mobs convoked by BEALES?

Or can it, as Hope whispers it may be,
But for awhile their sun disdains to shine,
Where Chaos reigns, in seedy majesty,
O'er the bare bed of the dry Serpentine?

Would it not be a graceful bit of fun
If, during the work's progress, for a lark,
The happier classes, till the job be done,
With their calm smiles would bless Victoria Park?

TO LOTHAIR.

THE Irish, though "a melancholy and contiguous race" (quotation from MR. DISRAELI, there or thereabouts), use most poetical expressions. They wish you "the top of the morning."

Evidently MR. DISRAELI forgot to introduce this salutation into his novelette *Lothair*. As thus:—

"Aurora was in high spirits, amusing herself with a whip.

"What are you doing, child?" asked *deorum pater*, good-humouredly. He was always good-humoured when in his dressing-gown and slippers; he had just soaked a *petit pain* in chocolate.

"Spinning the top of the morning," answered the goddess, archly. She had recently visited Ireland, and had brought away with her the slightest brogue in the world.

"To the Styx wid the *brogue*," she retorted on the Son of Ops remarking her accent—"Don't you see I wear *sandals*?"

"Jupiter . . . but at this moment Juno entered, and Mercury followed with the morning paper."

A PROVERB OF NO VALUE

In June, 1870.

"MAKE Hay while the Sun Shines." Can't.

ZOOLOGICAL PHILOSOPHY.

LEARNED MR. PUNCH,

As a social philosopher I am much struck by this description of a pair of foreign birds, lately added to the charming Gardens of the Zoological Society:—

"The male has a strong, short, curved beak; the female, a much longer bill. The naturalists tell us that the male breaks open the bark of the tree, within which lies hid the grub on which they feed; and the female pulls out the worm and presents her mate with half the meal."

In watching featherless bipeds, I have noticed some with habits hardly differing from those ascribed to these two birds. Little ducks have, to my knowledge, been found with a much longer bill (for articles of finery) than that which has been given to their gander of a husband; and, though a little duck of the kind may daily share her grub with him, it is first of all on the effort of the male that she depends for her support. I would recommend your scientific readers to pursue the analogy by paying an early visit to this interesting couple. I believe it will be found to be considerably more interesting than many interesting couples they may elsewhere meet.

Yours obediently,

OBADIAH CROWSFOOT.

The Rookery, Tuesday.

To Well-Informed Piscatorials.

Query. What sort of fish is a Nod?

Note. A Nod is a sea-fish, and is, probably, of the limpet tribe. This we gather from our knowledge of the Periwinkle, known in polite circles as the "Wink." The value of the Nod has come down to us in the form of an old proverb, "A Nod is as good as a Wink," and this no doubt originated the query to which we have satisfactorily replied.

ANOTHER HAPPY THOUGHT.

SCENE—*Mr. Punch's Library.*

PRESENT.—*Mr. Punch.* Author of "Happy Thoughts."

Mr. Punch. Ain't you going to do something important for the new volume?

A. H. T. I are.

Mr. P. What?

A. H. T. BOOMPJE.

Mr. P. Sounds well. Series?

A. H. T. Oui, mein Herr.

Mr. P. Make it amusing, and send it in early.

A. H. T. If your grandmother requires a lesson in oval suction, it is clear that she can have one.

Mr. P. (sternly). Sir, you are Boompjeous. (Sweetly.) Take a cigar.

Probably Mediæval.

Two Templars were starting for the Continent. "Gramercy," quoth the elder to the younger, "thy trunk is open, the string hath broke."

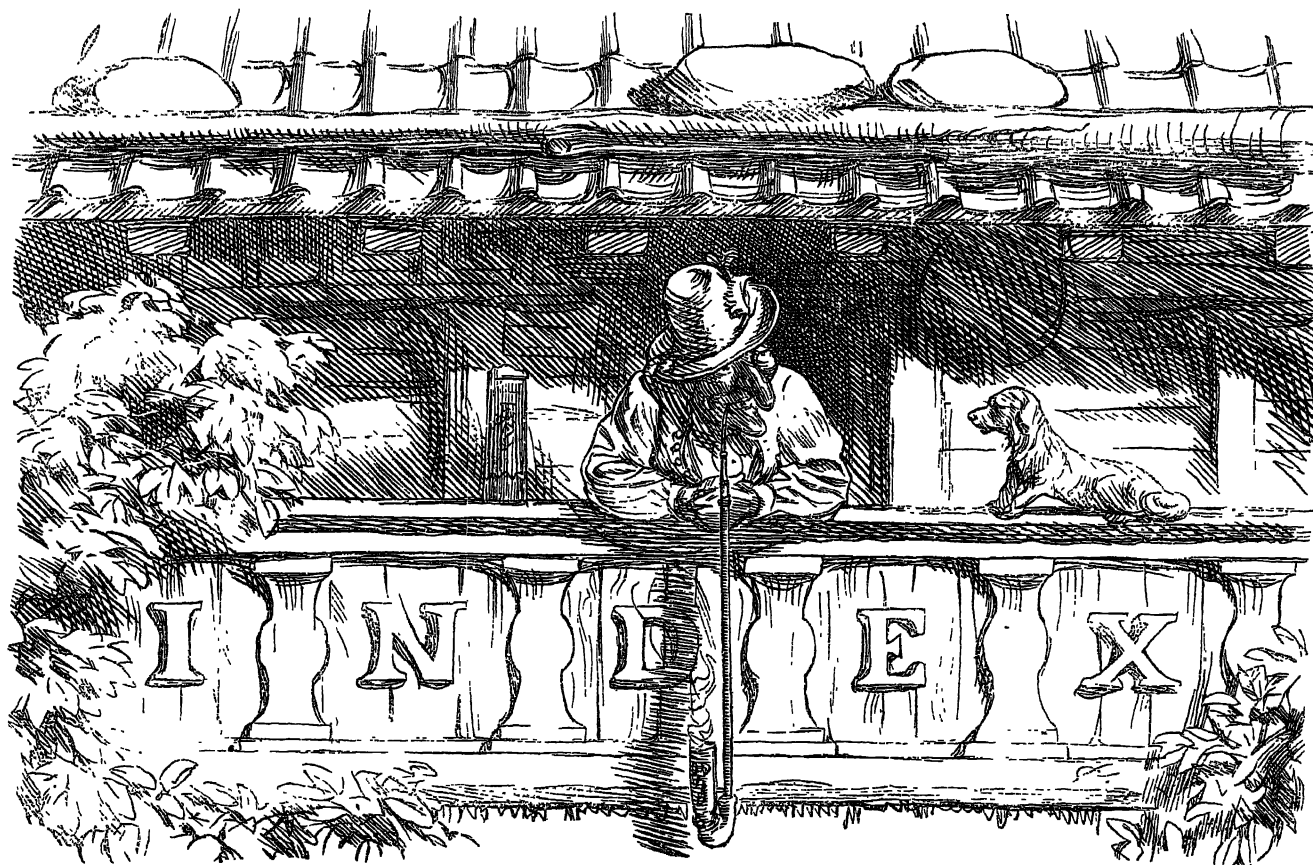
"By my hilts!" cried the younger, in no sort discouraged, "'tis well that it has been registered."

"Beshrew me!" answered the elder, archly, "'twould be better an 'twere recorded."

[And they went by the next train.]

PEERS PECKING AT PEERS.

EARL GRANVILLE, the other day, had occasion to remark that the Law Lords always had a tendency to pull each other's Bills to pieces. Doves bill and coo; but a different sort of billing is natural to birds of prey.



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I.

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